

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.]

AUGUST, 1881.

[No. 62.]

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN FIVE PARTS.—PART THIRD.

XI.

IT is as natural to kindly natures as to superior minds to seek to understand things, even when they are those which wound them—and to understand is to forgive. After being very indignant against Madame de Moisieux, Mademoiselle Maulabret, who was kindness itself, ended by pitying her, and in truth the marquise was worthy of pity.

The day that the worthy man whom she had selected as a tutor for her son undertook to demonstrate to him that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, he began to cry, and exclaimed :

"Mamma says that you are an honest man : give me your word, then, that these three angles are equal to two ; but for the love of Heaven don't demonstrate anything to me !"

Madame de Moisieux never forgave him for not being able to conquer either algebra or geometry, nor for having attributed to Charlemagne the good words of Henri Quatre. She would have submitted to having a fool for a son, if this fool had not devoured her substance as he did. While her husband lived she had left to him the care of gratifying the costly caprices of this impossible being who was her penance, her crown of thorns, her cross. But, for the last few years, he had fallen entirely to her charge, and she felt herself weighed down by the burden.

Lésin had inherited from his father, after she had skillfully arranged their business matters, only about a hundred thousand francs, of which he made about two mouthfuls : not that his tastes were expensive—a flask of rum and the society of the first comer amply satisfied him—but he

loved to play the peacock and the sultan. To the woman who asked for two louis he gave fifty : he enjoyed dazzling these *filles*. The marquise was convinced, and with reason, that she would have neither rest nor security until she had married him. She had vainly employed all the resources suggested by her cleverness and her ingenuity, and was at an end of all. She decided to send him to the United States, where, she had been informed, the young ladies looked on a marquis as a dainty morsel. But Lésin displayed his charms in vain from New York to San Francisco, from Chicago to New Orleans ; he had not met a single heiress who would look at him. To amuse his solitude and cheer his loneliness, he drank more and more. The Goddess of the Bottle gives herself to any man, whether he be a fool or a genius. She is not a prude.

He had finished his small fortune six months before ; the marquise sent him money, telling him distinctly that it was the last on which he could count from her, for she had no more. It is possible that she was not so poor as she pretended, but this was her secret. Suddenly a light flashed through the mists of her horizon. She discovered by accident that Monsieur Cantarel had a ward, and that this ward was an heiress ; she sang the Canticle of Simeon. Monsieur Cantarel had already rendered her services for which she did not feel that she was paying too dearly by playing bezique evening after evening with him. She could extract almost anything from this love-sick dotard, who burned with adoration for her rank as well as herself. She decided that, after he had got rid of her creditors for her, he would do the same in regard to her son, and that through his obliging assistance

Lésin would marry a round million and receive his diplomatic appointment, after which he could be sent so far away that she need not even hear of him again.

"This would be the last of my worries," she said to herself; and then she thought it would be possible to carry out other plans. She appealed to the whole seven portraits to witness her good intentions.

After having held counsel with herself, Mademoiselle Maulabret decided that self-respect and prudence alike commanded her to feign ignorance of the designs these people had upon her—the hare had seen the glitter of the huntsman's gun, but it suited it to pretend otherwise. She continued to go nearly every day to the chalet, where Madame de Moisieux received her very warmly, calling her "*Ma toute belle*," and affecting to speak with entire frankness of all her perplexities on the subject of her son. She complained that he was awkward, timid, and deficient in form, but the foundation was good, for his heart was all right, generous, and noble. She told anecdotes of his kindness and generosity which were enough to bring tears to the eyes: he was a man who would give the clothes off his back to a beggar. In New York he had been a great deal at the hospitals, where he had given away his money with a lavish hand. She wished him to marry, she said, being persuaded that a wife would have such a happy influence over him that she could transform him into a finished gentleman. Unfortunately, he showed no inclination to take a wife; he had refused several desirable connections that she had proposed, and insisted that he could never marry unless he loved, and love had never come.

"This wretched boy," she said, "drives me wild by his obstinacy, which I have now resolved to conquer. I know perfectly well that the woman whom he marries will be very happy. My son is not a genius," she added, with a smile, "but you see, *ma belle*, it is the fools who make the best husbands."

Mademoiselle Maulabret was annoyed sometimes by meeting Lésin at the chalet, but the lectures freely administered by his mother had borne their fruit. He was quiet and comparatively inoffensive. He did not take the trouble to pay any especial court to Jetta. To use his own elegant language, "he could have her when he wanted her—the affair was all cut and dried"; and he congratulated himself, for, as he said, "in spite of all her saintly airs, the little girl is a dainty morsel."

It was the *dot*, however, of which he thought most: he knew very well how rich was the sauce with which he would eat her. He was not alto-

gether lacking in imagination, and had already disposed, in advance, of these twelve hundred thousand francs, and decided that his happiness would not be perfect unless he had plenty of dogs—one pack of hounds as gray as mice, and another which should be all white with black or liver-colored spots. He saw them all before him—he had named them all—he whistled to them; and, when they ventured to bark at inconvenient moments, this man with the generous, tender heart beat them without mercy.

He rebelled greatly at being compelled to be so long on his good behavior; he regarded all these preliminaries as most unnecessary and foolish. When he had spent an afternoon studying and weighing his every word and gesture, he was utterly overwhelmed with fatigue—as exhausted as if he had performed one of the ten tasks of Hercules; and he took the first opportunity of stealing away to the Café du Cheval Blanc, much frequented by all the coachmen of the neighborhood. This was his favorite society. With these men he could stretch out his legs without restraint, put his elbows on the table, boast and swear, and be as consequential as he pleased.

They called him "Monsieur le Marquis" two or three times in every sentence, they appreciated his jokes, and mingled their coarse voices with his thick laugh. He paid for their drinks, gave them lessons in billiards, astonishing them by the audacity of his game. Sometimes, surrounded by an open-mouthed circle, he related his culinary exploits, his *bonnes fortunes*, and described America and the fair Americans, or he announced in innuendoes his approaching marriage, described the château he would build—his stables and his horses; while all through this lovely vision rushed and tumbled the breathless hounds, with their long noses close to the hanging ears and the frothing jaws of the white dogs.

We must do him the justice to say, however, that he never said who it was that he intended to marry. Whenever her name was on his lips the recollection of his father's face when he rebuked impertinent curiosity, and of the dignity and reserve of that father, enabled him to hold his tongue and merely look important. It was a matter of some difficulty for him to get out of the Cheval Blanc without being seen. He would open the door cautiously, look timidly out into the street, and, finding it empty, would hurry away, spending an hour or more in the open air, which did not, however, prevent the marquise from saying to him:

"Where on earth have you been? Heavens! how you smell of rum!"

"You are very much mistaken," he answered. And, while waiting for dinner, he would throw

himself on a sofa, and presently his eyes would close. The marquise would look at him with concentrated rage, and said to herself at least a hundred times :

"Dear Lord ! when shall I be rid of him ?"

She was full of hope, and was almost certain that the day of deliverance could not be far off. She started with the fixed idea that, to a young girl who knows only a convent and a hospital, a first declaration of love is an event, and that a little *bourgeoise* could never resist the temptation of becoming a marquise. She interrogated Jetta's face, but the face told her nothing. The best diplomacy is frequently to have none whatever. We all remember the anecdote of a celebrated minister who said one day to his king, "Sire, I am reputed to be a very shrewd man." The king replied, "My dear minister, I am shrewder than you, since I have no such reputation." At the end of three weeks Madame de Moiseux concluded that the first seeds had been sown, and that habit and her own eloquence had sufficiently reconciled Mademoiselle Maulabret to the pale face of the young man with the generous, tender heart. She resolved to precipitate the *dénouement*.

There were a great many rabbits in Monsieur Cantarel's park, which he had placed at the disposal of the young marquis. Lésin consequently shot them sometimes, but more often he missed them. One morning, in obedience to a suggestion from his mother, he proposed to Jetta that she should share the amusement. She consented most unwillingly, for her sympathies were with the rabbits. Two appeared—Lésin missed them both, and suddenly decided that a hunt with ferrets would be more amusing to the young lady. Monsieur Cantarel sent Lara to the keeper's house for a ferret, and, without waiting for him to come back, the party moved on to a certain portion of the park which the rabbits especially affected.

The path was narrow. Jetta was in front, Lésin next, and the marquise formed a rear-guard. Presently, on turning her head, Jetta saw that her chaperon had disappeared—she wished to turn back in pursuit of her, but Lésin said, with a mysterious air :

"My mother always knows what she is about !"

Jetta was frightened, but she did not show it. She moved on slowly.

"Here we are," he said, as they came out into a little clearing on a side-hill, where these timid and prolific animals had established themselves.

It was now his turn to be timid and uncomfortable. Leaning against an oak-tree, he asked himself how on earth he was to begin ! He be-

gan to fumble in his game-bag with his left hand, as if he hoped to find some idea there. Finally he spoke :

"I like the woods, don't you ? They always give me ideas."

And he riveted his round eyes upon her. She was evidently his idea. Jetta hastened to turn the subject.

"I never saw a ferret," she said ; "what are they like ?"

"Never saw a ferret ? Well ! I suppose they don't have them in convents. You will see one presently—they are pretty little animals of a yellowish white, with pink eyes. Yes, they are pretty creatures, but I like pretty young girls best."

This declaration was accompanied by a significant wink.

"You hunted sometimes in America, I suppose," said Jetta, hastily ; again determined to prevent his continuing on this dangerous path.

"Sometimes, but it was for another kind of hunting for which my mother sent me there. But I had no luck, and I came home. To tell the truth, the Americans did not suit me, and I swear, without wishing to flatter you, that I never saw one who was equal to you. Is it true that you once thought of becoming a nun ? Upon my word, that would be a great pity ! They would cut off your hair, you know—and really it is very beautiful. You are a blonde, you know."

"Indeed, I was not aware of it," she replied, trying to smile.

"But you are—and you can't make me believe that you are a brunette. Then what eyes ! And what a complexion ! What do you do to have such a complexion ?"

"I assure you I do nothing," she answered, coldly.

He was now well launched, and it seemed to him that he had only to push on.

He passed in review all Jetta's graces, while she anxiously watched for some one to come. Alas ! no savior was yet in sight. After he had commented on the color of her cheeks he began to talk of her lips, and then of her shell-like ear, which was, in truth, very charming. He did not propose to stop here, but intended to fall on his knees and ask for her heart. As he thought of this he interrupted his discourse a moment to lay his gun on the turf, which at this decisive moment was very much in his way. Then he resumed :

"I am not much at talking, and have no fine phrases at command. But, I swear to you that the first moment I saw you—yes, I swear—"

He, at this moment, beheld Lara at the farther end of the path coming with the ferret, and with Lara he never felt at ease. On the con-

trary, the air of the little page was so haughty that the marquis was really impressed by it. It is possible that he had a vague idea that Lara resembled a disguised prince, and that Lésin de Moisieux was like a mere groom in comparison. He stopped short, therefore, to the great joy of Jetta, who blessed Greece and all the Orient.

Postponing the conclusion of his declaration until another occasion, he busied himself with the ferret.

Having found two entrances to one burrow, he placed a bag in front of one, introduced the ferret into the other, and announced solemnly to Jetta that she would, in a few minutes, see a big rabbit come out followed by his enemy.

"There they are!" he said, over and over again.

But, minute after minute elapsed—there was no rabbit and no ferret. Lara was delighted at the disappointment of the marquis, and looked at Jetta with some significance. Lésin impatiently ordered him to gather the dry leaves together, and with these and some dry wood make a fire, the smoke of which should compel the ferret to come out. The leaves burned, but the ferret was still invisible. He either found himself very comfortable where he was, or he had discovered some secret issue. Then, forgetting everything—all his projects, his mother's instructions, the wood, and the ideas it had given him—with his eyes fixed alternately on the two holes, Lésin began to stamp his feet, to curse and swear, without noticing that Jetta had turned away and with rapid step had returned to the château.

When, just before breakfast, he entered the chalet, the marquise exclaimed, eagerly:

"Well! did you succeed?"

"Succeed! no, indeed—confound the beast! It disappeared in a hole. I must get another for Monsieur Cantarel—that will make it all right."

"Another ward? What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean the ferret, of course! Would you believe—"

"I believe that you would weary the patience of an angel! We were talking of Mademoiselle Maulabret."

"Ah! to be sure. Well! all is as we wish in that quarter."

"You proposed, then?"

"Yes—or rather I nearly proposed. I should have said more if that confounded Lara had not appeared, as usual, when he was not wanted. I don't like that fellow—he is presuming and impertinent. He acts as if he thought he was master here."

The marquise colored, which was an event with her. She did not choose that her son

should comment on her management of her household.

"Thanks then to Lara, thanks to the ferret," she answered, angrily, "you allowed Mademoiselle Maulabret to depart as free as she came."

"Yes—I suppose so; but I said some very tender things to her, and everything is going smoothly."

"Your tender things were well received, then?"

"Of course! I tell you this little girl is all right. The affair is as good as settled. But I would give one of my packs of hounds to know what has become of that cursed ferret!"

The marquise gave him a look of profound contempt, and murmured:

"I must take the field myself; otherwise we shall never get on."

XII.

THE next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, Monsieur Cantarel was making preparations to go to Paris. The carriage which was to take him to the station stood before the steps. The coachman, immovable on his box, held the reins ready to start. The footman had opened the door, and, stiff as a ramrod, awaited his master. Jetta from her window looked down on the elegant *couplé* glittering in the bright winter sunshine. It had been washed and cleaned with exemplary care. The hub and the spokes of the wheels sparkled, while one could see one's self in all the brass-work. The horse was champing his bit impatiently; the thorough-bred, nervous-looking head, ornamented with red cockades, was thrown up in the air with sudden starts and jerks. He was evidently laboring under some delusion in regard to his social position, and supposed himself to be in the service of an emperor.

The master appeared, wrapped in a pelisse which added to the amplitude of his form and to his importance. Looking up, he caught sight of Jetta, laughed, and called to her to come down. She threw a hood over her head and obeyed. He went up the steps again to meet her. He looked her full in the face, laughed again, and murmured:

"Little deceiver!"

Then he added, aloud, "I shall certainly begin to believe in miracles."

With a puzzled air, she waited for him to explain himself.

"Yes, it is time for me to believe in miracles, since a little girl like you can perform one."

He interrupted himself to examine his equipage and his servants, in order to assure himself that they were worthy of himself. His whole manner was that of a general who inspects his troops on the eve of a battle. The cravat of his valet struck him as not immaculate.

"Go and change it at once," he said, sternly. Then, returning to Jetta:

"How did you fascinate him to this degree? Ah! these nuns; they can do anything. The poor boy cares no more for eating or drinking—"

"Not for drinking?" she said, with a forced smile.

She did not know what she was saying, and scarcely where she was. She continued, hastily:

"Ah! uncle, I swear to you—"

"You swear?" he interrupted, tapping her on her cheek. "Since when have the nuns permitted themselves to swear? I shall certainly tell Mother Amélie. Come, now, last evening the marquise told me all. This poor woman adores her son so much that she has consented to his wishes. She dreamed of a duchess or a princess for him, but this little girl wished otherwise; so did Heaven, it seems, and Mademoiselle Maulabret will be a marquise."

Jetta's eyes were fixed on the cockade on the ear of the horse. She saw unending difficulties and discomforts before her. If she should say no, promptly and decisively, this no would embroil her with every one, and the thought of the anger and dissensions she would encounter struck dismay to her pacific soul.

She clasped her hands, and, in a tone of entreaty, she said:

"Listen to me, sir! My dear uncle, listen to me!"

But he would not listen. His valet appeared at this moment, and he stepped into the *coupe*. The door closed upon him, the horse threw up his head, and the carriage rolled off. He leaned from the window, and, kissing his hand to her, called out:

"Good-by, Madame la Marquise!"

A few hours later, Madame Cantarel and Mademoiselle Maulabret were seated opposite each other, both knitting a stocking. Silence which Jetta hesitated to break filled the room. It seemed to her that she was in the presence of a statue, and that statues were not to be addressed. Finally, she summoned all her courage and, dropping her knitting on her lap, she said:

"Madame, will you be good enough to come to my assistance?"

"What is the trouble, my dear? Can't you manage your narrowing?"

"I wish to Heaven it were only the question of the narrowing of the stocking I am knitting! Did you know that the marquise and my guardian are determined that I shall marry Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux?"

The girl then hastily related all that had taken place, but she could not flatter herself that she was heard, so unmoved was the expression of

her aunt's face. When she had quite finished speaking, Madame Cantarel replied:

"Do you think, my dear, that you are telling me any news? I understood it all on the very day that your uncle informed me of his intention of spending the winter at Combard. I saw at once that he intended to subject you to a kind of solitary confinement. Pretty and rich as you are, the flies would have swarmed around the honey. They wished to prevent you from seeing any other man than this charming marquis, and so spare you the embarrassment of a choice. Use your common-sense. Why should you be so astonished? A marriageable young man and a girl with a dowry of twelve hundred thousand francs! The marquise would be a most unnatural mother if she allowed such a chance to slip through her fingers."

"It is not with Madame de Moisieux that I wish you to interfere. I beg of you to ask my uncle—"

"I should be delighted, my dear, to serve you," interrupted Madame Cantarel, dryly, "but I do not remember having asked your uncle anything for the last fifteen years. And then, too, were I to consent to plead your cause, you may be assured that I should speak to deaf ears. You have no idea of the prodigious ascendancy exercised over him by Madame de Moisieux. The Spaniards are in the habit of saying to the stranger who calls upon them, 'My house is at your disposal.' They speak metaphorically. Monsieur Cantarel, however, has placed at the disposal of his fair neighbor his park, his hot-houses, his carriages, his ten horses, and his twelve servants. There is no metaphor in these facts. Not that he intends to yield to her absolutely and entirely all this property; but he wishes her to reap all the benefits to be derived from them. To do her justice, I must admit that she is very discreet. She accepts flowers, peaches, melons, and grapes. But your uncle, at times, has the ideas of a grand seigneur—*taton rouge* ideas, if I may so describe them. He took it into his head, without saying anything to any one, that he would buy that vineyard next to her plantation. You know the one I mean—the one the wall of which, with the broken bottles on top, cuts off the view from the summer-house. He presented himself one morning before the lady of his thoughts with the title-deed in his hand, and said, dropping on one knee before her:

"'Belle marquise, the vineyard is yours, and so is the wall; before to-morrow night a squad of twenty workmen will level it to the ground.'"

"She had the good taste to be angry, and they were very near a rupture. To his great regret, he was obliged to leave his wall standing, and keep his vineyard. She declared that the

wall sheltered her from the north winds. This did not prevent her obliging neighbor from offering her a saddle-horse two months later; this too she refused. This did not prevent him, however, from offering her his ward to-day, and she accepts. You probably will not care to ask how I know all this. Your uncle has so many things on hand that I am compelled to attend to all the affairs of the place. Monsieur Violet, his intendant, renders his accounts to me. Monsieur Violet is a chatterbox. I never question him; but, if I prevented him from talking, the poor man would certainly die, and I do not desire his death."

She stopped talking, and began to count her stitches. Then, raising her great, languishing eyes to the ceiling for a minute, she turned them slowly on Jetta.

"It seems to me," she continued, "that a young girl who has spent nearly a year in a hospital ought to know more than other girls of her age, and therefore that one may speak very plainly to her. My dear, be sure of one thing—be sure of what I tell you—Monsieur Cantarel and Madame de Moisieux have concluded some kind of a bargain together, and he flatters himself that the day when the charming Lésin is settled for life he can on his side exact something from the mother's gratitude. I am satisfied that she is merely trifling with him, but he does not think so."

Jetta felt faint and sick; her knitting and her ball of yarn dropped from her helpless fingers. This discovery was even worse than the other. That Madame de Moisieux should have deceived her by her caresses, she had come to regard as only natural. But that her guardian— She had flattered herself that in spite of his surly ways he had learned to love her a little, and now she found out her error! No, this story, so repugnant to her in its details and its insinuations, could not be true! Mother Amélie had never told her anything like this. She suddenly remembered the scene in the summer-house. She saw that stout man kneeling there, unable to recover himself; she remembered how ridiculous his position was, his embarrassment and almost anger. The story was true—only too true.

Then lifting her eyes, and watching her aunt calmly knitting, she felt ashamed of her own self-absorption in the presence of this martyr to fifteen long years of servitude. She was tempted to put her arms around her aunt and kiss her, but Madame Cantarel, who seemed to divine the pity in this young heart, continued with a cold, ironical smile:

"Ah! you need not trouble yourself to try and console me. It matters little to me. Your uncle is a very strange person."

"Madame, give me your advice."

"Advice! What good would that do? I do not like to meddle with the affairs of other people. Besides, you should learn to rely on yourself. Do you feel equal to resistance? If so, resist; if not, accept your lot: and it is quite possible that this is the best thing you can do. Follow my example. Begin with anger, continue with contempt, and finish with indifference. Or, rather, do better than I, begin at once with indifference. Yes, it is almost happiness, particularly if you can cultivate a caprice of some kind. Why, by-the-way, can't you cultivate a passion for black poultry?"

"I am not philosophical enough for that," answered Jetta, with a sad smile; "and I am very much afraid that black poultry would not suffice for my happiness."

"Then I can only say that I am very sorry for you," answered Madame Cantarel.

And the discussion was closed.

An hour before dinner, Mademoiselle Maulabret was alone in the *salon*, buried in thought, when Monsieur Cantarel unexpectedly appeared. Pulling her ear, he cried:

"Tell me, little girl, what message shall I take to the château for you to-night?"

This was the signal for the battle to begin—the first shot. She gathered together all her courage, and answered in a firm voice:

"My dear uncle, I leave it to you, who are so much a man of the world, and have so much consideration for me, to make Madame de Moisieux understand without wounding her that this marriage is impossible."

He started back, as if a bomb-shell had exploded under his feet.

"Impossible! I am curious to know why."

"I am very sensible," she continued, in a voice that was even firmer than before, "of the honor Madame de Moisieux proposes to do me, but it seems to me—"

"Well! it seems to you—?"

"That I can never become accustomed to his face nor to his manners."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will admit that I am accustomed to them already. I like the young man; he is very intelligent and very nice. To be sure, he is not an Apollo. Must you have an Apollo, then? You will be obliged to order one, I fancy. Upon my word, you are modest in your demands! Have you forgotten who you are, and whence you come? Have you forgotten that your mother was an adventuress, and that your father blew out his brains? Such things, my dear, are rather a smirch on a young girl's name, and more than one honest man would be scared away by them. Believe me, you are not a girl who is likely to be easily established in life."

"But I am not at all anxious to marry," she replied.

He was furiously angry.

"Ah! I see; I understand what you mean! Mademoiselle is a mystical dove. Mademoiselle intends to be the bride of the Lord! And who put such beautiful ideas in your head? Mother Amélie—an old horror, who took to religion because she could not find a man courageous enough to marry her. But you make me talk nonsense."

Gentle as was the dove, she had, when occasion required, both beak and claws to defend those she loved.

"I don't know whether Mother Amélie be an old horror or not," she answered, in a tone of indignation, "but I do know that none of the sick people to whom she consecrates her life thinks her ugly any more than I do myself; and I know, too, that my uncle Antonin, who did not love her, rendered her justice, and respected her very highly."

"What an authority that is which you quote!—a man who is capable of leaving twelve hundred thousand francs to a simpleton was absolutely crazy—his mind was weak. Your great-uncle Antonin, child, had not common-sense. That is my humble opinion. What have you to say?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Good! Then, as you are kind enough to yield the floor to me, I will simply say to you that if the Government knew its duty it would have long since dispersed all these collections of hospital nuns. The sick people would be none the worse off, I assure you, for everybody else would take care of them. Paul Jacques and I—yes I, Louis Cantarel, would be the first to do so."

Carried away by her indignation, she had the audacity to say to him:

"Mother Amélie is not afraid of either small-pox or typhoid fever."

Fortunately for her, he did not understand the allusion.

"Tut! tut!" he said. "Jesuits and nuns are typhoid and small-pox. When will France be purged of them all? Women came into this world to become mothers, and that is your duty. Besides, to take the vows is immoral and illegal. Don't you know that perpetual vows are contrary to the civil code, one article of which distinctly says that laborers are forbidden to make engagements for life?"

"It seems to me, sir," she answered, in a calm tone, "that marriage itself is an engagement for life."

He did not condescend to reply, but, crushing her with a look of pity, he began to pace the sa-

lon—blowing like a seal to get rid of his anger. He was, in reality, more surprised than irritated. Up to this moment Jetta, in conformity with Mother Amélie's instructions, had been so complaisant and yielding in little things that he had supposed her incapable of resistance in larger ones. The opposition he now encountered simply amazed him. He determined to change his plan of attack and try sentiment, which was her forte. He seated himself by her side, and patting her folded hands—

"Don't you love your guardian a little, my child? Tell me, don't you love me a little?"

She nodded an affirmative, which was as much of an effort to her as a long discourse would have been, so heavily did all she had heard that day weigh on her heart.

"You would be doing very wrong not to love your old guardian, little girl, for he is very fond of you. Now, look here!"

He drew from his pocket a small jewel-case which he laid before her, and, in the purring tone which one employs to soothe a rebellious baby, he said:

"Just open that, little Jetta—my dear little Jetta, open that. What is it inside, did you ask? Look for yourself. Let me open it. Bless me! what do I see? A pretty little silver elephant, if I live! That is a fashionable ornament which your old guardian, who is always thinking of you, bought in Paris to replace that cross which you always wear on your neck—that everlasting cross, Jetta, which your guardian is beginning to be very tired of. Can't you love your guardian a little, and can't you believe in his affection for you, my child, when he, who has so much important business always on hand, yet has time to remember to buy little elephants for you? And yet you are willing to make this poor man who thinks so much of your happiness and who wishes to make you a grand dame—you are willing, I say, to make him very unhappy. Has not he found for you a real marquis—a marquis of twenty-four carats? Ah! my child—my dear child, you are really very unkind."

He had almost succeeded in bringing tears to his eyes, and he was quite astonished not to see any in Jetta's, which at that moment were absolutely black—it was impossible to believe that generally they were blue. She looked at the little elephant, and, although it was of silver and its tusks were of ivory, the eyelashes of this ungrateful creature remained unmoistened.

"This girl's heart is of adamant, surely," he thought to himself. Then, all at once, as if moved by a sudden thought, he changed his tone and exclaimed, in a solemn manner:

"And my election—my election!"

She could not, in the least, understand why

an election to the Municipal Council of Paris should have any possible connection with her affairs; she soon understood, however.

"I am sure, Jetta, that you did not remember my election. I am not blaming you, child. Young girls can't be expected to think of everything. They are always occupied with their own little affairs, and naturally feel little interest in affairs of state. But, suppose, my darling—and the mere putting of the supposition into words fills me with horror—but just suppose that you persisted in taking the vows which, as I just told you, are in direct opposition to both the spirit and the letter of the civil code, suppose that this old woman—I should say this Mother Amélie—should enroll you in the black army, and suppose then that one day, in an electoral session, one of the electors should rise, and, addressing citizen Louis Cantarel, should say:

"Citizen, you had a ward—what have you done with her? Ah! my dearest, I should be ruined, simply ruined!"

He did not doubt that this last argument would be effectual, and he repeated over and over again, "My election—my election!"

Presently he bethought him of still another argument to advance.

"We were speaking of your uncle Antonin. I am ready to believe that he respected Mother Amélie; but you will admit that he was an atheist. Now, I am not one; I believe in God in my own way: I believe in the God of Jean-Jacques—in the God of Robespierre, in a layman's God, you understand. But Antonin believed in nothing, in nothing whatever. Now, then, do you suppose for a moment that this outspoken atheist would have left you a fortune if he had supposed that it would go to enrich the Church and the Jesuits?—for the Jesuits, you know, are at the bottom of everything. Do you not feel that, if you refuse to marry Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux, you are betraying the intentions of the testator? Now, Jetta, don't you see this yourself?"

"My great-uncle Antonin," she replied, gently, "declared in his will that he intended to respect my liberty, and he gave me two years to make up my mind."

He had believed her to be conquered by his eloquence, and she was still resisting. In a state of towering indignation he tore off the cross of Rhine stones which she wore on her neck, and exclaimed:

"This cross is detestable; it has such a stupid expression! I do not wish to see it again, and I insist that you shall replace it with the elephant."

Then, banging his hat down on his head—

"Your great-uncle Antonin intended to respect your liberty, did he? Well, then, I respect

it also, and that is why I shall allow you precisely twenty-four hours to make up your mind!"

And he went out, slamming every door after him. All through dinner he was in the most execrable humor. He never once opened his lips except to reprove his servants. He thought of the pangs of disappointment which the marquise would feel when she learned that she had been checkmated, and dreaded the reproaches which she would naturally shower on him. He remembered, too, that the gratification of his own hopes must be indefinitely postponed. He did not dream that his head was perfectly transparent to the sleepy eyes of his wife, who easily read every thought formed in his brain. She divined all his fears, all his chagrin, and all his misadventures made her as happy as a queen. Hardly had he risen from the table than, relinquishing his game of bezique, he hurried to the library, and, locking himself in, wrote a note in the following terms:

"MY DEAR MARQUISE: There is a hitch somewhere. The little fool says no. But rely on me; it never shall be said that Louis Cantarel was beaten by a nun. Even if she were supported by ten thousand Jesuits I would gain my ends!"

The servant who carried this note brought back the reply:

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOR: The news you send me afflicts me more than it surprises me. In this world everything has its 'hitches,' as you say. Let us try to be patient. Come and dine to-morrow with my son and myself, and we will consult together."

While this mail was running between the château and the chalet, Mademoiselle Maulabret was writing to Mother Amélie, to tell her what had taken place, and implore her assistance and advice. Then she rejoined Madame Cantarel in the *salon*, and this quiet sleeper, who saw everything, said to her:

"What is that horrible thing, my dear, hanging on your neck? It made me uncomfortable all through dinner. Are you, then, given over to elephants, wild beasts, and the like?"

"It is a punishment which I well deserve," answered Mademoiselle Maulabret, with a smile.

They sat for an hour knitting in profound silence, but, when they separated for the night, Madame Cantarel said, softly:

"It seems to me, mademoiselle, that you have some character. I do not know that I ought to congratulate you upon it, for indifference is a very comfortable thing. But one day we shall know which of our two methods is the best."

And to Jetta's infinite surprise her aunt put

her arm around her waist and kissed her forehead. It was her way of showing her gratitude for the happy day the girl had given her.

The next day, Mademoiselle Maulabret was walking in the park and meditating on her sad fate and on the discomforts she would now be called on to endure, when suddenly she heard a voice calling her:

"Jetta! *Ma belle!*"

She had hardly time to look around before she was caught in the arms of Madame de Moisieux, who, pressing her affectionately to her breast, drew her down on a bench at her side and said, abruptly:

"Not a word now! Listen to me, and do not answer. Remorse has kept me awake all night. When the cocks crowed at dawn I was still thinking that I had grieved you. You know that I love you, and yet I have been the cause of all your recent annoyances. Monsieur Cantarel is the kindest of neighbors, but he espouses the interests of his friends with too much zeal, and I am sure that he has overstepped my instructions—Not a word, I tell you! I have the floor, if you please. After all, I am not to blame. Mothers are weak creatures, and my son is badly in love. He has never been so before, and this is the fruit of his economies. Ah! your beautiful eyes have made sad ravages in his heart. The passion he has conceived for you will not be very easily cured, my dear. But do not be troubled; he can hold his tongue as well as myself. The affair is in the past; you shall hear no more of it. In return, I have two favors to ask of you: In the first place, I implore you to behave toward us as if nothing had occurred, for, were I compelled to renounce our delightful intimacy, I should be inconsolable. Then there is another thing. You have certain scruples which I respect profoundly. But we change with time, sometimes. In three months—or call it four—well, in four months, we will sit here again together, and I will say to you, 'Are you still of the same mind?' You will answer yes or no, as seems to you best. You see that I wish to keep a little door open in the rear. It is with me as with my poor little summer-house, whose view has been intercepted by a wretched wall. Monsieur Cantarel proposes to put up a wire fence instead of the wall, which kind offer I accept, for I really shall not be sorry to see the green of the vineyard and the weather-cock on the bell-tower. My dear child, do not destroy all our hopes at once. Leave us a little outlook toward the future. You, too, must give us a wire fence instead of a stone wall! Not one word! I read in your eyes that you consent, and I thank you with all my heart—the heart of a mother and the heart of a friend."

So saying, she kissed Jetta hastily first on one

cheek and then on the other, and fled, leaving the girl greatly relieved, although somewhat vexed with herself for the mute concession she had yielded. But wire fences have one good thing about them—they can be seen through, but not opened.

When the marquise, Monsieur Cantarel, and Lésin took their seats at table, one might have thought them three generals the day following a lost battle. They bore the imprint of defeat on their brows. Monsieur Cantarel looked a little ashamed. His chagrin was a mixture of anger and humiliation. Madame de Moisieux bore her rebuff with better courage. She knew the heights and the depths of destiny, and her courage was not cast down by an accident. Lésin, however, was furious with rage and excessively mortified. He had felt absolutely certain of the result, and his awakening was proportionately cruel. He was paler than ever, and would gladly have strangled the little *bourgeoise* who had been impertinent enough to turn her back on a marquis. But he had no intention of relinquishing the chase; his obstinacy was only equaled by his vanity. Lara was sent away when dessert was placed on the table; the precaution was useless, as the doors of the chalet were not thick, and Greek ears are proverbially acute. Lésin began a long litany—scolded and sulked like a child to whom the moon has been refused. His refrain was:

"I want her—I will have her!"

"Yes, you shall have her," answered Monsieur Cantarel. "Let me manage it, and you possess your soul in peace. If it is necessary, I shall not hesitate to employ coercion."

"No, I will never give my consent to anything of the kind," said the marquise. "I have seen Mademoiselle Maulabret within a few hours, and I promised her that we would await her decision."

Lésin was angry, and declared, like Monsieur Cantarel, that, if pretty girls persisted in their obstinacy, means other than entreaties should be employed.

"I understand women," he said; "they like to be driven with uplifted sticks. There was one in New York almost as pretty as Mademoiselle Jetta—"

The marquise was so exasperated by the folly of her son that she interrupted with scanty ceremony, and, in spite of the presence of Monsieur Cantarel, she said, scoffingly:

"Are you sure, sir, that she was not a servant in a tavern?"

"I assure you, my dear mother, that the lady in question was the wife of a banker—"

"I don't wish to hear any more about your bankers and their wives," said the marquise. "I

tell you that this little girl conceals under her gentle manner the strongest possible will."

"She is a perfect little nun," cried Monsieur Cantarel; "with her pinched-up mouth and little wheedling ways, she bears the trade-mark of the Jesuits. They will make all France just like themselves if they have their own way, I tell you. Poor France!"

"Let the Jesuits, as well as the bankers and their wives, rest in peace, and we will go on with our own matters. My opinion is, that this poor child has scruples which must be carefully managed. And do you know one thing, my dear neighbor? We have made a great mistake in keeping her in this solitude. A desert is favorable to contemplation. Carry her off to Paris at once, and keep her there a month; it is a wonderful place to cure timid consciences."

"She will see that old horror."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Mother Amélie, of course."

"You will see to that—it is your own affair."

Let her live in a perfect whirl of society. Take her to the theatre constantly; it is there more particularly that scruples are blunted and deadened."

Monsieur Cantarel would not at first listen to this proposition. The idea of relinquishing his *tête-à-tête* and his dear bezique for a full month was positively painful to him, all the more that he had fallen a prey to a certain vague uneasiness which he did not venture to impart to any one. He ended finally, however, by giving his consent, but it seemed to him that his resignation was entitled to some recompense, and he waited for Lésin to leave the room. Unfortunately for him, Lésin had received his instructions. Madame de Moisieux had bidden him remain to the last. She determined that her son should be of some use to her.

Tired out at last, Monsieur Cantarel beat a retreat about eleven o'clock. As he opened the door, not in the best of humors, a great lump of earth, thrown by a vigorous hand, hit his hat, and knocked it into a ditch. As soon as he had found it he addressed a few energetic words to the invisible enemy who took such liberties with his august person. If he had hunted among the bushes, he might possibly have found a handsome young Greek.

Finally released, Lésin went to his chamber, where he had secreted a bottle of rum, and in the depths of this bottle he succeeded in burying for some hours his chagrins, his love, his cruelly disappointed hopes, the château of his dreams, and his two packs of hounds. With some difficulty he staggered to his bed, where he threw himself all dressed; but the next day he found at his bedside, when he woke, his hounds, the

color of gray mice, and his liver-spotted dogs.

"A little patience, my children," he said, aloud; "if my mother's diplomacy shoots too high, we will try something else."

XIII.

To the *intrigant* and to a man of ambition, Paris is the city where one arrives at everything. To the restless radical it is the holy capital of the Revolution, the Jerusalem of the *émeute*; for the man of capital it is a money-market which would be incomparable if London did not exist; to the *savant* it is one of the great *ateliers* of the human mind; to the man of imagination it is a museum where curiosity can be fully satisfied; for a man of pleasure it is a vast caravansary, where he has only to stoop to pick them up; for a pretty woman it is the only place in the world where she can dress herself, and for the *gourmand* the only one where people know how to eat; for the cab-horses it is a hell, where they sweat and grow thin; for the philosopher it is an observatory, where one can philosophize as much as one pleases, because it is easy to hide there, and to see all without being seen; for the loungeur it is the only spot in the world where each day some new event takes place, on which it is possible to utter some original *bon mot*; to the moralist it is a great thoroughfare, where the most shameful vices elbow the most admirable virtues. For Monsieur Cantarel, Paris, which he formerly loved not, had become a most adorable town since the palace had become the place where the municipal council met. He had purchased a fine hôtel in La Rue de Rivoli, on the first floor of which he lived; from his window he perceived the Tuileries, and he said to himself, "They are there now, and to-morrow I may be among them."

As to Mademoiselle Maulabret, Paris seemed to her one of the most charming of places, and especially desirable because there was, in a distant *quartier*, an old edifice of brick and stone, where she had passed ten months, and where she looked forward to spending the rest of her life, and to begin with a long talk with a woman in a black dress, and who, Monsieur Cantarel to the contrary, was neither old nor horrible. She determined to beg this favor by the most indefatigable complaisance. Although her guardian made her come and go, although he did not give her time to breathe, although he treated her like a race-horse in training, she was never weary, and lent herself with an excellent grace to everything which he proposed. From the circus and the office of "La Vraie République," the journal of which Monsieur Louis Cantarel was the proprietor; the principal theatres, and several of the

minor ones; the lake and the Chamber of Deputies; to a charity concert, and a *fête* given at the Continental Hotel—she was spared nothing. He said to her occasionally, with some impatience:

"Well, little dove! will you never learn to look a man full in the face?"

But the complaisance of this dove was put to rather a severe test. He took her to the opera one night when there was a new ballet. He considered that, of all the means that could be employed to prevent a young girl from entering a convent, the ballet is the most efficacious; he attributed to the *fêtes* and to the ballets a magic virtue, and regarded the *entrechats* as the most powerful allies of free thought. The ballet preceded "Der Freischütz." Monsieur Cantarel did not like music. Hardly had he installed his wife and his ward in their *loge*, than he himself went off to the office of his journal. He did not return for two hours; he was then accompanied by a pale young man whom he had met in the corridor, and whose unexpected appearance caused mademoiselle more than momentary discomfort; but she had sufficient self-control to allow none of this to be seen. Madame Cantarel was less mistress of herself. She replied to the salutation of this young man by a look which seemed to say, "What are you doing here?" He did not understand, nor did he care to do so.

After profound reflection Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux had decided that Mademoiselle Maulabret had refused him because she loved some one else. He piqued himself on knowing women, and he did not believe in their scruples.

"What is a scruple?" he said, with a Machiavellian air; "what does it amount to, after all?"

"You judge all women by bar-maids you have encountered," answered his mother. "You are certainly quite mad—what man could Mademoiselle Maulabret possibly love? She knows none."

"I am not so sure of that," he replied; "she may have lost her heart to some young surgeon or to some patient. You may be quite sure that there is milk in that cocoanut, and I intend to put Monsieur Cantarel on his guard."

And, thereupon, without listening to her, he departed for Paris, determined to remain there until he had made some discovery. He saw Monsieur Cantarel that same evening and again the next day, and each time that gentleman had laughed in his face, and informed him distinctly that his conjectures were simply preposterous. The young marquis pretended to be convinced, but those persons who have few ideas are apt to keep a strong hold on those they have. He held tenaciously to his, and determined to wait and watch.

Notwithstanding the coldness of Madame

Cantarel's greeting, he seated himself quietly. He was not in the least timid, having dined well; he leaned over the back of Jetta's chair and asked if she liked ballets.

"I don't know—I never saw one."

"But, generally speaking, do you like dancing?"

"I don't know. I was never at a ball."

"Ah! Indeed. Well, my aunt, the Countess Sirieux, gives one next week. I will get you an invitation, and we will dance the first polka together."

"I am infinitely obliged, but I don't know how to dance."

This was only half true, for she had taken dancing-lessons.

"I will teach you, then; it would be delightful."

"Indeed!" said Madame Cantarel; "but my niece never goes into society without me."

"That does not matter, madame; I will procure you an invitation."

"I am not in the habit of going to the houses of people whom I do not know," she answered, coldly, turning her back upon him.

He was about to reply, but fortunately the leader of the orchestra lifted his *bâton*—the violins and copper-throated instruments attacked the first bars of the overture, which was short, and presently the curtain rose. For at least ten minutes Mademoiselle Maulabret paid no attention to the ballet. The presence of Lésin, his noisy breathing close in her ear, his hot breath on the back of her neck made her wretchedly uncomfortable; his restless movements, moreover, jarred her chair and rendered her all the time vividly conscious of his vicinity. She was on the point of asking her aunt to take her away, when, all at once, the house broke into wild applause. A ravishing creature in rose-colored *tarlatan*, with white shoulders, and flowers in her hair, had come down the stage to the very footlights on the points of her toes. All the *lorgnettes* were fixed upon her, and the public continued to applaud. After a *congé* of several months their favorite had returned to them. Mademoiselle Maulabret at once forgot Monsieur Lésin de Moisieux, so charming did this creature seem to her. She was pretty and graceful, and to these charms she added that caprice and audacity, almost effrontery, which is in these days the spice without which success is impossible; she was, in fact, an exquisite combination of the woman and the sylphide.

"She is pretty," said Lésin, in the tone of a *blasé* connoisseur. "She is called Mademoiselle Rosella, but her real name is Mademoiselle Papet, and she is the daughter of a *fruitier* in La Rue du Foin."

"She wants people to think she is an Italian, and she is very wise," said Monsieur Cantarel. "France refuses to believe in the genius of her own *danseuses*, who, nevertheless, are one of her glories, for—"

He said no more. Although Madame Cantarel made it a rule never to contradict him, she could not refrain from striking a little impatient blow with her fan on the velvet-covered balcony, and, as he was more intelligent than Lésin, he understood.

Mademoiselle Rosella! It seemed to Jetta that she had heard the name before, but where and when she knew not, and just then she did not care to know, for she was under the charm. Little did she care either that Mademoiselle Rosella was merely Mademoiselle Papet, the daughter of a *fruitier* in La Rue du Foin. Had she been asked, she would have declared that this *danseuse*, in her gauze skirts, had come down from a star and would shortly return to it. She watched her floating over the stage, bounding into the air and coming down again so lightly, that she seemed to return to earth merely from condescension, and it seemed to her also that, if she did not fly away before her eyes, it was merely because she did not wish to humiliate poor human beings who were glued to the ground by their flesh and blood.

"It is not a woman—it is a butterfly," said Jetta to herself, "or a bird which has laid aside its wings for a little time, and soon it will resume them and disappear for ever."

Her eyes wandered around the house; when she looked back upon the stage, the rose-colored robe was no longer there, but she had not flown back to her star, for she was called before the curtain twice, and twice obeyed the call, each time humbly thanking the public which treated her like a spoiled child.

Jetta drew a long sigh, as if awakening from a dream.

"Then you will not come to the Countess de Sirieux's ball?" said Lésin, in her ear. "Do this for me; and, besides, you ought to see the great world."

"A little bird needs only a little nest," she replied.

Upon which he rose and went out, with a melancholy expression on his bowed face.

"What an animal!" muttered Monsieur Cantarel. He really could not help it. But, realizing what he had done, he said to Jetta, hastily: "I was speaking of that little Moldavian prince over there, who has never taken his eyes from you all through the *entracte*. Do you wish me to go down and give him your address?" And, as he wrapped himself in his cloak, he said: "Well, my girl, you have now seen a ballet. To me

the opera is not merely a place of amusement, it is an institution, and I look on the ballet as the best remedy against superstition and prejudices. When I have seen one, I feel myself to be a better man."

All the way down the stairs he developed this theme with great unction.

But he was by no means so bland the next day, when she expressed her wish to pay a visit to Mother Amélie, and apparently seemed to think she had earned a right to this favor. He sent her off with a hearty scolding, and forbade her to set foot within the hospital walls, telling her distinctly that were she to do so she would infringe on the clause of the will which stipulated that she should spend two entire years in the world. He did not fail to take advantage of this occasion to attack Jesuitism, and to castigate with stormy eloquence the immorality of mental reservations and of all casuistry.

Madame Cantarel, when informed by Jetta of her discomfiture, suggested that she should appeal to Monsieur Vaugenis as executor of the will of her great-uncle, and allow him to settle the question. While they were discussing the wisdom of this step, a note was brought in from the former President of the Chamber, who, having learned that Mademoiselle Maulabret was in Paris, begged her to come to see him. Her aunt lent her her *coupé*, and her maid and she were soon on their way. Three months before, Monsieur Vaugenis had considerably intimidated her by his somewhat affected gravity, and by the intermittent strabismus with which he was afflicted. She therefore approached him now with some timidity, but he put her at once at ease.

Madame de Moisieux was not there, and he could dispense with solemnity.

She submitted her case to him; he answered, laughing:

"Oh! we are not so exacting as all that. A father of the Church formerly said to a young man who did not like to fast, 'Eat beef, then, and be a Christian.' I will, in my turn, say to you, 'Go and see Mother Amélie as often as you please, but do not neglect your social duties and worldly virtues.' Now, one of these latter is to keep your word. You have not kept yours. You promised me not to take any important step without consulting me, and I was informed the other day by your guardian, who was trying to interest me on his side, that you had refused a brilliant offer."

"Would you have advised me to accept it, sir? Did you not say to me, 'Look out'?"

"And I say so still. I therefore told Monsieur Cantarel that he need not count on me. It is barely possible, you know, that we have our own candidate."

"You too?" she exclaimed, in a tone of such thorough consternation that he laughed heartily.

"Oh! do not be troubled; I do not propose to torment you. Your great-uncle Antonin, who liked to make people happy without consulting them, would have been charmed probably to marry you off; fortunately, however, he could find no man worthy of you. But he did quite otherwise in the case of my daughter, and we had to suffer for it. But let me tell you the story. There is no better judge than a young girl in a matter of this kind, when she has no personal interest in the affair, be it understood. We were formerly a trio of inseparable friends—your great-uncle, a rich refiner, Monsieur Valport, and myself. This good Valport was the first of us to leave this world, bequeathing to his son a fortune of three millions. He had always kept this son on short allowance. An avaricious father always has a prodigal son. For several years this handsome fellow—for he is handsome—has wasted his substance and his life; fortunately, he has something of both remaining. His adventures, which made considerable noise, offended your uncle, who loved him as if he had been his own child. He was therefore not easily reconciled to seeing a young fellow so richly endowed by nature, with a *finé* intellect and a good heart, deliberately enroll himself in the great army of do-nothings. He determined to rescue him by marrying him, and he never saw him without suggesting to him two or three partners for life, but he never received the smallest encouragement. Finally, your uncle thought of one of my daughters, and a short time before his death he sent for his young friend, and spoke to him very freely, but again without the smallest encouragement. A few days after this, our good luck or our misfortune threw my daughter in the path of this monster, and behold, our young man receives a *coup de fondre*."

"A *coup de fondre*?" repeated Mademoiselle Maulabret, bewildered.

"Yes, a *coup de fondre* is—well, I can't tell you precisely what it is. I only know that a minute before a man goes and comes, absorbed in his business and his pleasures, looking on at the rest of the world, hurrying past, and imagining that life consisted in just this. A minute later he is a different being; he has no longer a vestige of common-sense, and sees only 'her' in the whole universe. This is what is called the *coup de fondre*. Now, my dear mademoiselle, you see before you a father in a very uncomfortable state of mind. My daughter has doubts and hesitations. Ought I to attempt to combat them? Who will assure me that the day after his marriage he will not return to Satan and all the pomps and vanities? Then, too, my daugh-

ter has not, like yourself, been in a hospital, where you have learned that a man who is always well is an exception; that one must not only be accustomed to invalids, but also must take care of them without ever despairing of their cure; and, finally, that the most noble of natures is that of the doctor and the nurse. My daughter, I fear, will never be able to assume the necessary ascendancy; will never elevate him above the influence of his past. Will she understand how to strengthen his good resolutions, will she enable him to enter on a useful career, to become a man, in short?"

"O monsieur!" cried Jetta, "what a noble work that would be!"

And her face glowed with enthusiasm.

"Very true. But how can we tell that this young girl has strength to accomplish it?"

"She must decide for herself, and that she can only do by rigorous self-examination. She must also—"

"Yes, I understand—"

"But, above all—" Jetta hesitated.

"Go on."

"Above all, she must love him a little"; and, as Jetta spoke, she colored deeply.

This was the first time she had uttered this word, and she did so now with considerable difficulty.

"To be sure," he replied, "we sometimes read the New Testament. It tells us that love is patient; that love is long-suffering; that it believes all, hopes all, and endures all. He who said this was born at Tarsus, and was called Paul. But certain people called him a visionary. The point is to know if women are capable of feeling this kind of love, and if Monsieur Valport is able to inspire it, and also if he be worthy of it. If I might only present him to you, then you could give me your opinion—"

"O monsieur!" she answered, with a frightened gesture, "I have so little wisdom."

"Your uncle insisted that you had a great deal."

She was about to reply, when the conversation was interrupted by a servant who appeared with a card on a silver tray.

"Bless me!" said Monsieur Vaugenis. "I forgot that this was the 25th of March, and the day that prisoners are liberated."

And he handed the card to Jetta. She read the name of Albert Valport upon it, and rose at once to withdraw, but Monsieur Vaugenis retained her, saying:

"Do me a favor, will you—a very great favor? I desire that you unseen will witness my interview with my future son-in-law. If he utters one word that is distasteful to you, I shall break with him."

All the girl's objections were cut short. Notwithstanding her resistance, he led her into an adjoining room, where he placed her in a chair, and, leaving the door partially open, he drew over it the heavy velvet *portière*.

"So you have arrived, my dear Albert?" he exclaimed, a moment later.

"Yes; I am here, my dear President," answered a rich, full voice, at the sound of which Jetta started violently. "I take it for granted that you expected me?"

"Not altogether. The only Albert Valport that I have known is a young man who, as a rule, comes when he is not looked for and never when he is expected."

"I introduce you, then, to another, who is very different, the most extraordinary punctuality being one of his virtues. But I beg of you give me some news of Madame Vaugenis and of your amiable daughters."

"Presently; but first let us discuss our little matter—the little bargain we made. Have you kept each clause of your engagement?"

"Let me see. I agreed not to leave Bois-le-Roi before the 25th of March. I have lived there alone, like a rat in a hole; but I did not find it so very bad, and I have reason to believe that next year I shall be made mayor of my commune, which will be a sore affliction to that dear Monsieur Cornet, who has heretofore held undisputed possession of the place."

"If I were Mademoiselle Vaugenis," thought Jetta, who had heard every word, "I would not marry him. He speaks of his prospects in altogether too great a tone of indifference."

Presently, on brief self-examination, Jetta came to the conclusion that she had another and very secret reason for thinking that this marriage had best not come to pass. But she had no time just then to go on with this examination. After a brief pause the conversation was resumed, and she listened with all her ears.

"There is one good thing about you," said Monsieur Vaugenis; "one can always believe you. We are told that the word of a Turk is worth ten signatures. You are a Turk in this respect. Now answer another question with equal honesty. The *liaison* that you wished to break—"

"Is broken for ever—so shattered, that no ingenuity can piece the bits together."

"One question more. You promised—"

"Pray do not continue. I admit that I have something to reproach myself with. A man's eyes starve sometimes, and I twice rode out in the direction of Combard."

"Combard!" said Mademoiselle Maulabret, with a start.

"It was Lindor without his mandolin. But I

was not repaid for my trouble. Once I saw from afar off, through a gate, a pretty gray hood, lined with blue, alone in the avenue. The next time I saw nothing at all. Then, too, I have another sin on my soul. I knew from the best authority that she adored chrysanthemums. I yielded to temptation and sent her one."

Jetta gasped for breath; her parasol, lying in her lap, rolled on to the floor. Fortunately, a thick Turkey carpet deadened the noise.

"He is talking about me!" she thought.

She placed both hands on her heart to still its beating, for it seemed to her that it must be heard on the other side of the wall.

"Your sins merit some indulgence," answered Monsieur Vaugenis. "You still love her, then?"

"What a question! Of course I do, otherwise why should I be here?"

"And what is there about her that pleases you so much?"

"You are too curious—you must not examine me in this way. For the first time in my life I love without knowing why; and this is real love—the only love that lasts."

"But you have not seen her for three months. Certainly the old saying can not apply to you—'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

"Don't make me out better than I am. I had her portrait."

"Did you steal it?"

"No, I smuggled it, so to speak. The day that he, whom you and I so deeply regret, wished to speak to me of her, and I had not the grace to listen to him, I yet felt a certain curiosity. I therefore went to her hospital on the pretense of making inquiries about a patient who had no existence except in my imagination. The young surgeon attached to the hospital was absent, and I was told that no one else could answer my inquiries. I said I would wait, and presently I discovered a white Sister kneeling before an old woman, whose leg she was bandaging. Absorbed in what she was doing, she did not notice that near her stood a man on whom she had worked such a spell that he was at that moment saying to himself, 'She shall be my wife.' I retreated to the embrasure of a window and drew from my pocket a note-book—you know that I sketch with facility. A nun dressed in black passed me and gave me a withering glance. I hid my note-book and fled. I finished this sketch afterward, and I assure you it is the best thing I ever did."

At these words Monsieur Vaugenis cried out:

"Are you sure, young man, that it is the woman who has taken your heart? Isn't it the dress?"

"I asked myself the same question," answered the young man, with some little hesitation. "But, on my way to the Bois-le-Roi, I

encountered her at a station. She no longer wore her white woolen robe, with its soft, clinging folds, and I saw that it was not the dress. But, enough of this. I have kept my promise: now it is for you to redeem yours."

"But what did I promise?" asked Monsieur Vaugenis. "Only to preserve absolute neutrality. Since I ceased to be president, I shirk all responsibility. Alas! my dear fellow, I foresee many difficulties in your path."

"I expect them. One must always struggle for happiness, and difficulties are the salt of life. I know them or I divine them, but I feel that I can conquer them. But, when will you present me? It is Tuesday. Madame Vaugenis receives every Thursday evening, does she not? I discovered at Combard that Mademoiselle Maulabret is in Paris. Will she be here Thursday?"

"I will make the proposition to her. But if she refuses, what then?"

The young man rose to take leave, and said, laughingly:

"If she refuses, I will horrify you by the enormity of my crimes, and I will make Monsieur Cornet happy by allowing him to be mayor for the rest of his life." He added more gravely: "Be neutral, but be kind. Are you not interested in my position? For the first time my interests, my good sense, my imagination, and my heart all agree. Tell this charming creature that I love her with all my reason and with all my lunacy."

"And thereupon you depart?"

"No—I escape," he answered, with his hand on the door. "Have you ever studied caterpillars? When ready to accomplish their metamorphosis and become chrysalides, they eat nothing, enjoy nothing, but wander from place to place restless and uneasy. I am a caterpillar all ready to spin my cocoon, and I propose to try, by constant movement, to obtain the *sang-froid* of which I shall stand greatly in need on Thursday next."

Hardly had Monsieur Valport departed, than the president took his way with slow and solemn steps to the next room. He found Mademoiselle Maulabret standing by the window very pale and motionless. He extended his hand to her; she would not see it. He drew aside to allow her to pass, but she did not move. She saw before her the dazzling rose-colored vision which she had so much admired the previous evening, and she said to herself:

"He sacrificed her for me! For me—Jetta Maulabret?"

It seemed to her that she had been listening to a fairy tale, and her face expressed mingled joy and terror. Certain fears are not without an element of joy. Then she looked down into the

courtyard: she saw a phaeton, a superb bay horse, and a groom. Monsieur Valport appeared. He jumped into his seat, and the groom gave him the reins. As he took them he looked up at the sky, in which a heavy black cloud promised a shower. The horse made a plunge, a spark rose from the pavement, and it seemed to Jetta that a part of herself rolled away with those wheels, and was carried in that carriage far away to a distant land, from which it would never return.

Monsieur Vaugenis touched her gently on the arm, and said:

"You will admit that I questioned him thoroughly? Did he say anything to displease you?"

She did not speak.

"Yes," he continued, "it would be as you said, a noble work; but you also said that it would be necessary for her to love him."

"It is impossible," she replied, in a low, dull voice, "it is impossible—I am not free."

"You have taken no vows?"

She repeated: "It is impossible. Ah! monsieur, tell him so, I beg of you."

"He would not believe me. And it would be therefore hopeless for me to attempt to save you the annoyance of telling him so yourself. You know he will be here on Thursday. Will you come?"

"Yes," she said, in a low voice; and took her leave at once.

It required some minutes to descend the staircase; she was conversing with a ghostly shade—with an old man who was no more, and yet who moved by her side, step by step. She said to him:

"You are really cruel. Why have you invented such a method of tormenting me? Is this a battle? You will lose it, you may be sure."

But the ghost looked down upon her with no smile on the fleshless face, and he seemed to reply: "We shall see—we shall see!"

XIV.

The Thursdays of Monsieur Vaugenis were composed of two or three acts. First came music—vocal and instrumental—in which only first-rate artists took part. After that, an actor and actress from the Comédie Française performed a proverb or recited a dialogue, carefully concealing the name of the author, who was, however, easily recognized. Monsieur Vaugenis sat in a corner, huddled together, and nervous, with the perspiration standing on his brow, but with his eyes bright with excitement. He sometimes affected the most severe gravity. He had the air of a pastry-cook compelled to eat his own cakes. Occasionally, when applause came in the right places, and the piece was successful, he unbent a little and admitted that he agreed with his

public. Then he took people by the button and said in a coaxing, insidious tone, "How does it suit you on the whole?" His diplomacy was so transparent that every one was on his guard: former Presidents of the Chamber can not become authors with impunity.

As music and proverbs are not quite enough to make young people happy, the *soirées* ended, five or six times in the winter, to the lively satisfaction of the three young ladies of the house, in a little dance to the piano, while the fathers tried to forget their woes over a game of whist, after which supper was served.

When Mademoiselle Maulabret, accompanied by her aunt, appeared in the Vaugenis mansion, she created quite a sensation. Every one said, "Who is she?" and her history was soon buzzed about the room. She wore a tea-rose in her hair, and a robe of pale blue which was exceedingly becoming, and was a *chef-d'œuvre* of costly simplicity.

She was especially admired for a certain mysterious grace and suppleness which could not be the result of any dressmaker's art, and which was communicated by her soul to her body. Her emotion, which Monsieur Vaugenis was the only one to suspect, added to her charm. She had come to seek her fate in that *salon*, and she trembled as she entered. Music is an art which says what no tongue can fully render: there are in the human soul thoughts to which she imparts a voice, and we learn to recognize in ourselves a certain something which has hitherto been dumb. She has another advantage still: every one interprets her after his own fashion; each imagines that she tells him his own story. An *adagio* of Beethoven's was played. The violins breathed a divine music, which seemed to rise to the blue sky and into infinite space. They sang of mute and hidden joys, of ineffable delights. They told of a hospital nun who had fancied for a long time that the sick and the poor were enough to fill her heart, and who had now suddenly discovered that to love everybody is not to love. She had met him whom she had unconsciously sought, and she heard a voice in her ear saying over and over again:

"Tell this charming girl that I love her with all my sense and with all my heart."

Suddenly the alto broke in a storm — was heralded and burst. But the sun occasionally reappeared, and the divine melody, like a dove that has been caught in a tempest, shakes its drenched wings and persists in flying heavenward. The tempest increased in severity. Thunder crashed, rain fell, and soon the dove fell to the ground, wounded unto death. The *adagio* seemed intended to prove that the *filles* of the heart last but one day, that the foundation of

life is an inexorable denial, and that all ends in the triumph of that mournful, implacable thing which man calls, according to circumstances, Fate or Duty.

But lo! when all seemed lost, the music became softer and purer, and with its angelic sweetness was mingled something of triumphant certainty: the dove had revived, it soared above with outstretched wings; Fate disarmed had released its prisoner. When the violins were silent, Mademoiselle Maulabret realized that she had been dreaming, and that she was in a brilliantly lighted *salon*, where there were many men wearing white cravats and women brilliantly dressed, but that there was no dove fluttering about the chandeliers, and that a servant was offering her an ice. She took it, and, as she carried the spoon to her lips, she noticed that a lady seated near her, wearing a bird in her hair, was looking at her with a most disagreeable expression. It was a mother who, having a daughter with very sharp shoulders, had taken offense at the beautifully rounded ones of Mademoiselle Maulabret.

A moment later and Jetta forgot everything — the men in white cravats, and the women, good-natured or otherwise. She shivered, and was sure that he had come — that he was near her. She turned her head slowly to the right. He stood leaning against the door, and looking about with eagle-like eyes, which flashed when he saw her. There was a strange, buzzing sound in her ears; her heart beat until she was nearly suffocated. Monsieur Valport approached the lady who wore the bird. He talked to her with feverish gayety.

"What did you do with yourself at Bois-le-Roi?" she asked.

"I hardly know. I sang."

"Indeed! And now you intend to dance?"

"Most certainly."

"And with whom, then? Only young girls dance here."

"And the mothers put me under the ban?"

"No, but they would not scruple to put you *en pénitence*."

He was about to reply, when Monsieur Vaugenis, having struck the three taps of a conductor, announced that the piece, in one act, about to be represented, was called "*Un homme qui change ne demande pas pourquoi*."

Albert leaned toward the lady with the bird and said, laughing:

"That proverb, madame, dispenses me from further reply."

And, as the representation was about to begin, they were compelled to be silent. It is fortunate that Mademoiselle Maulabret was not obliged to report it for a morning paper, for her account would have been incoherent and incom-

prehensible. Notwithstanding her good intentions, she listened with only one ear to this little drama, hastily and carelessly written, the fruit of a certain facile spirit which ignored all difficulties. When one is not in the business one dares anything. The play had a success, thanks to the fine words with which it was plentifully besprinkled, and thanks still more to the excellent actors, which were beyond all price, and returned to Monsieur Vaugenis twenty per cent. of his capital. The story was of a dissipated young lawyer who suddenly becomes penitent, and, retiring to the country, lives a hermit's life. His valet is greatly astonished one fine morning at seeing him perform his toilet with excessive care, and is still more astonished at the orders he receives: in the twinkling of an eye the house is entirely reformed; it is more than a reform, it is a revolution. Presently a charming widow in the neighborhood appears, and asks an explanation of these great changes. The young lawyer gives some very ridiculous ones, and then the true one, by falling on his knees before her. There was a great deal about hearts and darts, and the like.

The plot was a simple one, and yet to Mademoiselle Maulabret it seemed very complicated. She interweaved it with her own history. Just as the ex-hermit fell at the feet of the charming widow, she was saying to herself:

"I came here determined to discourage his every hope—to make him understand that it was impossible.—O Father in heaven! come to my aid; in two or three hours all will be ended—for ever ended!"

She was greatly surprised to hear the hero of the play utter a cry of joy, and to see him kiss the hands of a very pretty woman, whose compassionate heart induced her to consent to be adored.

Presently she saw Monsieur Vaugenis coming toward her. He offered her his arm, and begged to be allowed to take her into the supper-room. When she declined, he took a seat by her side. Fortunately, he did not say:

"Well, what do you think of the play?"

Author as he was, he sympathized too much with her emotion to expect her to flatter him. He said, in a low voice:

"Have you reflected on our conversation of yesterday? Are you still determined to say no?"

"More determined than ever," she replied, gently.

"Then summon all your courage, for you have to do with a determined character."

At this moment, Monsieur Cantarel rose to go into the card-room. As he passed near Monsieur Vaugenis he said, in a whisper:

"I hear the beginning of a quadrille. Make

her dance. I have a holy horror of these stiff-necked, prudish creatures."

Monsieur Vaugenis looked after him as he walked away; then, turning back to Jetta, he said:

"He is frightfully out of temper. Shall I tell you why? It is quite an amusing anecdote. He went to-day to the sale of pictures at the Hôtel Drouot. Among the number was a Fragonard. It was very warm, and perhaps he had eaten too hearty a breakfast. At all events, Monsieur Cantarel fell asleep. At the end of some minutes, the auctioneer, elevating his voice, cried, 'Did some one offer twelve thousand?' The sleeper awoke with a start. The auctioneer thought it, or pretended to think it, a nod of assent, and promptly added, 'Gone!' His bill was presented before he was fairly awake. His expert, unfortunately, informed him that the picture was only a copy. It is not especially agreeable to buy a copy of a good picture when one is sound asleep, and therefore he wreaks his ill-humor on his ward, and calls her stiff-necked and prudish. By-the-way, have you any objection to dancing?"

"None whatever."

"Very good. But it is my duty to tell you that Monsieur Valport has just engaged the three young ladies of the house, the demoiselles Vaugenis, who are much gratified by the compliment. He has his own plans, undoubtedly. Did he not say the other day that one is always obliged to purchase one's happiness?"

"Pure calumny that is," cried Monsieur Valport, suddenly appearing. "I have too much taste, my dear president, not to find your daughters charming. I am as pleased to-night at the idea of dancing as if I were still a schoolboy; and I do not see—"

"So much the better," interrupted the president; "for I ought to inform you that Mademoiselle Maulabret does not dance."

Albert drew back a little, and said to Monsieur Vaugenis, looking at Jetta as he spoke:

"Help me out of my embarrassment, I beg of you. I have been fortunate enough to meet Mademoiselle Maulabret, but I have not yet had the honor of being presented to her."

Jetta had again the same strange ringing in her ears. Monsieur Valport's voice reached her from a distance, as it were. It seemed to her as if the whole length of the *salon* was between them.

"Mademoiselle," said the president, "permit me to present to you Monsieur Albert Valport, who was the *enfant-gâté* of your uncle Antonin."

"He loved us both, mademoiselle," Albert hastily added; "but the affection which he cherished for you was mingled with great admiration,

and in that with which he honored me was much indulgence."

"And you, mademoiselle, inherited this same indulgence with the rest of his possessions. Do Monsieur Valport the favor of dancing a mazourka with him when he has been the rounds with my three daughters, with whom he is so greatly charmed."

"Do you agree to this, mademoiselle?" asked Albert. "We will talk or dance, whichever you may prefer."

She bowed her head in silent assent. The battle had begun. The glove was thrown down, and she picked it up. It seemed to her that it would be easier than she had supposed to carry out her intention, and she began to feel much more comfortable.

"Ah! what is the matter?" cried Monsieur Vaugenis to one of his daughters, who was flying through the rooms.

"Matter indeed!" she answered, showing him her train, through which some awkward dancer had thrust his foot.

"But we can soon arrange that," said Jetta, and rising from her chair she followed the young girl to her room, passing through the billiard-room, which also served for a smoking-room, and which, fortunately, was empty. Jetta speedily, with needle and thread, repaired the injury. This occupation was of service to her. The little accidents of every-day life make a happy diversion in the great crises of the soul. One is glad to persuade one's self, for some few minutes, that the gravest difficulties of life may be as readily repaired as an accident to a robe.

As soon as her skirt was again in dancing order, Mademoiselle Vaugenis rushed lightly away in search of her partner. Jetta was also about to return to the *salon*, when some one presented himself most inopportunistly on the threshold of the billiard-room, effectually barring her passage. This some one was the Marquis Lésin de Moisieux. As Monsieur Cantarel had kept him *au courant* of all his ward's movements, the young man determined to present himself at the mansion of Monsieur Vaugenis. By following Mademoiselle Maulabret there he might hope to pursue the investigation on which he had determined.

The president had long before invited him to his Thursdays, but, caring little for music and comedies, Lésin had never gone there; but on this occasion he had determined to do so.

He had just arrived, greatly to the astonishment of Monsieur Vaugenis, who, in presenting him to his wife, squinted worse than ever. While his left eye welcomed the marquis, his right said to Madame Vaugenis, "Whence comes this extraordinary creature?"

Lésin at once went in search of Mademoiselle

Maulabret; not finding her, he appealed to Monsieur Cantarel, who, absorbed in his whist, answered in rather a surly fashion. The marquis consoled himself with two or three glasses of punch, and then, having nothing better to do, lounged into the smoking-room, where he was greatly surprised to find Mademoiselle Maulabret.

"Upon my word," he said, "I am like that shepherd in the 'Arabian Nights.' Deuce take it—what was his name? He went out in search of his father's asses, and he met somebody on the road, you know, who made him a king!"

"This shepherd of the 'Arabian Nights' was Saul, the son of Kish, and this somebody was the prophet Samuel," she answered, in an icy tone.

"Very likely—very likely! The fact is, I came to the smoking-room to smoke, and here I find you. What the deuce were you doing here?"

And he looked around the room, and under the furniture, as if seeking the solution of the enigma. She made him a sign to step aside, that she might pass.

"Not I!" he said, in response to her gesture. "Since I have you here, I shall not let you go until you have answered one or two questions which I have longed to ask. I tried to do so before—that day in Monsieur Cantarel's park, when I was interrupted by Lara, whom I can't endure, and by that confounded ferret who would not come out of the hole. Here, now, there are neither ferrets nor Laras, and I intend to say all I wish to say. Is it true, as my mother tells me, that you have refused to become a marquise?"

"Madame de Moisieux is perfectly correct in her statement," Jetta replied.

And, for the first time in her life, her face expressed both anger and contempt. It was because she was thinking of the other, of him whom she was about to refuse, and she was saying to herself:

"It is a little too insulting to suppose, when I reject a man like the other, that I would accept a creature like this."

He smiled as she looked at him. He did not believe in the scruples of women any more than he did in their malades or their anger.

"One of two things is certain," he replied; "either Madame Cantarel is influencing you, for that woman does not like me—I am sure I don't know why—or—"

"She very likely has her reasons," interrupted Jetta; "but I do not know them; and I have not consulted her."

"Or—as I was saying—you love some one else?"

"By what right do you ask me this ques-

tion," she answered, no longer attempting to conceal her indignation.

And she was about to force her way, when she saw Monsieur Valport appear. He looked at her with great astonishment. Then turning to Lésin, he said, courteously:

"Excuse me!"

Lésin turned around quickly, and Albert entered the billiard-room.

"Mademoiselle, the mazourka is about to begin," he said to Jetta.

Even fools, when they are in love, have subtle clairvoyance. Lésin did not cry out, like Archimedes, "I have found it!" He simply contented himself with murmuring, "This is my man!" And, squaring himself again in the doorway—

"I am very sorry for you, sir," he said; "but Mademoiselle Maulabret will not dance this mazourka with you."

Albert, in utter amazement, turned and looked at him from head to foot, from the soles of his shining boots to the parting of his hair. He seemed to be taking his measure.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" he said, finally. "Ah! if I am not mistaken, you are the Marquis de Moisieux. Will you kindly explain, sir, why Mademoiselle Maulabret will not dance this mazourka with me?"

"She told me only three days since that she did not dance. If she has changed her mind it is, of course, with me that she will dance before any one else."

"Ah! but you know that inconsequence is the first right of man, and still more of woman," replied Albert, in a most contemptuous tone; and he offered his arm to Jetta, who felt her knees tremble under her as she said to him, hastily:

"Oh! excuse me; I am too tired."

He frowned and bit his lips.

"I yield to your fatigue," he replied; "but I should like to be certain that you are not influenced by fear."

"The first right of a woman is to be afraid," said Lésin, with a sneer.

Albert's eyes flashed fire, but he encountered an entreating glance from Jetta. This glance distinctly said: "You pretend to love me; I implore you to sacrifice your just anger for my sake."

With considerable difficulty he succeeded in controlling his anger to that degree that he could even smile as, bowing low to Lésin, he said:

"My dear marquis, you are altogether too clever for me. I can not hope to decipher your enigmas."

"I am, nevertheless, quite ready," answered Lésin, elevating his voice, and speaking with

great haughtiness, "to give you any explanations which it may please you to ask."

Fortunately, the sound of his voice was heard. The master of the house hurried in.

"My dear sir," he said to this young rooster, "permit me to present you to the wife of our first secretary to the embassy of Berlin. She has heard of you, and is eager to make your acquaintance."

"If this is a joke, it is a very poor one," said Lésin to himself, for he was in a mood when he was quite ready to quarrel with any one. But Monsieur Vaugenis was so perfectly in earnest and even solemn, that he was reassured, and even consented to be led away by him.

Monsieur Valport was in a hot rage; he felt his blood boil. When he had placed Jetta on a sofa, he sat down by her side. Then, in a constrained voice, he said:

"I must, then, renounce the pleasure of dancing with you?"

"Ah! you lose very little," she answered, trying to smile; "I am a wretched dancer."

"And you insist also," he continued, emphasizing his words, "that I shall not ask Monsieur Moisieux for the explanations which he so liberally offers."

"Oh, I implore you!" she said, in great terror.

"So be it, then; but it seems to me that so much docility and resignation on my part deserve some recompense."

What could she say to this? She had been strong at first, but she had not foreseen this incident, which had changed the whole aspect of things. She was under the charm of his presence, and to this charm was added a sense of fear. As Lésin had said, women have a right to be afraid, and therefore two enemies were assailing her door at one and the same time. She heard through the open doors the music from the next room—the intoxicating strains, lively and tender, of a mazourka. She saw young people who had not a care nor interest in the world other than that of moving in time or carrying their heads well and managing their elbows. She saw white dresses, blue, and pink, float past. And while these careless and happy creatures were thus devoting themselves to amusement, she, seated on this velvet sofa, which seemed to her almost like a vast solitude, was forced to reply to questions which admitted of no reply; she found herself battling with the unknown, with a great mystery, face to face with a handsome man, whose countenance expressed most contradictory things. She was at war with herself, with her own affrighted conscience, with her vivid imagination which depicted two men in a wood fighting a duel on

her account. Under what star, then, was she born? Ever since she had reached years of reflection, her eyes had seen only dreary objects, her ears had heard little save startling words; she had received as her appointed lot eternal labor and eternal anxiety; from one danger she fell into another, and now Fate seemed to have done its worst. It was in vain for the bird to struggle and beat its wings against the bars of the cage; he broke his feathers and his claws all in vain. Meanwhile the piano was still heard, and the pretty dresses floated past.

"Monsieur Vaugenis has confessed his perfidy," continued the handsome young man, who was perfectly pitiless in his love, and would on no account have renounced the opportunity chance had afforded him of improving his advantages. "You have heard all, and you know who I am. You know, too, that I can invoke in my favor the last wishes of him who loved you so much. You know, in short, that you hold in your hands the fate of a man. I am not much in myself, I admit, but a man must count for something. Listen to me one moment; I ask as my recompense only a little hope."

Was it, then, written that no person was to come to interrupt this unhappy conversation? She gave one long, appealing look at her aunt, who was at the other end of the *salon*, conversing with a respectable old gentleman, who had known her father. She was happy for a brief period in living over the past; her usual torpor had vanished. She was speaking with animation, almost with fire. There are trees whose summits have been injured by frosts, and which are living only at the roots; there are natures marred by contact with life and the world, but who are occasionally warmed up by souvenirs of the past.

"A little hope," continued Monsieur Valport; "is that too much to ask?"

She had the strength to reply:

"Impossible—impossible!"

His face changed, and he said:

"Do you wish to give me my liberty, then? I shall use it in a way that I myself shall regret."

These words might be understood in two senses; but, as he looked at Lésin, who was to be seen standing near the mantel, she shivered again at the thought of these two men fighting for her. Her throat contracted.

"Say 'Perhaps!' and I will depart contented," he continued, in a tone that was at once imperious and entreating. "I implore you to say 'Perhaps.'"

"Perhaps!" she murmured, hardly knowing that she had spoken, and unconscious of the look of joyous triumph with which he thanked her.

Although she spoke very low, her "perhaps" had reached the ears of Monsieur Vaugenis, who arrived on the scene a second too late, and on whose lips quivered an ironical smile. He had come to say that Madame Cantarel wished to go. Since he had no longer been President of the Chamber, the principle of Monsieur Vaugenis had been to find in all the incidents of life matter or a suggestion for a proverb in one act. It is an occupation which assists in consoling one's self for the chagrins of others, but it is less easy to find consolation for one's own. While he took Jetta to her aunt, the ex-president was saying to himself:

"A woman who goes to a ball determined to say 'No,' and who says 'Yes,' or almost yes, is a very good idea. The piece might be called '*Souvent femme varie*.' No, that won't do; the title is not taking enough."

Monsieur Cantarel had been as unlucky at whist as at the auction; he had lost twenty louis, which, in addition to his fraudulent "Fragonard," put the finishing touch to his bad humor. As he descended the stairs, he asked his ward if she had danced, and, on her replying "No," he exclaimed:

"No, of course not; you would be afraid of compromising the health of your soul!"

XV.

THE varied emotions of this *soirée* had utterly exhausted the strength of Mademoiselle Maulabret. On leaving the residence of Monsieur Vaugenis, she was so worn out that, no sooner had her head touched the pillow, than she was soundly asleep. For some hours she forgot everything, but when she awoke memory brought it all back to her. She sat up in her bed, and, with her thick hair floating over her shoulders, she buried her face in her hands. She looked like a repentant Magdalen weeping for her sins. Hers was this terrible "perhaps" which she had allowed her lips to utter. Instead of this victory which she had promised her conscience, she had brought from the battlefield only the consciousness of defeat; and, notwithstanding all the explanations which she made to herself, her conscience pricked her. She had not surrendered, it was true, but the besieger scented her approaching capitulation, and was already glorying in it. Should she be compelled to hoist the white flag?

Fortunately, there was an army in reserve, and perhaps all could be regained. Hardly was she dressed, than Jetta hastened to Madame Cantarel, and, with as much energy as if it were a matter of life and death, she implored her aunt to take her that afternoon to Mother Amélie.

She opened her eyes wide when Madame Cantarel, before giving her consent, said, coldly :

"It seems to me, my dear, that you and Monsieur Valport had a very serious conversation last evening. But I do not wish to pry into any of your secrets. Since you desire it, I will take you to your hospital. I have business in that *quartier*, and will leave you there for an hour, when I will call for you ; and we need say nothing about it to Monsieur Cantarel."

The impatience of Mademoiselle Maulabret counted every minute ; it seemed to her that the time would never come, and yet it did, as everything does. Oh, how dear to her was every paving-stone in that old courtyard, and how restless to her eyes were those old brick walls ! As she looked at them it seemed to her that a great weight was lifted from her heart ; she felt a sense of relief, as of approaching deliverance.

"When I go out of this gate," she said to herself, "I shall not be the same person ; my heart will be light and free. It is in this holy place that one hears those victorious words which strengthen and comfort, and which bring restless thoughts once more into order."

She entered by the principal staircase, and passed down the large ward—this ward, in her imagination, still belonged to her. Here was her first disappointment : she recognized no one and no one recognized her. Hospitals are but brief resting-places for the sick ; they come there to sit or to lie down, and presently are gone again. Everywhere there were new faces, everywhere indifferent eyes which did not light up when they rested on her face. The very walls appeared to regard her with severity, and seemed to say, "Who is this stranger ?"

In vain did she say to them, "It is Sister Marie—it is I !" She could not convince them. Where was her white woolen robe—what had she done with her apron, so dazzlingly white each morning and so dingy by night ? She had flowers in her hat ; she came from the world, and to the world would return ; the world was her master and she bore his livery, and in her heart was something mysterious and strange, a dream, a strain of music that was never known within the walls of a hospital. She saw the novice who had taken her place go to the side of a bed and give the sick woman some *bouillon*. She was tempted to take the cup in her own hands, but hers were gloved, and her gloves had eight buttons.

At last she met some one who knew her, and this was the house-surgeon, who, with his hat on his head, was just going out. He stopped short with a start, and, after looking at her for a moment, he went up to her.

"Ah ! Sister !"

He saw he was right, and then said, ceremoniously :

"Mademoiselle, excuse me ; you have come, I presume, to see the Mother : you will find her in her private room."

She did find her there, and the Mother was unchanged. The days and months that had passed over her had not changed her in the smallest degree : she had never been young, she ought not to grow old ; what can Time do to those who live in eternity ?

Why, then, did Mademoiselle Maulabret, after knocking at the door and then opening it herself, stand motionless, confused, and timid on the threshold ?

Perhaps she had transfigured Mother Amélie : our memory often deceives us ; she rubs her stump over all hard outlines, and veils them in a light mist which softens all crudities.

Mademoiselle Maulabret had forgotten that Mother Amélie's face was so terrible, and her great black eyes so austere and implacable. Was it possible to speak to her of certain things without trembling ? She had come there resolved to open her whole heart, to pour out her soul at the feet of this saint, and she felt herself overwhelmed by fear which almost paralyzed her—her throat contracted, and the words expired on her lips.

Although the Mother, on seeing her, had hastily risen from her chair, although she received her in the most cordial, eager manner, and though she extended to her both hands, Mademoiselle Maulabret, after devoutly kissing these waxen hands, took her seat in silence.

The Mother was obliged to question her :

"I expected you," she said ; "I was sure you would come. Did they raise many objections ?"

"No, Mother Amélie. Madame Cantarel brought me here herself."

"And this dangerous marquis—what have you done with him ?"

"Oh, pray do not let us talk of him ! There is no danger there."

"Did you refuse him in the terms I suggested ?"

"I was not obliged to follow your precious counsel, as he did not come back to the charge."

"But he will come ?"

"I fancy not."

"Then they have not worried you much ?"

"No, Mother ; I have no reason to complain of any one."

The Mother resumed after a brief silence :

"Do you know why they brought you to Paris ? They undoubtedly said to themselves that it is the place where too tender consciences are most easily hardened. They have taken you from *fête* to *fête*, from theatre to theatre ?"

It was with unmixed horror that she uttered this last word.

"You bade me, Mother Amélie—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, "I bade you raise no opposition to their wishes. These people are faithless beyond words. Had you chosen to live in the world like a servant of the Lord, they would have disputed the will. The courts, of course, would have rendered a decision in our favor, but it is best to avoid a public discussion on this point. Certain newspapers would take advantage of the occasion to invent new scandals about us. At all events, I trust they have not compelled you to dance?"

"No, Mother."

"So much the better. Just think what a trial for a modest girl—for a child of Mary—to be held in the arms of a man!"

Jetta's eyelids fell.

"No," she thought, "I have not been held in the arms of a man, but this man is there in my heart."

She answered:

"Would to Heaven that a ball were the only temptation to which one is exposed in the world!"

"Why do you speak of temptations?" Mother Amélie hastily exclaimed. "You wrote me from Combarb that there was nothing in the least seductive or dangerous."

"That is true," answered the girl, in some embarrassment; "but, since I came to Paris, I have found the very air full of a nameless something which softens the heart and enervates the will. Oh! there is no immediate danger," she continued, terrified by the look with which the Mother favored her; "but I feel languid and helpless, and I came here to gain strength from you. Speak to me—tell me what I ought to do in those hours when I feel less firm in my resolutions, less attached to my vocation."

"Remember constantly—keep before you the fact," answered the Mother, in a tone of authority, "that you have mentally pronounced your vows, and repeat them half aloud, over and over again, on your knees. There is, first, the vow of obedience, by which you have made a sacrifice of your own will to Almighty God; and, as this obedience extends to every detail of your daily life, however trifling, this sacrifice is the perfect holocaust. You can not dispose of yourself. Can one dispose of trust-funds? Then comes the vow of poverty, which consists in renouncing the enjoyment of our possessions, and which also includes the voluntary impoverishment of the heart. The Church commands us to rob ourselves of everything—not only of our worldly goods, but of our attachment for our fellow-creatures."

"Yet, Mother Amélie, you love your fellow-creatures," said Jetta, with some hesitation, "for

you consecrate your whole life to the care of the sick and the infirm." She added, "Would one not be allowed to love a person whom one has nursed and cured?"

"In these sad houses, where we are forbidden to occupy ourselves with the spiritual welfare of those about us," answered Mother Amélie, in a bitter tone, "we ought to regard the cares which we render to the body as a work intrusted to us by the Lord—a mortification which he imposes on us, and a means accorded by his grace which we may employ for our salvation. The third vow," she continued, "is, as you know, the vow of chastity, which places us under a double obligation, the first of which is to renounce marriage, the second to have, for all that the world calls love, all the horror and loathing which it deserves."

"What is love?" murmured Jetta, with downcast eyes.

"It is the rebellion of the flesh and the senses," answered Mother Amélie, with strange energy. "It is the fire of concupiscence. It is those carnal pleasures which belong only to animals. It is immodesty and sin."

If Mademoiselle Maulabret, wandering in the forests of the New World, had been compelled to ask her way of an Indian, and this Indian had replied to her eager questions in Choctaw or Sioux, her embarrassment would have been extreme; but to that embarrassment would not have been added the sad confusion of ideas, the secret shame which at this moment brought a mist before her eyes and beads of cold sweat to her brow. Immodesty and sin! These frightful words, alarming all her womanly instincts, did not convey any light to her understanding.

Since that interview with the president, when she had exclaimed—"It would be a noble work; but she must love him"—she had meditated long and seriously on the mysteries of this life. She had come to the conclusion that the vocation most acceptable to Heaven was that of the virgin who consecrates herself to the suffering and the needy. This vocation her conscience had freely chosen, and her conscience remained faithful to the silent engagement she had made. But she also decided that every condition in life has its sanctity. It seemed to her that to love a man would be to give him her soul and her body, to obtain from him in return a portion of his will and his whole heart. This heart, she said to herself, is a prey already disputed. It is not enough to have conquered it, it must be guarded and defended against foes from within and foes from without; against the assaults of passion and against the jealousies of the world, which roam around concealed happiness as a devouring lion roams about a sheepfold. It seemed to

her, moreover, that this incessant struggle demanded much vigilance, many sacrifices, and unwearied tenderness, an affection always attentive and always ready; but that the victory was full of infinite sweetness, and that there was joy in the suffering and suffering in the joy, and, as both joy and suffering are blended in the music of Beethoven, so might the God of heaven and earth, who has created both the soul and the body, pervade them both.

In a word, she considered love a sacred rose, which should be nailed to a cross. In fact, without being herself aware of it, it was less of a man than of love that she was enamored. Immodesty and sin! Mud was thrown on her fair vision. Her head drooped, and she fell into a sad reverie.

Meanwhile the Mother continued to talk. Her subject inspired her, and her eloquence came out in huge waves, like a torrent that overleaps its boundaries. She represented to Jetta that sin and immodesty are often committed in the heart. She warned her against the immodesty of free glances; against criminal curiosity; against the eagerness of ears which listen to doubtful words; against an imagination which leaves a stain on the soul; against the poison instilled drop by drop; against the cunning of the serpent, who resorts to every imaginable device to conquer angelic virtue, and rob the King of kings of his subjects and his sheep.

Thus did this holy woman, on whose face had never rested the passionate gaze of man, recite her lesson. She had given to the King of kings her virginity and the widowhood of her soul. He had found in her a most ungracious spouse, sharp and bitter at times, but always faithful and true. She watched Jetta, who would not meet her eyes. She felt a pang of anxiety; but her anxiety was mixed with anger. She presently said:

"Mademoiselle Maulabret, do you often think of your Mother? A step further, and your scruples will no longer disturb you."

Jetta started, but made no reply.

"Hear what I say. That which I fear for you is not the bad influence of those with whom you live, or whom you meet at *fêtes* and theatres, and in all the temples which Satan has built on this earth. I fear your own weakness more than all else. You are incapable of yielding to a threat, but I believe you extremely sensible to gentle words and adroit flattery."

She continued to examine Jetta, and her mortified flesh and macerated spirit were offended by the delicate freshness of her face, set off by a simple but exquisite toilet.

"Take my advice, mademoiselle, and when you go back to Combard break your mirror,"

said Mother Amélie, with sharp and angry vehemence. "What is beauty? The flower of the fields, which withers and fades. A man, who, without doubt, deserves to be punished by Almighty God because he has odiously calumniated the Jesuits, but who, perhaps, won his pardon for having passed his whole life in hating life and the world—this man said, 'Delightful as the play may have been, the end is certain—a little earth is thrown on the head, and that is the end!'"

Jetta's prolonged silence irritated her; her doubts were rapidly transformed into certainty, and Mother Amélie began to be certain that this young heart was concealing a secret from her. In a threatening voice she cried:

"And I have felt so sure of you, I have answered for you to man in my daily words, and to God in my prayers! If I could believe or suppose—"

"Ah! my Mother! my Mother!" said Jetta, with a terrified gesture, which she accepted as a denial.

This reassured her somewhat; she reproached herself for having been too severe and too vehement. She interrogated herself to discover if, in her zeal for the Holy Cause, she had not unconsciously mingled some bitterness of wounded self-love or personal interest. At once therefore she crossed herself, in her usual rapid way, in order to drive away the tempter.

"I am sure," she said, more gently, "that I have been too suspicious and too severe. One does not live in the world with impunity, my dear; you have, as you say, moments of languor, of spiritual torpor. Do not be too much alarmed. God, who tries you, will surely come to your aid. Perhaps you have been too confident in yourself. He wishes to warn you of your danger. Ah! you did wisely to come to me. I venture to hope that this visit will not be altogether useless to the welfare of your soul. One can not defend one's self too quickly against this evil flame of which the apostle speaks. We shake from our robes a lighted coal even before we feel the heat; it is only madmen who wait for the fire to burst forth."

At this moment a servant came to say that Madame Cantarel was below, and waiting for her niece.

"How avariciously they measure the time you give to me!" she said, compressing her lips with proud humility. "But the hopes of the wicked will be disappointed."

Then she clasped Jetta in her arms for a moment. The girl, touched by this unusual evidence of affection, murmured, as she kissed her hands again:

"Thanks, Mother. I am very glad to have seen you."

Mother Amélie walked through the ward with her niece, and, as she passed the image of the Holy Virgin, she made a deep genuflection, and said, in a low voice :

"The only safety for a girl like yourself is to place yourself under the protection of Mary the Immaculate—queen and protectress of virgins."

Jetta raised her eyes to the Holy Virgin, but she was a stranger to her. The image she had formerly seen in this same place held a child in her arms. This one had been replaced by another who seemed to have forgotten that a child had ever been born unto her, and that she had given a Saviour to mankind. Crowned with stars shrouded in an azure mantle, and with her hands folded on her breast, she seemed to offer herself as a subject of adoration to the universe.

When Jetta was seated in the carriage, Madame Cantarel asked several questions about Mother Amélie, but Jetta's replies were so absent and so brief that her aunt relapsed into her usual silence.

Alas ! from this hospital, where she had hoped to gain strength, she had come without having heard one of those victorious words which reassured and comforted her. Certain terms mercilessly pursued her, haunted her like a bad dream, and tormented without convincing her. Occasionally she shook her skirts, as if to allow a burning coal to drop, but none dropped ! Madame Cantarel, who saw and understood, respected the sad silence of her companion. The *coupé* had nearly reached La Rue de Rivoli, when she said :

"You see, my dear, it is never best to consult any one ; the best way to settle your own matters is to do it yourself. You will have ample leisure now to dream, for Monsieur Cantarel, whom we have too long deprived of the fair marquise, informed me this morning that he meant to return to Combard to-morrow."

Mademoiselle Maulabret could not repress an exclamation of joy. Combard was a place where she could move about without seeing Albert Valport.

FRENCH FAMILY LIFE AND MANNERS.

II.

THE absence of anything like religious feeling (*Religiosität*) is very characteristic of the French nature: the language, in fact, has no equivalent expression. The country which, for a considerable space of time, has been the headquarters of Catholicism is not, as a rule, religious (*fromm*) in the German sense of the word. Even where religion appears in its most fanatical character, it is not the deep personal faith of the German or the sensuous belief of an Italian, but rather a form of party passion. In Bossuet himself the rationalist and partisan always appears ; his love for his Saviour comes from his head, not from his heart ; nor is there anything to distinguish his passion from that of a political party-leader such as we so often find in France, almost always above mean motives, often without personal ambition, and wholly absorbed in the idea of his party—an idea which generally resolves itself into a word. Yet such fanaticism in religion as well as in politics is the exception among the middle classes, however widely it may seem to be spread over the surface. Indifference is the general rule. The majority of educated Frenchmen are at the bottom Voltaireans ; they believe in a personal God and in another life, and therewith they are content. Not that this is their

professed religion. As no Frenchman living in good society would be satisfied with a civil marriage, so confirmation and communion are a necessary part of the education of his children. The dying never omit to receive the sacrament, and, however anti-clerical the sentiments of the deceased individual may have been, a priest always attends the funeral. Most families go so far as to fast on Friday, if it is only "*pour donner l'exemple aux gens*." It would be overshooting the mark to call this hypocrisy. It is, in fact, considered *mal vu* to make one's external actions agree with one's internal convictions in such matters. It shows a want of good taste, of which no educated Frenchman would be guilty, at any price. Here, too, propriety and utility are the principles of conduct which are conscientiously followed. Nor must we allow ourselves to be deceived by the extent to which the French *bourgeoisie* interest themselves in the *Société de Saint Vincent de Paule* and other religious societies of the same kind. All that they wish to do thereby is to preserve religion in the lower orders as an antidote against the subversive influence of the revolutionists, convinced as they are that for the working-class morality and superstition are inseparable. This is chiefly, if not solely,

the ground on which a Frenchman of the middle class goes to mass and confession, or "practices" (*pratiquer*), as he very expressively terms it. I forget who called religion the best policeman; whoever it was, he expresses the secret conviction of almost every educated Frenchman. There are, indeed, not a few who accept wholesale and without any previous examination the religion which they have practiced and seen practiced from their childhood, as a ready-made, consistent, and final solution of the riddle of the world. To give any further thought to the question would in their eyes be useless, inconvenient, and even dangerous. Better once for all to exclude reason, with its spirit of curiosity and doubt from this "chamber of man's imagery." Let Reason pass reverently by, lest worse things than ignorance befall her. Even Pascal, the deepest French thinker after Descartes, only accepted Catholicism in order to escape from the terrors of skepticism—a wager (*gageure*), in which everything was possibly to be won, and nothing at any rate could be lost. Nor is any antagonism to the speculative doctrines of the Church implied in the hatred of priests, which is at work among the French as in all Catholic nations, be they of Latin, German, or Celtic race. It is logic, their beloved logic, which carries the French into extremes, as soon as it enters on religious questions, and which renders them averse to a creed so inconsistent as Lutheranism, or the vague, undogmatic German pietism. In truth, however, the immense majority of educated Frenchmen do not concern themselves at all with inconvenient questions of this kind, and keep their heads clear of the supernatural as much and as long as possible. In fact, they hold, as the popular saying goes, "*Notre Seigneur Dieu pour un bon homme*," which does not prevent them from taking off their hat mechanically to him.

In short, a Frenchman's religion, like his morality, is a matter of calculation. Outward observance is the criterion of the one, as respectable behavior is of the other. Now, a true German sets faith above works: good works have no value for him except as the expression of faith. But a Frenchman places the beneficial results of an action above the purity of its motive, and his morality is in fact limited to the simple precept, "Do not to another what you would not like him to do to you." A true German believes in election by grace, whatever form he may give to his creed. For him the heroes of his imagination, a Prince Henry and a Tom Jones, an Egmont and a Faust, with all their errors, are yet worthy of respect; nay, more so than the virtuous citizen who has done his neighbor neither harm nor good. For a German does not and can not doubt that—

"Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunklen Drang,
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst."*

But, in France, Socrates, who asserted that he had all the instincts for evil, but had overcome them, has always been held up as an ideal character; and Cicero's "*bonum*," which is also "*honestum*" and "*utile*," appeals to the Frenchman of to-day as to the contemporaries of Bossuet and Fénelon. To doubt the freedom of the will was and is considered simply immoral. They can not understand how Luther, the man of the most powerful will in modern times, could fail to believe in free-will. Could Calvin or Jansen have resolved to drop the dogma of predestination, who knows whether sober-minded France, which has always hankered after Gallican independence, might not now have been Calvinist or Jansenist?

Whatever thick-headed Teutons may think of the moral standpoint and political capacity of the French, the most conservative among them must allow that nature and education have made of the Frenchman the most perfect member of society known in history.† Nature has given him gayety and wit, amiability and refinement, a fine discrimination, the desire to please, and just enough egotism to prevent social life from becoming coarse, tiresome, or sullen. He has, therefore, with rare sagacity, so arranged his social life as to leave these qualities free play. We Germans always take things too seriously, both in the ordinary relations of life and in social intercourse, and a sort of easy indifference would, perhaps, in many respects, be to our advantage. Acquaintanceship, the agreeable stimulus of mere social intercourse, does not satisfy the sentimental German; his fellow-men are either indifferent to him or bosom friends. He takes their affairs to heart as if they were his own, and considers it egotistic or distrustful to reserve anything from a friend. What a German calls taking an interest in any one (*Theilnahme*), often, in truth, mere indiscretion or curiosity, is fatal to all easy social intercourse; for such intercourse presupposes independence; and, though it requires a man to place a part of himself at the disposal of others, it expects him to keep back another and by far the larger part. A man can only give himself up entirely to one or a few friends, otherwise he incurs the risk of exposing himself sooner

* "A good man, in the darkness and dismay
Of powers that fail and purposes o'erthrown,
May still be conscious of the proper way."

—(Faust, "Prologue in Heaven," translated by Theodore Martin.)

† If we may judge by the signs of the times, French rationalism is getting the upper hand in morals and politics both in England and Germany, as culture in the end always leads the popular judgment to reduce everything to the test of the bare understanding.

or later to a collision of interests or passions, and then there is an end to any intercourse at all. A Frenchman has an innate conviction that too great intimacy is the ruin of sociability, and therefore avoids it. In the same way he avoids anything so laborious as a detailed explanation, because it robs conversation, in which he is a *virtuoso*, of the charm of vivacity and variety.

French sociability has become proverbial. The fact is, a people, in whose nature gayety, communicativeness, and a continual need of some incentive outside of themselves are so deeply rooted, is eminently adapted for light, social intercourse. A Frenchman, too, though he never throws his doors open to the same extent as the Germans, likes his friends to come and see him. The limit he thus sets to his hospitality is in no slight degree due to the simplicity of his living, which we have already noticed; for, however sincere he may be, he always likes to appear more than he really is. He can not bear to let any one out of his own family, even his most intimate friend, see into his daily life. However limited his means may be, he has a strong objection to taking boys or girls into his house as boarders, so common a custom among German clergymen and schoolmasters. If he did, he would no longer feel as if he were living in his own house, and on this he sets far more store than is generally supposed. He is never happy, for instance, in lodgings. Even when only a student, he has his own furniture, if he can manage it, just as it is the ideal of every *petit bourgeois* and peasant to live on his own bit of ground. And, when he has a house, he carefully keeps it in his own hands. When he travels, he seldom or never lets his comfortably furnished home, as is the custom in England. It is the same thing with his hospitality. He is really hospitable enough, more so on the average than the German; but he likes to be his own master, and master in his own house, and himself to decide when and how to show hospitality. No one, as a rule, however old a friend he may be of the house, ever ventures to join the family dinner or come in for a cup of tea in the evening without an invitation. In the provinces the master and mistress are usually much too vain to invite their acquaintances to anything short of a grand dinner or a *soirée*.

In Paris people are more easy-going about such matters, and their hospitality is less heavy and formal, because the entertainments are more simple. It is not at all an uncommon thing in the capital to find an "open house" where the hospitality is of the simplest, though here, too, a previous invitation is absolutely necessary. Such receptions are of frequent recurrence. A married man seldom or never goes to his club,

and, if he belongs to the upper middle class, he would be acting contrary to all ideas of propriety if he frequented the *cafés*. But he does not on that account always stay at home. He and his wife go out almost every evening, and always together, generally to near friends or relations, with whom they keep up the same intimacy as before marriage. Yet in this circle of relations invitations to dinner are of far more rare occurrence; and outside this circle dinner-parties are unknown, except among very rich families, now that the ever-growing luxury, if it has not infected the whole middle class, has at least forced it to limit its hospitality more and more to intimate friends; for no one can bear to think that a comparison might be drawn to his disadvantage between himself and his more wealthy neighbor. Besides, dinner is always considered an end in itself. Its object is to satisfy a natural want and afford refined enjoyment; not, as in England, to be an excuse and opportunity for social intercourse, still less, as in Germany, to supply it with an artificial stimulus. Sitting for a long time after dinner is unknown in France. As soon as the last course is over, the guests leave the dining-room. Cards, music, and conversation fill up the evening, and the lively, talkative Celt does not require the aid of alcohol to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly. His natural desire to please serves him here in good stead. He likes to be seen in the most favorable light. When he dons his evening dress he also dons his "society" mind, and leaves slipshod manners at home with his slippers. Accustomed as he is from his youth up to this intellectual dress, he moves about in it with ease and grace, whereas for us Germans it would be a perpetual hindrance and constraint. He brings with him for the general entertainment whatever he has seen or read, thought or heard, during the day, that can either interest or please. In his evening conversation, as in his books, he offers, so to speak, the neatly served-up dish, without displaying the whole culinary process, as was so long the habit of German writers. One must certainly have very crude ideas to call this acting a part. A Frenchman on such an occasion is not representing any other character; it is his very self which appears, albeit his better, or, if you like, his more amiable self. And, while he is winning laurels for this self, he enlivens and affords refined enjoyment to others. He respects and spares the susceptibilities of his neighbors, but is careful not to betray his intention lest he should wound their feelings. Just as we can make our way in a French crowd without injury to our ribs, so we move about in French society without the danger of anybody treading on our mental corns—a danger which is not always easily avoided in

countries where the candid friend is so highly appreciated. A Frenchman, however, is seldom content with this negative form of social duty to his neighbor; he finds it hard to deny himself the pleasure of flattery, and, agreeable as this may be for the recipient, it involves a sacrifice of truthfulness. French society is, in fact, a huge vanity insurance company. Compliments are paid in order to be returned, but they are never awkward or in bad taste. The flattery of a Frenchman, which he has reduced to an art, and in which he is a proficient, is skillful, apparently unintentional, never direct and never exaggerated, and it is the absence of the atmosphere created by it which makes him feel so ill at ease in foreign countries, and so thoroughly like a fish out of water.

This craving to satisfy his vanity shows itself in civil institutions as well as in social intercourse. The love of equality so falsely ascribed to him is found to be quite compatible with distinctions of every description; and there are such a number of them that everybody can be gratified by having at least one. Crosses and ribbons, prizes and dignities, titles and chairs, are so abundant, that the humblest merit need not fear to go empty away. It is curious too that, although every one knows how such distinctions may be obtained, they are still not only desired and envied, but also respected. No Frenchman is ignorant that it is quite impossible for "patient merit," to quote Hamlet's expression, to obtain the Legion of Honor or a seat in the Academy; the statutes expressly require formal application to be made for both, by letter in one case, in the other in person. None the less they enjoy far greater consideration than is attached, for instance, to the membership of a German academy or the possession of a German order. Yet in Germany these distinctions seek out persons of merit, instead of being sought for.

The vanity of the French, amiable as it is, childlike in its harmlessness, and entirely destitute of anything like concealment or hypocrisy, is closely connected with another of their social virtues—if virtues they be—I mean the so-called *respect humain*. It is incredible how sensitive a Frenchman is to ridicule. He can bear anything better than being laughed at. Misfortune and pain are nothing to him compared with ridicule. He feels a joke about himself as an insult or a humiliation. Hence the anxious care with which he avoids everything *qui ne se fait pas*, lest he should make himself conspicuous or excite a smile. This holds good in every sphere of life. As a true Frenchman would not on any account wear a hat which other Frenchmen do not wear, so he is unwilling to declare an opinion which is not generally received. I should never have ad-

vised an educated Frenchman to admire "Tannhäuser" after it had been hissed off the Parisian stage, or to find a spot on Victor Hugo's sun as long as it was the center of the planetary system. This characteristic produces a certain intellectual monotony which strikes us as strange in so vivacious a nation. It is, in fact, due to an entire absence of liberty of thought—a defect which is first stamped on their character by education, then further developed by their habits of life, and which mars their finest intellectual qualities. And it is the consequent dread of public opinion which renders a worthy political life absolutely impossible. I shall have occasion to speak again of this dread of public opinion; here I only wish to make one observation, which holds good not only in politics but in every department of life. At one moment we see the mass of honest citizens reduced by the feverish and passionate agitation of a few partisans to a state of silent submission, then to one of apathy; at another the shallow Utopian schemes and rhetorical platitudes of vain or inexperienced reformers produce a natural reaction, when the great majority of the nation again clings blindly to authority, and the men whose finer intellectual qualities oblige them to keep their judgment in suspense find no better alternative than mere routine. Nowhere is the doctrine of *laissez faire* more widely spread among men of sense and worth than in France, the very country where they have had most experience of the dangerous "tall talk" of the friends of the people.

A real terror of new systems and theories has seized the minds of the best men, and not without reason. We will not, however, pursue the subject further. At present we have only to deal with society, not with politics or literature, and it is enough to have pointed out how superstitiously a Frenchman respects the habits of life and opinions in which he has been brought up. A statesman of high character and eminent ability, whose like as a minister France has, alas! too seldom seen, once said to me in joke, "To tell the truth, you foreigners are all a little cracked (*toqués*)."

He merely meant to say that Americans, English, and Germans, all ventured more or less to emancipate themselves from prevailing opinions and customs. Yet, as a young man, he had traveled through England, Italy, and the whole of Hindostan. Imagine, then, what our eccentricities must be to a worthy citizen who has never left the Rue St. Denis or his native town, say Bourges or Douai!

Side by side with the social laws and the deep respect which they enjoy, and equally efficient in preserving the character and refinement of French society, are the laws of honor. These are indeed respected as much as the laws of the state are

despised. They are the true police of French society. It never occurs to a man to appeal to the courts of justice about a slander or an affront. It would only create the more talk and excitement, and that is just what he wishes to avoid. But the authority to which he does appeal is so generally recognized that a personal insult is almost unknown. The language itself has been so molded that you can say anything and everything without giving offense. If, however, offense is given, the matter goes before the invisible tribunal of society, an arrangement is brought about, or a duel ensues. Dueling is practically unpunished by the state tribunals, the obedient servants of public opinion. A special law, it is said, is being prepared about it; hitherto it has always been considered as murder (*assassinat prémédité*), or as unlawful wounding (*coups et blessures*). Yet a fatal duel seldom involves any punishment if brought before a jury, while a tolerably heavy penalty awaits one which has had no serious results if it should come under the cognizance of the tribunal of correctional police, and therefore of professional judges. In true French fashion, the law is not made to suit the facts, but the facts are expected to adapt themselves to the Procrustean bed of the law, which naturally can not recognize such an irrational mediæval institution as dueling.

This law of honor, like so much else in France, has its root in vanity. In direct contrast to the German or Englishman, a Frenchman pays more regard to a point of honor than to what is honorable, just as he thinks more of the consideration which worth enjoys than of worth itself. He at once resents anything which in the very least hurts his *amour propre*. These notions of honor are impressed on the French in their very childhood, just as they are brought up to shrink more from what is ridiculous than from what is wrong. According to our ideas, there is no such thing as a child's "honor," in the social sense of the word; honor can only be applied to men, and only to them in their social capacity. It is quite otherwise in France. There, a boy of twelve or thirteen would consider it an affront if his master boxed his ears; while in the most aristocratic school in England a youth of seventeen is caned if he has disgraced himself by telling a lie. What is true of school is true also of after-life. A Frenchman does not consider himself disgraced by a dishonorable action so much as by being accused of it, however undeserved that accusation may be. But, it is only fair to state that such actions are perhaps rarer in France than anywhere else. Nor can I too often remind my readers that it is impossible to describe a state of society without making generalizations which may often disagree

with the particular experience of other observers, but are not on that account invalidated.

That a Frenchman wishes his "light to shine before men" is a fact that none would question. What one likes about him is that he is not ashamed of this failing. It can not be denied, for instance, that he has physical courage. Yet he himself readily admits that to be thoroughly brave he needs spectators, and then there are no deeds of heroism of which he is not capable. A young man wrote to tell me he was going to the war, "there to meet his death or"—not to see his country saved, but—"to win the cross of the Legion of Honor." Even the far-famed chivalry of the Frenchman needs the presence of spectators if it is to appear in all its glory. He is ever ready to aid the feeble, to bow down to old age, to make little sacrifices, but he prefers to do it in public. This characteristic is intimately connected with the Celtic indifference to truth. I do not mean to insinuate that the Celt intentionally or maliciously perverts facts in order to deceive others and benefit himself; but he has a want of respect for the truth as such, a habit of unconscious exaggeration and "bragging," a way of making himself out to be braver, more generous, more learned, richer, and in a better social position than he really is. There is nothing like concealment, or doggedness, or bitterness in his vanity, nor is anything more alien to the French character than the conscious hypocrisy too often found in Germanic nations.

There is another element which contributes to the charm of French society: I mean its gallantry. Just as their excessive sensitiveness about personal honor, by entailing respect for the susceptibilities of others, renders social intercourse easy and pleasant, so gallantry gives it a charm and a piquancy, a stimulus, in fact, for which the "flowing bowl" of Germany is but a poor substitute. The coquetry of Frenchwomen is generally far more innocent than is supposed; at any rate, it is much more natural than its opposite. Their desire to please and their habit of making no attempt to conceal so innocent a wish render their conversation most attractive. The restraint imposed by their presence and the wish to share in such delightful intercourse makes the men more agreeable, while it obliges them to keep within limits which they might otherwise easily overstep. Unfortunately, what with the spread of the Anglomania among the higher classes and the strait-laced ideas about propriety at present in vogue among the *bourgeoisie*, the *naïveté* and general gayety of the French are fast disappearing. The old French *bonhomie*, the old innocent childlikeness, are growing every day more rare. On the one hand, it has become the fashion in the best society for

gentlemen to behave like English grooms and ladies like women of the town; on the other, a pedantic tone of seriousness and prudery, which sit but ill on a Frenchman, is beginning to creep into the middle classes and threatening to kill the bright and sociable spirit of olden times. The member of the jockey club adopts a form of behavior and indulges in a freedom of speech in the presence of marchionesses and duchesses which in better days would hardly have been tolerated in a less reputable kind of society; while a member of one of the liberal professions has such a regard for the virtue of his unmarried daughter that he thinks it necessary to suppress the most innocent joke. It seems as if the French were becoming incapable of the part which is the happy mean between these two extremes, and which they once filled with such grace and ease. The veiled and witty allusion to certain relations of life, the graceful and natural mode of paying court, the tasteful, pleasing insinuation of what would otherwise be objectionable—all this threatens to disappear. Even the vivacious, talkative Frenchman seems to be dying out. Once it was the custom for fellow-travelers and for those who sat together in the theatre to enter into conversation without any feeling of restraint; not, indeed, as in Germany, with a view to obtaining interesting biographical information, but in order to pass the time by talking about matters of general interest or of no special interest at all. Now, a man thinks he is forfeiting his dignity if he does not sit in his place in dumb silence, after the manner of Englishmen. The *salons* are, however, still tolerably free from this drawback, although here too it is becoming more and more the fashion to be stiff and reserved.

How much the national character has to do with the predominant part which women play in French society is seen from the fact that their influence has made itself felt in all periods of French history, and has been in no way impaired by the presence of the *bourgeoisie* on the scene since 1789. The Frenchwoman still rules supreme in the *salon*, in the bureau of the minister, in the family, and even in the house of business, as erst she ruled at court. She has not suffered, as the men have, from the habit of looking at things as mere abstractions. She has preserved intact her sureness of instinct, her intuitive power, and her firmness of character, because, unconsciously obeying her true nature, she has not sacrificed them to the abstract formulas of the understanding, or "principles," as they are pompously styled. In point of fact, Frenchwomen deserve to rule, for they are morally and intellectually far superior to the men. They are formed by nature to excel in what are specially

national virtues—love of order, thrift, and domestic affection. Cool, calculating, and practical, they are perhaps less easily troubled by conscientious scruples than the men, have a quicker and surer eye for the family interest, and follow it up with more energy. They are unsurpassed in their talent for housekeeping, for they manage the household with a firm and careful hand, without constantly talking about it, like German ladies. Many of them actually superintend their husband's business, which may explain the want of enterprise in French commerce. For a woman only looks to the profit which lies immediately before her; she does not willingly venture after a distant and uncertain gain, and has no taste for speculations attended by any risk. A Frenchwoman is never likely to lack boldness and perseverance in pushing her way; she has plenty of natural common-sense, and has not muddled it with "principles." She is the cleverest of mortals in turning to account any natural advantages, however slight, which she may possess, be it a pretty foot or a pretty voice. She is in the highest degree ambitious, passionate, though outwardly calm and self-controlled; never wanting in tact, elegant in her dress, adorned with a natural grace which it is the special aim of her education to foster; above all, endowed with character and determination. Possessed of such qualities, she guides her husband, or brother, or son; she urges him forward, makes the way smooth for him, undertakes any necessary business which may be distasteful to him; in short, she first wins him his position in life, and then helps him to assert it. To the prominent part which women play in France is largely due the peculiar tendency of French society and politics. The passionate pursuit of an immediate gain or interest has always been characteristic of French policy whenever it has not been aiming at the realization of abstract ideas. And, after *aplomb*, *esprit*, and *bon sens*, it is grace, cleverness, and vivacity which make society what it is.

It is the influence of women which makes French life so pleasant, and not for the women alone. In conversation a Frenchwoman is a born artist. She has not only a natural talent for it, which the men have in an equal degree, but she expresses herself with a freedom and naturalness which make the avoidance of any subject unnecessary; and, the higher her position in society, the more free and natural is her conversation. Anything like English prudery never enters her head; she calls a spade a spade, and thinks no more about it. While a German or English woman uses a hundred circumlocutions and blushes twenty times over, a young French lady speaks quite simply of the time of her *grossesse* as of the most natural thing in the

world, which, after all, it is. The absence of all sensual *arrière-pensées* renders friendship between persons of different sexes possible and even frequent in France. There are countries where this relation is apt to glide into a connection more close than honest; others where it explodes in an outbreak of passion; whereas in France it often lasts for years, with all the attraction which springs from difference of sex, and without degenerating into too great warmth of feeling. Although, if we look more deeply, we might find that a cool, reasoning spirit is essential to this relation, it is yet among the best and most permanent ingredients of French life.

Of course, in discussing the female element in French society, I am only speaking of married women. Within the last twenty years or so, it is true, it has become usual for daughters to be taken to balls, which serve as a kind of market where a man who wants to marry can look out for a wife without compromising himself, but the daily social intercourse between girls and young men which is so common in Germany, and still more in England, is strictly forbidden in France. Games, readings, picnics, skating-parties, and private theatricals, are comparatively rare, but, when they do occur, girls take no part in them. The closest companions often do not know each other's sisters. A young man does not care to introduce a friend to his family lest he should imagine that they contemplate a match between him and one of the daughters, while the friend in his turn does not ask to be presented lest he should appear to come as a suitor. This, of course, puts a stop to all easy intercourse and closer acquaintanceship between young unmarried people, and gives a color and a ground tone to French society very different from those which prevail among Germanic peoples. French girls have as little idea of what we call flirtation, with its good and bad sides and consequences, as they have of friendship and companionship with young men.

Among the things which are especially favorable to the social life of the French I ought to place one of their most estimable qualities—their readiness to help each other. A Frenchman is usually more obliging and attentive than a German, as he is also more sociable, because he is not naturally self-dependent or self-sufficing, and considers the principle of self-help as simple egoism. But what contributes more than all else to give French society its life and charm is its exclusiveness. Though the French are very fond of talking about their love of equality, they have really no ground for their claim. For these worshippers of equality, though they never look up to their superiors, always look down on their inferiors; so their principle practically amounts

to a man thinking himself as good as his betters. In no country is the line between the different classes more sharply drawn; in none are social prejudices more deeply stamped. "Even in our day," says De Tocqueville, "the jealousy and hatred of the different classes survive their legal existence, and it is only the mutual courtesy, universal among the French, that leaves on the minds of superficial observers a false impression of their equality."

The first social stratum consists of nobles or *bourgeois* who can keep up a comfortable and elegant establishment without working, and whose fathers did so before them. This, again, is divided, both in Paris and the provinces, into old nobility, new nobility, rich financiers, untitled land-owners, and so on. The second stratum is composed in its upper portion of lawyers and judges, the inheritors of the *noblesse de robe*, and after them of government officials, doctors, professors, and merchants. The respective members of these two strata visit each other, are to all outward appearance entirely on the same footing, being, in fact, only separated by the *convivium*, as they never intermarry. For, as De Tocqueville observes with great discernment, "If you wish to know whether the spirit of caste, and all the ideas, habits, and limits which it has created, is really abandoned by a nation, you must notice the marriages; these alone are capable of deciding the question." Shopkeepers, however rich they may be, form the third stratum, which does not belong to "society" proper, and whose members, therefore, are debarred from the privilege of dueling. Next come the lesser tradesmen, such as bakers and butchers; they are succeeded by the mechanics; then by the workmen who ply their handicraft at home, the peasant proprietors, and the day-laborers; last of all, by the factory-hands. Each of these classes is separated from the next by an impassable gulf, even where state legislation has endeavored to force them to unite. It can not, however, be denied that this caste system imparts to French society a stability, an order, and a security which are impossible in Germany, where all classes and professions are so intermixed. No doubt it gives birth to prejudices which we can hardly approve; but is society without prejudices conceivable? is it not founded on prejudices? and, if it were not for them, could it continue to exist?

All the virtues of the French of which I have spoken, as well as those of which I have still to speak, honesty, sobriety, readiness to oblige, fairness, and good taste, are essentially social. They are more a matter of reflection than spontaneity, a product rather of the understanding than of the feelings, although the strange excitability of

the French temperament leaves on most people a different impression. But temperament is not the same as either character or feeling (*Gemüth*). The childlike good-nature and the quick sympathy of the French, as much as their inconsiderate haste when they act in bodies, are rather a sign of impulsiveness than of deep feeling. And in like manner it is nothing more than impulsiveness which leads them into many of their faults. But, besides this peculiar excitability, we must remember how easily a people so essentially sociable are carried away as soon as they begin to act in a mass. Then love and hate, enthusiasm and anger, fear and foolhardiness, spread like a contagion. "Nothing is kinder or more good-natured," says Thiers, "than a Parisian crowd as long as its passion for destruction has not been aroused; but the slightest incident arouses it. It always reminds me of two greyhounds which a friend of mine reared up with a hare. The three were the best friends in the world. But one day in play the hare ran away from the hounds; they gave chase; their slumbering instinct awoke, and they killed it." De Tocqueville confirms this opinion: "The French, who are the gentlest and best-disposed people in the world as long as nothing occurs to throw them off their balance, become the most barbarous of all when they are seized by violent passion." Such, too, is the judgment of Voltaire, Chamfort, and Sainte-Beuve; and this want of self-control in the French, when once under the influence of passion, is treated with still greater severity, nay, with unfairness, by writers like Proudhon, Philarette Chasles, or Émile Montégut, perhaps because they are conscious of this defect in themselves.

It amounts, then, to this: the virtues of the French nation of which I have spoken are conditional on a peaceful, regular course of affairs. They all aim at what is expedient, not at what is good in itself. They make daily life more easy, more pleasant, and more cheerful, than in any

other country in the world, and for ninety-nine days out of a hundred they suffice. But, on the unlucky hundredth day, when some unforeseen event happens, and the storm bursts in on the artificial building or threatens to loosen its different parts, their deficiency becomes evident. Then manly courage, self-knowledge, self-help, or a spirit of sacrifice and submission, would be virtues of more worth, but they are virtues which never grow in the soil of abstract conceptions. The bark falls off, and the weak stem bends or breaks before the rage of the tempest. What helplessness and imbecility ensue, what blind passion and pale-faced terror, what credulity and coarse selfishness, ay, what rage and cruelty! *Grattes le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare* is a French witticism; we might say with more justice, *Grattes le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais*. In both nations we find the same amiability and *naïveté*, the same wit and the same grace, the same good-humored vanity and the same pliability; only in France these qualities appear in a more refined and more cultivated form; they are exercised with better taste and to more advantage; they are more wisely controlled and regulated. But when this form and this order are wanting, when this guidance is lost, what is to become of the man who has not the law within himself, but obeys a guide as external as the compass he carries in his pocket? He roams about like a madman at the mercy of every wind, raging at himself and at others, to their mutual destruction. No Latin or Teuton will ever be capable of such outbreaks of fury as filled the world with horror on St. Bartholomew's night, in the days of September, or during the revolt of the Commune. No Latin or Teuton will ever lose his presence of mind or his self-respect to the same extent as the French did after their defeats in 1870. These are the moments when the Celt falls back into his state of nature—*Grattes le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais*.

AUTHORS FOR HIRE.

ENGLISH and American authors have lately been much perturbed in their minds as to the question of copyright. I gladly leave the details of the argument to those who can understand legal questions, and who have some personal interest at stake. Listening in the intermittent fashion of an outsider, I have been chiefly impressed by a discussion of general principles which now and then varies the dry technicalities

of the general controversy. The question is raised whether an author has or ought to have any right to his works, and suggests much pretty logical fencing as to why anybody should have a right to anything. The use of property, I should say, is the sum of all the evils of communism. We allow a man to have an exclusive right to a thing because infinite mischiefs would result from the abolition of such rights. The first and

most obvious mischief is, that otherwise there would be a general scramble for good things. If some shadowy sentiment did not guard even my umbrella, I could never leave it in the hall of my club. I should have to sit upon it incessantly, and to be ready to take up arms against the first passing bishop whose apron was threatened by a shower of rain. The same principle, of course, applies to my books—that is, to the actual row of volumes on my shelves. Like every proprietor of such objects, I tremble when a literary friend enters my study and I see his eyes wandering toward those humble rarities which I have had the luck to acquire, and which your great collector might think just worth permanent "borrowing." But if my friend proposed to copy my book, or to have a precisely similar book produced, I should be a dog in the manger of the meanest kind if I had refused to gratify him. By so doing, indeed, he would in some degree diminish the value of my property; but he would increase the quantity of valuable objects in existence. If I am selfish enough to refuse such a proposal, the world at large has no interest in sanctioning my selfishness. If a cheap mode of manufacturing large diamonds were discovered, the proprietors of the Koh-i-noor and other such gems would be so much the poorer. They would lose so much command of their neighbors' pockets. But their neighbors are not interested in maintaining that state of things which gives them that command. We do not hold that a man is injured by the acquisition of similar property by others, so long as his right to use his own property is respected. To do so would be to revert to those outworn economical superstitions which led the Dutch to destroy half their spices to raise the value of the rest. In this respect, therefore, there is no ground for copyright, though there is a conclusive reason for upholding a man's right to his own books. Keep your own by all means, whether books or an umbrella, but you shall not forbid other people from making precisely similar books and umbrellas if they can do so without stealing. My "Shakespeare" or my arm-chair is not intrinsically the worse because thousands and millions of other people have "Shakespeares" and arm-chairs of the same pattern. On the contrary, I can read and enjoy all the better because I have so many fellow-students, some of whom are far better qualified for enjoying the same study. To justify, therefore, any such right as to limitation of a reproduction of my books, I must invoke some other principle. I am limiting the free action of my fellows, and I must give them some benefit in return. The principle to be invoked is obvious. Property is useful because communism would deprive men of a motive for labor. I till my field that I may reap the

harvest; and, if I have no right to the harvest, I shall not go through the labor. This is a perfectly good, and, so far as it goes, an unanswerable reason for allowing some privilege to the writer of books. So far as books are produced with a view to making money, we must, if we wish to have the books, give the author some means of making the money. The most obvious expedient is to give him a copyright; that is, to allow him to forbid the reproduction, except on his own terms. Such a right must always be limited, for the simple reason that it restricts the enjoyment of other people. If I am to be forbidden to reproduce a "Shakespeare," I am prevented from what is in itself a harmless and a laudable action, in order that I may confer a boon upon Shakespeare and his fellows. I must, therefore, be satisfied that it is a real boon: that Shakespeare's writing is facilitated by the right conferred upon him, and therefore that Shakespeare's writings are worth the cost of the restriction imposed upon us all.

In this sense a copyright comes under the general case of a patent. When Watt invented the steam-engine, it was desirable that all who used it should pay him for a time in order that he and other inventors should be encouraged. But no reasonable person would suggest for a moment that Watt and all his representatives should have the right for all time to come to prohibit the use of steam-engines; for such a right would be fatal to the progress of inventions. It would create a mass of rights so complex and elaborate that industry would be strangled. We give, or ought to give, just so much privilege as will stimulate the energy of the inventor without unduly hampering the energies of his successors. The measure of the right is its advantage to society at large, and I fail to see how any other measure can possibly be suggested. Indeed, it is only worth saying explicitly in view of the daring claim sometimes set up by authors to an absolute and indefeasible right in their books. I am, says one, the absolute creator of my book; I have made it, not as a man makes a table, by changing old materials into a new shape, but made it out of nothing. It has come straight from my mind, and therefore to all time it belongs to me and to nobody else, and in a sense in which no other object can possibly belong to me.

I must, in passing, deny the fact. Nobody was ever original in this sense. Scientific and philosophic discovery is a race. The great discoverer is the man who is a hair-breadth before his fellows; who sees to-day the results which everybody will see to-morrow; and he sees them because he is on the highest step of the ladder, which is always being raised by the labor of his

fellows. Newton could not have been Newton without Kepler, nor could Watt have invented the steam-engine if it had not been half invented by numerous predecessors. Why should the man who makes the last decisive step absorb into himself all the merits of his predecessors? This is true even more conspicuously of the philosopher, and it is true even of the poet. He is not strictly a "maker," as we used to be told, but a shaper, of the thoughts and emotions; that is, of the countless obscure. He puts the last touch upon the thought which makes it enduring; but the material is as much provided for him as for the humblest artisan. If, therefore, you choose this high *a priori* road, you have first to solve an insoluble problem. How much has any man really "created"? How much is due to the preparatory laborer, and how much to the final polisher? Anybody may answer such questions who can. Let us grant that they can be answered. We know then what the man has done, and we are desirous to repay him. He is, let us say, a great scientific celebrity. His thought has been a leaven setting up a fermentation in the whole world of speculation. That, and nothing less, is the service which he has done to mankind, and that it is which, on this showing, mankind ought to repay. If so, the thing created is the idea, not the tool; and it is in the idea that he should have a property. Mr. Darwin, for example, should have an exclusive right to the theory of natural selection. Nobody should ever speak of differentiation and integration (I admit the plan has some charms) without paying toll to Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the book in which the idea was first revealed to mankind has but an indirect and accidental relation to this service. Mr. Darwin might have expounded his theories in conversation; he might have delivered them in lectures at a college. The man who first took them up and expounded them in popular shape would derive all the advantage derivable from books, unless you confine the right of propagating ideas as well as the right of printing a particular set of words. You profess to reward a man for his services to thought; but there is not the slightest security that you will reward him adequately, or that you will reward the right man at all.

But is not the very notion of a "reward" absurd? When a new idea has dawned upon a man's mind, it is not a thing to be bought and sold: for it is not his right, but his most sacred duty to reveal it to the world. Doctors have a rule which, whatever its motive, is surely most honorable: the rule that a man who has made some medical discovery is not to make it the base of pecuniary rights. If you wish to pay for discoveries, there are none which more clearly

deserve such payment. The man who invented anæsthetics or vaccination, who abolished a terrible disease and spared incalculable sufferings, deserves all that we could do for him. But it is felt, and rightly felt, that such services are not payable in hard cash. The reward, if reward is sought, must be in the accession of general respect and in the consciousness of a benefit conferred upon our fellow-creatures. The discovery of a new theory in science and philosophy should be regarded in the same light. You can not pay a man for devoting his life to speculation upon subjects unintelligible to the million, and yet of vital interest to their happiness. The only reward—and surely it is an ample reward—is in the sense that a man has given a perceptible jog to the slow-working brain of this humdrum world. And, equally, if a man can sing a new song for us, and set our weary thoughts to a new tune, he is bound to sing it without asking for pay. When Rouget de l'Isle composed the "Marseillaise," the service (or disservice) which he rendered was the adding a keener edge to the revolutionary fervor. Who can appraise the value of that service in francs and centimes? Would it not have been ridiculous to pay him by restricting its circulation, when his motive, if he had any worthy motive, was that it should be sung as widely, and penetrate the hearts of his countrymen as deeply, as possible? And is not every poet, after his kind, composing some fresh "Marseillaise" to inspire the toilsome march of humanity?

We are getting into regions too lofty for the argument? That is the very thing. The question of pay belongs to the lower sphere. Those who wish for restrictions upon the sale of books must not give themselves the airs of men really attempting to reward merit. The commercial question is altogether collateral and subordinate. The great writer, in one sense, deserves no pay at all; for he is only discharging the duty imposed upon him by his genius. Or, if we try to pay him, we can never pay him in due proportion to his merits. The commercial value of a book has no relation to its real value in the world of thought. Books which have altered all our lives have fallen still-born from the press; and contemptible rubbish has often made its author rich. It would be as sensible to reward great writers in this way as to reward statesmen by fees on every act of Parliament which they got passed in proportion to the number of times it is applied in the courts. If, however, you insist upon treating the question as one of bargain, the retort is easy: "I have created this book, you say; therefore it is my property. What do you mean by creating? I mean that, but for me, it would have had no existence. You wrote it then, be-

cause you chose? Certainly. Then, if you chose, you could have let it alone? Where is your claim? If we had forced you to write, you would have had some claim upon us. You wrote at your own free-will and pleasure, and therefore presumably you accepted our terms. How can it be argued, if it be a question of bargain, that you have an indefeasible right to fix the terms on which your goods are to be bought? We offer such terms as suit our convenience. They do not suit you. Then your remedy is obvious: do not write. The only answer which you can make is, that we shall be the losers. But this brings us back to our old argument. So far as good books are useful, so far as a concession of the right helps the production of good books, it is expedient that the privilege should be granted; but not one penny or one fraction of a privilege more. The restriction is in itself—that is, in its direct action upon the readers—a disadvantage, like every other restriction upon trade. We should consent to it just so far as the disadvantage is compensated by results. No ingenuity can evade this plain issue. How far are copyrights useful to literature? That is the problem which we must answer fairly, instead of begging the answer; and the simplest way of suggesting the true answer is by observing the facts. Let us summon a few witnesses from the past, and see what they can tell us. Have they been stimulated by such rewards, or failed for want of reward? And let me be pardoned if for the moment I accept the office of devil's advocate; for the other side requires no additional representation. First, let us take note of the distinction which is unfortunately marked by no precise titles. "Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves," we know are all "cleped by the name of 'dogs'"; and such is the paucity of language that the same word "author" describes at once a Plato or a Shakespeare, and the writer of such an article as this present. The case, indeed, is common. A painter means indifferently either Raphael or the person who stains my walls; a musician may be a Mozart, or the wretch who turns the barrel-organ; and there is hardly a greater distance between the two ends of the scale of authorship. It does not follow that there is anything in the least degree dishonorable about the trade of authorship. It is one which an honest man may exercise without the slightest cause for shame. There is no more intrinsic vileness in being a journalist than in being a house-painter. But we do not invite Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Millais to color the outside of our houses; and we should be making as great a blunder if we forced our men of literary genius to fill the columns of the daily newspapers. Ephemeral articles may be very good things; but they corre-

spond to a manufacture, not to one of the fine arts. A good workman can turn out his daily supply of copy as regularly as an artisan can make bricks or cut out trousers. He must have practice and dexterity; a certain facility for improving the grammar while reproducing the sentiments of the great mass of commonplace people; and a quickness in divining the general currents of opinion. Given such talents, any man can be a respectable journalist, and the addition of any dash of genius is often rather an incumbrance than an advantage. True authorship begins just where journalism ends. The essential qualities of the art are just those which are superfluous in the trade. The author, of course, may write articles; nay, he may make his living by writing articles; and so he might, if it happened to be convenient, by cutting out trousers. But it would be just as true in one case as in the other, that he was deserting his higher vocation for a radically different occupation. The misfortune is, that the line of distinction is not always palpable; that the art slides into the trade by imperceptible degrees. As Mr. Millais could doubtless paint my house, if he chose, Mr. Tennyson might regularly supply the poet's corner of a country paper. In one case we should lose the "Order of Release" and "Chill October," and in the other, "Maud" and "In Memoriam." The misfortune is that whereas, in one word, there is a plain external difference recognizable by everybody, the difference on the other requires for its recognition a certain amount of intelligence. Montgomery's "Satan" looked just like "Paradise Lost" to the reader who only considered typographical distinctions. The hasty reader fancies even now that the last slashing leader belongs to the same class of work as Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," or Junius's letter to the king. Nay, he even loudly proclaims at times that there is no real difference; and fancies, good, easy creature, that the leader could really be read with interest by human beings in the next generation. And, undoubtedly, it must be allowed to him that, here and there, at rare intervals, a real bit of artistic workmanship gets imbedded amid ephemeral matter; and that, in these days, even men of true genius are induced to allow true literary work to reach daylight through the channels ordinarily devoted to mere manufacture. It is just this vagueness, this existence of an equivocal border-land between the two regions, which makes the question worth discussing. For, when the artist is tempted to become the artisan, we flatter ourselves that we are encouraging literature; and smile at our wisdom and liberality in tempting the man who might have written for all ages to confine his efforts to the amusement of our

breakfast-table. We persuade a Burke to "cut blocks with a razor," and congratulate ourselves in providing Burke with a worthy career. If we confine the name of author to the genuine artist, and give to his humbler brother the inoffensive name of journalist, we may say that the relation between the two extremes is, on the whole, one of incompatibility. So far as a man becomes a journalist, he ceases to be an author, and *vice versa*.

Let us now call our witnesses, and look at one or two broad facts as to their general tendency.

Roughly speaking, we may say that in the seventeenth century scarcely any man could make a living out of literature in England. In the eighteenth many men could make a bare living; in the nineteenth many can make a very decent income. Can we say that the supply has improved with the demand? The trade has undoubtedly increased and multiplied beyond calculation. But, if we speak of the art, he would be a bold man who should say that there is any improvement at all. Have we now any work to set beside Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Bacon, with their minor stars of the great constellation? Is the literature of the present day, setting aside two or three men of genius, who belong rather to the previous than to this generation, to be compared to that of the great epochs? Is it even clearly better than the comparative dead level of the end of the last century? How many of the living writers under sixty will be read a century hence? I will not say—for I do not believe—that literature is really declining, nor maintain, what some people hold, that we may trace here as elsewhere the tendency of democracy to substitute a mass of commonplace respectability for a spare growth of more exalted excellence. The problem is far too complex to be answered in any off-hand formula. But it is at least plain that the finer growths of the literary vineyard are not multiplied in proportion to the pecuniary manuring of the field. It is said, and I suppose truly, that a successful dramatist at the present day could make an income at which the mouths of all the inhabitants of Grub Street would water. Even in the last century, playwriting was by far the most profitable part of the trade to which an author could turn his hand. Have our plays, then, improved since the days when the sole record of the lives of some of the most popular dramatists is due to the extreme difficulty which they experienced in raising a loan of five pounds? Plays at the present day have perhaps more literary value than is admitted by the persons who are always declaiming about the decline of the stage. This, however, is at least clear: that, through the seventeenth century the drama rep-

resents the highest literary achievements of the first writers of the time; that in the next century, there are only some half-dozen plays which have any claim to be in the first rank of literature; and that in the present century (putting aside plays like "The Cenci" or "Van Artevelde," not really intended for the stage) there are none. We could hardly apply a more crucial experiment to prove that money-payments can not secure good literature.

To prove that, we may say, is to burn daylight. What is a great book? How can it be produced? By offering rewards? If anybody thinks so, let him go through a course of prize-poems. An ingenious and amiable person proposed some time ago to offer a prize for the best essay upon the origin of evil. He was under the impression that he could get somebody to throw light upon that ancient puzzle by a chance of winning a few hundred pounds. That stimulus would be sufficient to convert mere aspiring youth into a philosopher profounder than Plato, or Leibnitz, or Kant, or Hume; and yet the potential philosopher must be so sluggish that, without the chance of a prize, he would not condescend to solve the doubts which have haunted humanity through all the centuries. The same simple-minded faith in the power of money was humorously expressed by a singularly acute political economist who, after listening to a long metaphysical discussion upon Being (or some such entertaining problem), observed: "Ah! if there was money to be made out of it, we should have answered these questions in the city long ago." It might have been answered that even these acute persons in the city have not yet succeeded in solving some of the problems which concern them most nearly, and wrangle as fiercely over theories about the currency as philosophers over the distinction between object and subject. Nay, even in matters touching all our pockets so closely, the chief lights are due to such abstract philosophers as Adam Smith and J. S. Mill, who have thought out the problems mainly for the love of thinking. We have a quaint notion in these days that anything can be achieved by offering prizes and stimulating competition. Some day, perhaps, we shall offer rewards for the best exhibition of the Christian virtues. Meanwhile our success does not appear to be very encouraging, and, though poetry is more salable than ever, the crop of rising poets is not remarkable for abundance or quality.

We shall not be surprised if we ask how poets are generated. Milton has given a familiar recipe for the performance; and, though familiar, it is worth remembering. To write an heroic poem, said the last man who has achieved the feat, you must lead an heroic life. Now, the man who

writes in order to sell, does not, of necessity, lead an heroic life. To produce the article, it is not enough to offer money, but to bring about the conditions favorable to heroes. What they may be, is a question rather too wide for the present occasion. But the saying is true, and true of more than heroic poems. Every great book is the product of a life. It need not be the product of a long life, for youthful work has its special prerogatives. But no book is really great which is not the concentrated essence of the writer's experience; into which he has not put his whole heart and soul, and, therefore, a good deal more than his desire to bring his wares to the best market. The wish for money may occasionally be the key which unlocks the fountain. Johnson wrote "*Rasselas*" to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. Had it not been for that necessity we should never have had the book, which, it is true, is very seldom read, but which is better worth reading than most of its author's performances. If "*Rasselas*" can scarcely be accepted as one of the greatest books, it is at least one of the fullest and most striking expressions of the sentiment "*Vanity of vanities*" which has ever come from a powerful mind plunged deep in the horrors of hypochondria. It is charged to the full with the melancholy conviction of the sadness of men's lives, which could only be generated by long and painful experience in a morbid nature, and which creates so often the analogy between Johnson and the great writer who best appreciated his character. Money was here the occasion, though not the efficient cause, of a powerful performance. But of how many other works can this be said? The advocates upon the other side are fond of citing certain famous cases, in which the reward has been scandalously insufficient. They begin, perhaps, with the five pounds for "*Paradise Lost*." They dwell upon Wordsworth's long period of obscurity; and prove that, till he had passed the average age of mankind, he got no return in hard cash for the poems which had soothed so many sufferers, and raised so many sunk in passive indifference to loftier conceptions of life and the world in which we live. They point out that Shelley's writings were a drug in the market, till markets had ceased to have any significance for him. Each of these great men, indeed, like others who might be cited, stood in direct and conscious antagonism to the established poetical creed of his day. And you can no more make literary reformers by improving the wages of men of letters, than you make ecclesiastical reformers by increasing the endowments of the Church. To be a reformer you must have something of the spirit of the martyr, and that is a spirit not to be bought with money. In propor-

tion to the increase of pay is the temptation to please the paymasters, and, therefore, to tickle the fancies of the vulgar. The man who makes money is the man who exactly gauges the taste of his public, and takes good care to aim neither above nor below the standard. Burke tells us that George Grenville hit the House of Commons of his day between wind and water. Burke's own intellectual artillery, as we know, had a way of flying far above the heads of that distinguished assembly. Therefore, Burke was unable at the time to hold the ear of the House as well as his antagonist. It is needless to say what has been the subsequent result.

The theory, you will say, applies only to the Puritans of literature; to the men with a lofty mission; to the few who are really in advance of their age and have the self-confidence—the conceit, shall we call it?—or the faith in their own inspiration which is necessary to sustain the spirits through an up-hill fight; who can resist the threats of Alexander the coppersmith, and the noisy worshipers of Diana of the Ephesians. But we can not accept the doctrine which for obvious reasons commended itself to the excellent Wordsworth, that unpopularity was an inseparable concomitant of genius. Most of the very greatest men, in the judgment of their own day, have also been greatest in the judgment of posterity. We have raised our estimate of Shakespeare and of Milton; we have lowered our estimate of Pope and of Dryden; but we admit of all, as it was admitted in their own time, that they were in the front rank of their contemporaries. Contemporaries err not in their selection of the best so much as in the comparison between the best of their own and of after-times. And even the cases where a great man has to struggle through a long period of neglect supply no reason for refusing them an ultimate reward. Everybody would rejoice in any pecuniary advantages which might come to Wordsworth in his old age, though the prospect of gaining them was not his motive for exertion. If our few great writers are now reaping a larger harvest than would formerly have been possible, we do not grudge a penny of it. Rather, were it possible, we would have every penny turned into a shilling. If our great men have worked for love instead of hire, it would be mean in us to make their unselfishness a pretext for cheating them of their pay.

The reply might be satisfactory if we could, in fact, bestow rewards without offering bribes. But there is the very knot of the difficulty. We are applying a stimulus which, so far as it acts at all, puts a premium upon the popular, the hasty, the superficial, and the flimsy, at the expense of the thorough and the profound; which

prompts every man to beat his bullion into gold-leaf, to produce his thought before it has had time to ripen, and to repeat, with jaded and flagging spirits, the performance only possible in the first freshness of early inspiration. Once a new school of thought had to sustain itself against universal ridicule by the consciousness of lofty purpose, and, to speak the truth, by a mutual admiration which was pardonable as a defense against outside scorn. When all the servile public followed Jeffrey's lead, and thought a horse-laugh the proper commentary upon "The Excursion" or "The Ancient Mariner," we can pardon Wordsworth and Coleridge for a little excess of reciprocal appreciation. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. At the present day a clique is in danger not from the contempt of the world—for even the ridicule is flattery in disguise—but from the rush of the unworthy into the true fold. The echo drowns the original voice: the innovator must out-paradox his own paradoxes on pain of falling into the rear of his imitators. To be original to-day is to set the fashion of to-morrow, and to find at last that, if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, it is also, in the long-run, the bitterest of satire.

A man has a chance of greatness in proportion to his power of resisting these enervating blandishments. To do good work you must stand on your own legs and despise the *claque* of ephemeral critics. Your motto must be something radically different from the desire of popularity or its fruits. Look back, for a moment, though the point be somewhat superfluous, at the great works of a period remote enough to allow us to speak of a permanent reputation. If any of the great men of the last century really worked for pay, were they not fools for their pains? Who was the greatest British metaphysician of the period? By common consent it was David Hume. Hume's metaphysical works, as we all know, fell still-born from the press. He became popular not by the works which changed the current of philosophical thought, but by the history which has sunk into neglect by intrinsic superficiality. Even now, the man who would contribute to abstract speculation must resolve, before everything, either to be ready to starve, or to have some independent income, or to eschew originality and write popular treatises for candidates in competitive examinations. Who was the profoundest theologian of the same period? Beyond all doubt it was Butler; and if Butler, to make a preposterous hypothesis, had had the smallest view to copyrights, would he not have been demented to spend years of patient labor in order to pack his ripest thoughts into a volume which, in readable type, will go comfortably into a waistcoat-pocket? He preached and

went far to practice the theory that the best book would be one which should lay down the vital principles and leave it to the reader to work out his arguments. Any bookseller could have told him that the way to make money was to spread a striking paradox over as many pages as possible, and turn out a work, for example, such as "The Divine Legation." Who was the greatest poet between Pope and Wordsworth? Probably Gray; and, if so, what are we to think of the elaborate and exquisite workmanship which made his "Elegy" and one or two brief poems a possession for ever to the world, and yet a possession which it required no effort of generosity to treat as a plaything for Walpole's printing-press? Theology and poetry, of a sort, can doubtless be made to pay at the present, but not the kind of theology and of poetry which was the outcome of such labor as that of Butler and Gray. Or, take a couple of books which have more appearance of commercial value. The "Wealth of Nations," said the most audacious of panegyrists, was the "most important book ever written"; the "Decline and Fall" is admittedly the one great monumental work of history in the language. Both of these works were doubtless pecuniary successes, but both of them were also produced in defiance of pecuniary considerations. If Gibbon had wanted money, he should have put himself up perseveringly for sale in the political market, instead of foolishly resisting the temptation. Some twenty or thirty years of unremitting labor might have been turned to incomparably better account than in the composition of an immortal work. The "Wealth of Nations" was the fruit of ten years' solitary retirement by a man who had every qualification for the trade of authorship, and who might doubtless have made a far better income by giving pleasant lectures in accordance with popular beliefs.

But this, it may be said, is to evade the true issue. Money rewards are doubtless insufficient to stimulate men to labors which no money can repay. They may even tend, in particular cases, to draw men away from such labors. But it is also true that much literature, and that of the highest class, has been produced by men who made literature a business. It is easy to produce a long list. Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Fielding, and Scott, to mention no others, wrote for money, and even lived to some extent by writing. To refuse payment would have been to stifle "Hamlet," and Dryden's "Satires," and Pope's "Epistles," and "Tom Jones," and the "Waverley Novels." We might add "Robinson Crusoe," "Tristram Shandy," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the countless masterpieces of the present day. When we come to questions

of the might-have-been, there is always a fine field for differences of opinion; and the case is not to be begged by this simple observation. It is true that all these great men made money by writing. It is equally true that one essential condition of their success was that they wrote for their contemporaries. The literary Puritan, the man who stands apart "like a star," is invaluable; but he is not the only, or perhaps even the highest, kind of writer. We want the Scotts and Byrons as well as the Shelleys and Wordsworths; and it is difficult to say whether the man who can gather up into his own thought the strongest contemporary sentiments is not higher than he who heralds the dawn of the approaching creeds. But it is also true that such men have their characteristic weaknesses. It is conspicuously true of each of these great men—perhaps it is one secret of their power—that in them the more earthly element was developed along with the more spiritual; that they could live in the common atmosphere of ordinary impulse as well as in the loftier sphere which is the permanent dwelling-place of a few exalted spirits. And only unreasoning idolatry could deny that, so far as they condescended to become tradesmen, they contracted certain stains of the market-place.

Of Shakespeare, indeed, no man is permitted to speak freely. He is a superstition; and, if any one would incur martyrdom by depreciatory speeches in regard to him, he must come armed at all points, and not throw out a mere cursory profanity. Happily, we know very little about him, and therefore he may be pressed into the service of any theory. Each of us may write an imaginary biography which will have as good claims for acceptance as that of any German professor of æsthetics. In my private biography of Shakespeare it is clearly recognized that he was a thoroughly good man of business, and, alone among the dramatists of the day, made a competence by his occupation. The reasons are fully explained. He made it not as an author but as a manager. He was profoundly sensitive to the danger that his nature might be subdued to what it worked in, like the dyer's hand. He was forced to write down to his public at times. He would do mere journeyman's work and patch up third-rate plays if he thought that he could draw good houses; and he would, even in his best work, write bombast to split the ears of the groundlings, or have Gloucester's eyes pulled out on the stage to treat the eyes of the spectators to a pleasant sensation. But, when he had saved a little money and made a satisfactory investment at Stratford, he would resolve to please himself first, yield to a demoniacal possession and write "Othello" or the first acts of "Hamlet," and tell

the mob what he thought of them through the mouth of Coriolanus. Whatever is disgusting, or offensive, or bombastical, is set down to the manager, and the superhuman energy of the nobler passages is credited to Shakespeare himself.

It is easy to find a parallel case—though the case of a man who only resembled Shakespeare in this particular. In Pope, as in Shakespeare, we have the man of genius in alliance with the journalist or day-laborer.

Pope translated Homer to gain an independence. He wrote the "Satires" to please himself. He did one piece of work—the "Iliad" at least—in the spirit of an honest laborer for hire. He turned out his fifty or sixty lines a day as regularly as a good artisan does his regular job in a factory, or as a journalist of to-day does his leading article or his regulated number of pages in a serial story. But he wrote his satires as a labor of love; he polished and repolished; he grudged no pains to give a keener edge to some cutting epigram, or to improve the flow of his rhythm. The "Epistle to Arbuthnot" is the essence of thoughts which have been refined in the crucible: clear, bright crystals which have slowly precipitated from the turbid current of confused meditations, and fused together with the care of a skilled jeweler setting his most precious gems to the best advantage. To turn out such work as this, as to turn out Gray's "Elegy" or the most exquisite of Mr. Tennyson's poems, a man must be independent of any disturbing influence. He must wait patiently for the favorable instant, for the sudden flash of felicitous inspiration, which comes at rare intervals, and can not be called down by any conscious preparation. His pen acts as the lightning-conductor, not as a pistol ready loaded. It must wait for the right electric conditions before it will generate the shock. Pope was enabled to give himself a fair chance, because he had made money by Homer. But if he had made money in any other way, by speculating in the South Sea or by reviving his father's shop, his permanent service to literature would have been the same. I say nothing against the Homer, except that, like many other bits of work done for money, like Johnson's "Dictionary" or Goldsmith's histories, it does not represent the true Pope—the characteristic and culminating work which entitles him to a permanent place in literature proper. I do not say that Shakespeare's worst plays and Pope's most mechanical inspiration may not be worth having. I only say that, in both cases, the line between the inspired work and the mere journeyman's labor is distinctly drawn, and that we might lose the last without losing anything that makes the former, in the cant phrase of to-day, really "precious" to lowly human beings.

There are cases in which the division is less deeply marked. Take Dryden, for example. His latest biographer, Mr. Saintsbury, who has criticised him with most appreciative sympathy, has told us, I think, one great secret of his success and of his failures. Dryden, he says, was pre-eminently a man susceptible to the spirit of his time. He is the most accomplished mouth-piece of the sentiments characteristic of a certain social phase; the very type, therefore, of the literary class, which speaks not for the vanguard but for the main body of his contemporaries. He has the faults as well as the merits of his character. He is always a consummate craftsman; a master—as Mr. Saintsbury has emphatically shown and as every one has felt—of English versification; masculine, vigorous, and never failing in sustained and stately eloquence which extorts, when it does not invite, respect. But then it is also true that as he is distinctively and pre-eminently a man of the world—I do not use the phrase in its worst sense—so a very large proportion of his writing is worldly, and, as worldly, corruptible. What one misses is just that higher tone which marks the unworlly—the Milton or the Wordsworth. The coursers attributed to him by Gray have doubtless

"Their necks with thunder clothed, and long resounding pace,"

and may bear him "through the fields of glory," but they never fairly lift him to the empyrean. And this, in spite of all his technical merits and splendid force of mind, is the reason why decay has bitten so deeply into his work. For what is Dryden now? I do not mean what is he to thorough students who read partly for knowledge, but to those who read simply for love. Briefly he is "Alexander's Ode" and "Absalom and Achitophel." We are forced to admire his best plays, such as "All for Love," but we are not charmed by it. It is a splendid attempt to rival Shakespeare on his own ground; but it fails, so far as it fails, because the intense glow of human passion which animates the "Antony and Cleopatra" is blended in "All for Love" with the unreal romanticism which suited the court of Charles II. The "Fables," admirable as they are, have the same taint. They are too often of the earth, earthy. They want the fresh humor of his originals, and the sentiment is always dashed with lower elements. The critic may praise, but the simple reader feels the atmosphere to be heavy. Where Dryden succeeds, and succeeds beyond all cavil, is in those unrivaled political satires, where the shrewd judgment of a large-brained man of the world wants no reinforcement from higher poetical elements. He has not to affect a strut of unreal sentiment, but

goes straight to the mark like a magnificent gladiator aiming at once at the heart of his antagonist. He judges of men like a man, not like a spiteful partisan, with his petty code of political dogmas, nor from that lofty point of view which too often goes along with an incapacity for estimating character and leads to mere arrogant one-sidedness. He has found his true vocation, and labors in it with a practiced force of hand which is inimitable. That the satires were partly prompted by lower motives is likely enough. That they give the full impress of the true man is palpable and undeniable.

It is hard to say how far the lower and the higher aim might be blended in any of Dryden's impulses. Critics may still dispute as to the genuineness of his conversion, though we may safely reject Macaulay's summary theory that he was simply a venal hypocrite. He was too much of a thinker not to feel the need and to be equal to the task of persuading himself of his own sincerity. But in any case he was, speaking generally, a striking example of the really great poet who is yet specially sensitive to the lower impulses. He could write mere ribaldry to tickle the fancy of his inferiors, and, though never wanting in a certain magnanimity, he could never soar above the world nor even above the less noble part of the world of his time, and, just so far as he had to write for money most unequivocally, he wrote those plays which have sunk as a whole into the limbo of far more worthless productions; while just so far as we see the true man in the satires, which might at least have been written from his personal interest in his time, and without any hint from his bookseller or his patrons, he achieved the work which can never be forgotten. If Dryden had been forced into making a living by some other occupation, we should have wanted—what few of us would miss—the long list of barely readable plays; but his hands might have been all the freer for his undying satires. At least, the need of temporary success pinned him down to the labor in which he was weakest till he was fifty; and it was not till an age when most poets have exhausted their pen, that he at last became conscious of his most precious gifts.

Dryden's work marks the period at which the journalist is just beginning to emerge. In the next generation, he appears in full-blown vigor. But in those palmy days of Queen Anne, long regretted by the hapless scribes of Grub Street, the distinction between journalist and author was fully recognized. Swift, though he valued money as every shrewd man values it who has known the evils of poverty, despised writing for money to the end as heartily as Byron began by despising it. He gave his copyrights to his

friends and his publishers without a thought of personal profits. Doubtless his contemporaries did not always share this worldly indifference. They were quite capable of having an eye to a splendid subscription list or to the proceeds of the author's night at the playhouse. The excellent Steele was not the man to turn up his nose at little emoluments which might evade the necessity of another draught upon Addison's pocket. Even the exemplary Addison was paid for his "Spectators," and profited, we may presume, by the success of "Cato." But his work was done to please himself or to glorify his party, not as a matter of business. Literary reputation was considered as a title to a share in the good things of the time, but literary performances were not supposed to be obtainable for hire.

The gentleman author, who was ready enough to accept some little acknowledgment of his merits in the shape of a place in the custom-house or upon the list of Irish pensions, looked down with scorn, cruel and unworthy perhaps in many cases, upon the poor garreteer who toiled in the service of Tonson or Curll. He recognized in theory the indelible distinction between the bread-making business and what he would have called the service of the Muses. By degrees, the system changed. Respectable authors began to emerge from the dismal shades of Grub Street. Defoe produced "Robinson Crusoe" as a matter of business, and we may be willing to accept it even at the price of the miserable degradation, the selling of body and soul to the practical dealers in such wares, by which poor Defoe had to keep body and soul together. And in the next generation we have to reckon among journalists such men as Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, who, though genuine inhabitants of the author's purgatory on earth, produced the literary monuments of the time. Yet it is equally true that, in all these cases, the author by profession, as he began to be called, was the worst enemy of the author by divine right. Poor Fielding's works are half filled by a long list of hack performances; and I will not ask how many of my readers are familiar with "The Temple-bearer," or "The Wedding Day," or even with "Pasquin" and the "Historical Register." The "Life and the Death of Tom Thumb the Great" alone retains some kind of suspended animation among the early labors of one of our very greatest and most masculine intellects. The works which now mean Fielding were written when he had painfully, and under sore stress of manifold incumbrances, wriggled himself out of Grub Street so far at least as to have something to fall back upon, and was so far in the position of Pope and Shakespeare. If Goldsmith's exquisite sensibility adorned everything that it touched, who must

not regret that so much was wasted in mere journeyman's labors, and is it not fair to draw the inference that he might have done as much or more, had he not been forced to exhaust his admirable powers in writing for booksellers, instead of some other honest trade which would have enabled him to compose masterpieces as a relief from work not at the rare intervals when spirits jaded by daily labor of a superficially similar kind might revive, enough to supply a spontaneous spring of activity? Johnson is the author of the famous sentence, that no one but a fool ever wrote except for money. But Johnson's history contradicts his theory, though he knew it not. For what is Johnson's great work? The "Dictionary," I admit, is pleasant reading; but it is hardly literature. "Rasselas," I have said, is impressive, but it is undeniably heavy. But the "Lives of the Poets" is undoubtedly a book of enduring claim to any one who can appreciate the ripe talk of a grand old literary craftsman, talking at his ease, as he talked in the parlor at Streatham, and dealing out his shrewd sense from a position of acknowledged superiority without bothering himself to court the tastes of an audience already conquered, or to drive bargains with booksellers.

The remedy popular with authors is simple. Defoe and Fielding, and Johnson and Goldsmith, should have been better paid; and then they would have been able to do better work. That depends upon the kind of work for which they would have received better pay. If that money was to be made by mere journalism, the first three at least were just the men to have been content with getting daily bread for ephemeral labors. But the answer may be given more confidently because the experiment has been tried. The present century introduced the golden era of magnificent rewards to writers. Has it produced better work, or has the best work won the highest prizes? The literary historian of the nineteenth century will clearly have to take notice not only of such men as Wordsworth and Shelley, but of such masters of style as Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Landor. Landor must have starved or given up his special excellence, if he had been forced to live by literature. De Quincey's magnificent style becomes a lifeless incumbrance just so far as he descends to the functions of the journalist. Lamb and Hazlitt were appreciated by little coteries; but Lamb's best work was assuredly that which served to amuse the intervals of his official labor; and Hazlitt, from the very fact that he had to write for money, remains fragmentary and unsatisfactory. The history of Coleridge is too exceptional to be of much value as a precedent; but at least it is plain that if ever he had con-

trived to explain his distinction between the reason and the understanding the effect would not have been a good pecuniary speculation. His marvelous poetry was worthless in a bookseller's sense, if put beside the tinsel and glitter of Tom Moore. Did the pecuniary rewards of literature encourage any one of these men to bestow benefits upon mankind? Was not the temptation, so far as it existed, a temptation to desert her true function? Southey was, perhaps, the most genuine man of letters of his day; and it may fairly be said in his case that whatever motives led to the composition of the "Life of Wesley," at least led to an admirable literary performance. Further, it may be urged that, if Southey had been freer to follow his own impulses, he would have simply added to the mass of sham epic-poetry. And yet nobody can read Southey without feeling that here too we have a case of literary degradation—one more example of the man of exquisite taste turned into a mere day-laborer. Southey's "Doctor," the pet plaything of his leisure hours, can hardly be called a success; the humor is apt to be labored, and his spirits too often flag. And yet I think that, in reading it, we are apt to think that this is what he could really have done excellently if he could have made his bread by mere honest mechanical occupation instead of exhausting his last intellectual energies in grinding out articles for the "Quarterly Review." He confirms the truth of the common remark that in literature, alone of all employments, the amateur is the superior of the professional; and the obvious reason is, that in literature the amateur is the only true professional. It is he alone who aims at quality instead of quantity; who thoroughly and systematically elaborates what he has to say instead of turning out crude guesses and half-digested fancies to take their chance in the world.

But we must give one glance in conclusion at the men who have made both fame and money. There are cases in which great rewards have come to great men, and the moral which they inculcate is so obvious that one is half ashamed of calling attention to it again. The chief writers who have drawn the great prizes of literature in this century are Scott, Macaulay, and Dickens. The conspicuous fact about Macaulay is precisely this, that literature was never his main occupation until the last years of his life. He was primarily a politician and a legislator, and a very large part of the enduring merit of his work is due to the fact that it is the work of a man whose interest in history was primarily that of a maker of history. The "Essays," which are his best achievement, were a mere by-play and pleasant occupation for leisure, and not the main business of his life or the labor to which he

looked for support. If we come to Scott and Dickens, the moral is as clear as it is painful. For Scott I profess the profoundest reverence. His greatest works seem to me to deserve even higher praise than they have yet received. The magnificent series of novels from "Waverley" to "Ivanhoe" is, as I think, about the best piece of work ever done in the same space of time. But who can speak of Scott without painful thoughts about the luckless ambition typified by Abbotsford, and the ill-omened combination of the author and the speculator? When Byron ridiculed Scott for his half a crown a line, Scott answered manfully and honestly that he was not ashamed of turning an honest penny by his labor; but we can see only too well that the satirist had aimed at a weaker place than he knew. Of Dickens I will only say this: that to my mind the most melancholy record of any author's life that I know is the last volume of Forster's "Life," in which we see how a man of fine genius may be worn to death by vulgar admiration and the intoxication of pecuniary success. It is bad enough that authors should be starved or forced to uncongenial labor, or have to toil through tenfold gloom of despondency and dyspepsia in forcing their way to the front; but it is perhaps still worse for them, and certainly worse for their lasting reputation, that they should start with splendid successes, and be stimulated by the shouts of the multitude to go on making more and more splendid successes, until they have exhausted themselves in spasmodic grasping at cheap triumphs.

But enough of this; for we are in danger of some very commonplace morality. What is the conclusion from it all? That authors should not be paid at all, or, rather, paid only in gratitude? To that there is at least one fatal objection. If authorship became less profitable than it is, the temptations to journalism would be all the stronger. Men must always be paid for ephemeral work, and this mode of making a living must always be open to men capable of better things. If we did not allow a Scott to have a copyright, he would simply be forced to write *feuilletons* for the daily papers. And this is a sufficient defense of copyrights. We can not possibly make it worth a man's while to do his very best—to write immortal poems or revolutionize the world of thought. By the very act of offering a money reward, we are appealing to the wrong motives. But we may take some measures to diminish the sacrifice which must in all cases be made. We may, by a liberal rule, enable the man to hope that in his old age, or after his death, he and his children may have the loss in some degree made up to them. It would, perhaps, be better if the whole system could be altered, but it is not yet

of pressing importance to inquire what will be the practice in the millennium. And, therefore, as I freely admit, this argument has next to no bearing upon any practical question. It is simply a protest against one incidental assumption, which is often made as a matter of course, and which is yet, I think, degrading to literature. Anything has a tendency to improve the literature of a nation which makes the whole national life richer in interests, more harmonious, and more energetic. The intellectual activity due to widening of the range of thought, the closer sympathies and heightened emotions, which mean that new creeds are dawning in men's minds and stirring their imaginations, will bear fruit in literature as elsewhere; and the honor paid by a healthy race to its natural leaders will, in one way or other, provide sufficient motives for the higher kinds of ambition. But the existence of a liberal system of money rewards for those who can but amuse our idle hours, or tickle us with new sensations, is a matter of very subordinate importance. The rewards, no doubt, are given in one sense to merit, for the public is a paymaster which does not and can not take mere private motives into

account. But neither can it consider the intrinsic value of the service rendered, and, therefore, the rewards are almost as often paid for an abdications as for a discharge of a man's highest duty. At best, they are not proportioned to merit, though they may reward merit incidentally. And, therefore, I fancy that men of letters would best consider their own dignity, if they treated the whole question as simply a matter of business and practical convenience. Their claims, so far as they are well founded, belong to a different sphere, and are such as can not be recognized by hard cash. To be as free as possible from such considerations is a condition of their retaining true self-respect. They should have pride enough to claim to be something more than higglers in the literary market. If honest gains come their way, they need not be disdainful; but they can not profess to work for hire without abandoning their true position, and they may as well take it for granted at once that they must generally make the choice between aiming at pay and aiming at real excellence. No ingenuity will make the two motives universally coincident.

Cornhill Magazine.

BADEAU'S MILITARY HISTORY OF GENERAL GRANT.*

IN spite of its sufferings, its cruelties, and even its brutalities, there is nearly always something noble and inspiring about war. If it stirs society to its depths, and often brings the dregs to the surface, there can be no doubt that it also affords opportunity for the display of some of the finest and highest qualities of which human nature is capable; and it is true of nations as well as of individual men, that they seldom appear to better advantage than when transfigured and exalted, as it were, by the lurid light of battle. Already we Americans—both those who participated in the conflict, and those who simply hear of it from their fathers—have come to regard the period of the civil war as the heroic age of the republic, and to turn toward it as a sort of relief from the vulgar turbulence of current "politics." Especially is this the case when we turn our attention from the people at large to those individuals whose career has been prominent in both epochs. It is saddening to con-

plate the number of reputations refined in the fiery furnace of battle that have since been smirched with the tarred stick of partisan politics; and certainly, in the case of General Grant, that portion of his career which General Badeau has undertaken to record is the portion to which his friends are most likely to turn when they wish to vindicate their admiration of him.

It may be said, indeed, that their interest in it and admiration for it have increased rather than diminished; and for General Badeau this is an especial piece of good fortune. It is seldom that an author who should allow thirteen years to elapse between the two installments of his work would find that the interest of his subject had suffered no diminution thereby—that it would appeal, indeed, to an enhanced sense of its relative importance; yet we think there can be no doubt that this is the case with General Badeau's record of the strictly military portion of General Grant's career.

The first volume of the "Military History," which appeared in 1867, covered the first three years of the war, when Grant was making those campaigns in the West which first secured him

* Military History of Ulysses S. Grant. From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By Adam Badeau. In Three Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

his reputation as a general. During that period General Badeau was not personally associated with him, and his record of it, as he explains to us, was intended merely as a prelude to the more important period covered by the last two volumes, when Grant commanded all the armies of the Union. "During this period," says General Badeau, in the preface to Volumes II and III, "I was his military secretary and aide-de-camp, and therefore an eye-witness of the important circumstances in which he personally participated. I knew his plans and wishes, as well as his judgments of men and events. His correspondence with the Government, and with army and corps commanders, was familiar to me at the time. I have since examined the entire official record of the year, including the returns of troops and all the reports in existence by either national or rebel officers above the rank of brigadier-general. For what in these volumes is quoted from official sources, I can therefore refer to the original documents, in every instance on file in the national archives; for what relates to personal incident or character, I must be my own principal authority. I have, however, whenever it has been possible, submitted my narrative to my brother officers for their ratification; and for the facts themselves, apart from criticism, I might call my subject himself as a witness."

This last sentence is especially significant, because the estimation in which General Badeau's work is likely to be held will be largely due to the supposition that it at least reflects General Grant's own views and conceptions concerning the most important portion of his career. The relations between the historian and his "subject" have been and are so intimate that it is quite naturally assumed that the book carries with it an authoritativeness in some respects which is much greater than would be implied by the mere endorsement or approval of General Grant.

The present installment of the work begins with March, 1864, when Grant was made lieutenant-general, and assigned to the command-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. From this time General Badeau's narrative is much more minute and detailed than in the earlier portion; and he takes particular pains to show that, while the general-in-chief took direct control of the Army of the Potomac, confronting Lee, he yet continuously guided all the armies of the Union, so as to make them coöperate toward a common and definite end—that henceforth all the widely-scattered forces of the republic were engaged in *one* campaign, and controlled by *one* directing mind. It is the clearness with which he shows this that constitutes the distinctively valuable feature of his work; as it is

the fact thus indicated which distinguishes the campaigns of 1864 and 1865 from all the previous campaigns of the war.

In regard to the literary qualities of General Badeau's work, it may be said that he writes with a soldierly directness and vigor, and with much more than a soldier's facility and picturesqueness. His topographical descriptions and his accounts of the larger movements of campaigns are particularly good; and his military experience gives him an important advantage over the civil historian in dealing with the minutiae of military events and movements. His descriptions of battles are less satisfactory, partly because of his too great tendency to recount the achievements or operations of separate commands, thus confusing the *ensemble*, and partly because of his determination to let nothing appear which tells to the disadvantage of his hero. Decidedly the best feature—the distinctive excellence—of his work are the personal portraits and sketches, which include nearly all the distinguished officers who served with Grant, and which lack no "color" that could be imparted to them by frankness of characterization. A few of the more striking passages containing these sketches we shall quote before touching upon one or two features of the work which seem to us open to criticism.

The first of them, appearing almost at the beginning of the second volume, draws an interesting contrast between Grant and the greatest of his lieutenants. The first important act of Grant after his promotion to the command-in-chief was to name Sherman as his successor in the Department of the Mississippi, and, proceeding to Nashville, he summoned Sherman thither for a conference. General Badeau was present at the meeting, and describes himself as struck at the time with the contrast which he has endeavored to portray in the following passage:

"His [Sherman's] first words to Grant were: 'I can not congratulate you on your promotion; the responsibility is too great.' The other was silent, and smoked his cigar. The contrast between the two was striking. One was tall, angular, and spare, as if his superabundant energy had consumed his flesh; sandy-haired, sharp-featured; his nose prominent, his lips thin, his gray eyes flashing fire as fast as lightning on a summer's night; his whole face mobile as an actor's, and revealing every shade of thought or emotion that flitted across his active mind; his manner pronounced; his speech quick, decided, loud. His words were distinct, his ideas clear, rapid—coming, indeed, almost too fast for utterance, but in dramatic, brilliant form, so that they got full development, while an eager gesticulation illustrated and enforced his thought simultaneously with speech itself. Boiling over with ideas, crammed full of feeling, discussing every subject and pronouncing on all; provoking criticism and contradiction and admiration,

by turns; striking ideas out of the flintiest mind; sympathetic; suggestive to himself as well as to others; starting new notions constantly in his own brain, and following them up, no matter how far or whither they led; witty, eloquent, sarcastic, logical; every attribute of person or temper or intellect indicated genius—every peculiarity fascinated or commanded the attention. No one could be with him half an hour and doubt his greatness, or fail to recognize the traits that have made him world-renowned. This was the lieutenant.

"The chief was smaller, but stouter in form, younger in looks and years; calmer in manner a hundred-fold. His hair and beard were brown, and both heavier than Sherman's; his features marked, but not prominent; while his eye, clear but not piercing nor penetrating, seemed formed rather to resist than aid the interpretation of his thought, and never betrayed that it was sounding the depths of another nature than his own. A heavy jaw; a sharp-cut mouth, which had a singular power of expressing sweetness and strength combined, and at times became set with rigidity like that of Fate itself; a broad, square brow, which at first struck no one as imposing, but, on being studied, indicated unusual development both of intellect and will—these made up a physiognomy that artists always liked to model. The habitual expression of his face was so quiet as as to be almost incomprehensible; strong, but its strength concealed by the manner of wearing hair and beard. His figure was compact and of medium height, but, though well made, he stooped slightly in the shoulders. His manner, plain, placid, almost meek, in great moments disclosed, to those who knew him well, immense but still suppressed intensity. In utterance he was slow and sometimes embarrassed, but the words were well-chosen, never leaving the remotest doubt of what he intended to convey, and now and then fluent and forcible, when the speaker became aroused. The whole man was a marvel of simplicity, a powerful nature veiled in the plainest possible exterior, imposing on all but the acutest judges of character, or the constant companions of his unguarded hours.

"Not a sign about him suggested rank or reputation or power. He discussed the most ordinary themes with apparent interest, and turned from them in the same quiet tones, and without a shade of difference in his manner, to decisions that involved the fate of armies, his own fame, or the life of the republic; sending forty thousand men on a new campaign, or hearing of his own elevation to a power and position unsurpassed by that of any general in history, with the same equanimity and apparently the same indifference with which he listened to the trifles of the hour or the rumors of the camp; but uttering, at the most unexpected intervals and in the most casual way, the clearest ideas in the tersest form; announcing judgments, made apparently at the moment, which he never reversed, and which the world has never seen reason to reverse; enunciating opinions or declaring plans of the most important character, in the plainest words and commonest

manner, as if great things and small were to him of equal moment, as if it cost him no more to command armies than to direct a farm, to capture cities than to drive a horse.

"In battle, however, the sphinx awoke, the riddle was solved. The outward calm, indeed, was even then not entirely broken, but the utterance was prompt, the ideas were rapid, the judgment was decisive; the words were those of command; the whole man became intense as it were with a white heat. His nature indeed seemed like a sword, drawn only in the field or in emergencies. At ordinary times a scabbard concealed the sharpness and temper of the blade; but when this was thrown aside, amid the smoke and din of battle, the weapon flashed, and thrust, and smote—and won."

Sheridan is a special favorite of our author's, for the reason, probably, that, more distinctly than was the case with any other of the more prominent officers, his merits were discovered and fostered by Grant, while his successes were won more directly under the eye of the general-in-chief. The following vignette refers to the period when Sheridan had been assigned to command in the Valley of Virginia just after the raid in which Early had come so near capturing the national capital:

"Sheridan was at this time thirty-three years of age. His short but compact frame looked able to do or to endure all that was necessary in a soldier; his large and strikingly developed head and close-shorn locks, his ruddy face and black twinkling eye were full of character; while his expression, generally jovial, but quickly changing to stern determination or magnificent intensity—his simple, unaffected bearing, his genial address, and, above all, a something in look, and gesture, and expression, that told you when he was in earnest—these gave him a magnetic influence over individuals and masses, which none but men of genius exercise, and which in a personal commander is invaluable. None ever fought under Sheridan, and few ever approached him, who failed to recognize this quality. He combined with clear judgment and broad, comprehensive views, the profoundest feeling, and that instinctive sympathy with troops which knows just what they can do, and when, and inspires them by word and manner to do it. His plans were well laid; he was cautious when caution was required; he knew what risks he took, and he knew when it was wise not to take them; he studied his chances, and he studied the field—for he possessed in a marked degree that topographical ability without which it is impossible to be a soldier—but, above all, he was full of energy—fearless, tireless energy. He rode about in battle with the most splendid daring and the most impetuous manner; rising in his stirrups, brandishing his sword—a very paladin. His influence over the men was supreme. If they halted in a charge, he ordered the music to the front, himself rode down the line, and the assault went on. If a wounded man stumbled, he called

out to him, 'There's no harm done'; and the trooper went on with a bullet in his brain till he dropped dead on the field. But Sheridan was more than a Murat; he was not only fitted to inspire battalions and turn the tide of unsuccessful battle, but to plan campaigns of widest scope and complicated strategy."

Without exception, the most interesting passages in the book are those at the beginning of Chapter XXVIII, in which he gives a graphic description of the camp-life led at Grant's headquarters near Petersburg during the winter of 1864-'65. Such of these as throw light upon the more intimate personal characteristics of Grant himself we will endeavor to make room for:

"The chief and his personal staff always messed together, and their plain table was shared by all the illustrious visitors whom duty, or curiosity, or interest, brought to the headquarters of the army. A rude log-cabin formed the dining-room, and a long deal table received the fare, never garnished with wine or spirits of any kind; coffee and tea at breakfast and supper, with water for mid-day dinner, were the only drinks offered at these simple, soldiers' meals.

"When night came, all the officers on duty at the headquarters were accustomed to gather round the great camp-fire, and the circle often numbered twenty or even thirty soldiers. Grant always joined it, with his cigar, and from six or seven o'clock till midnight, conversation was the sole amusement. The military situation in every quarter of the country was of course the absorbing theme; the latest news from Sheridan or Sherman, the condition of affairs inside of Richmond, the strength of the rebel armies, the exhaustion of the South, the information extracted from recent prisoners, or spies, or from the rebel newspapers. From this the transition was easy to earlier events of the war, and Grant was always ready to relate what he had seen, to tell of his campaigns, to describe the character of his comrades and subordinates. Before the war he had met most of the men who were now prominent, rebels as well as national officers; either in the old army, or at West Point as cadets; and the knowledge of their character he thus obtained was extremely useful to him at this time. He often said of those opposed to him: 'I know exactly what that general will do'; 'I am glad such a one is in my front'; 'I would rather fight this one than another.' So also what he had learned of them in garrison, on the Canada frontier; or at the West, before the Indians, or crossing the Isthmus of Panama in cholera-time—all was of use now. No man was better able to predict what an individual would do in an emergency, if he had known or seen much of him before. The most ordinary circumstance to him betrayed character; and, as we sat round our fire at City Point, he told stories by the hour of adventures in the Mexican War, or rides on the prairies, or intercourse with Californian

miners, which threw a flood of light on the immense events in which the same actors were now engaged. And yet he never seemed to observe, and thus unconsciously deceived many who fancied they were deceiving him.

"Of course, all listened eagerly and deferentially to what he had to say, but all took part in the conversation: a simple captain could tell his story without interruption from the general-in-chief save when he asked for a light for his cigar. Politics at home were often discussed, and, unless strangers or foreigners were present, with great freedom. Gossip about men whom most of us had known came in, and tales of West Point life were common. But, though familiar, the talk was by no means vulgar; no coarse language was ever used in the presence of the general-in-chief, the most modest man in conversation in the army. A profane word never passed his lips, and, if by some rare chance a story a little broad was told before him, he blushed like a girl. Yet he was entirely free from cant, and never rebuked in others the faults which he himself scrupulously avoided.

"Grant, indeed, rarely showed vexation at occurrences, great or small, which must have tried him hard. Sometimes, in great emergencies, his lips became set, his mouth rigid, his expression stern; but even then his eye rarely flashed, and his voice betrayed no emotion. His tones grew calmer and more distinct; his mind seemed to kindle, his intellectual vision quickened; the windows of his soul were opened, and he looked out, through and beyond whatever was obscure; but all this only those who knew him long and intimately, and watched him closely, could discern. To others he was as passive as ever. I remember only twice during the war to have seen in him what might be called a shadow of excitement: once, when he was indignant at a great wrong put upon a friend; and once in the field, when he passed a teamster who was ill-using a horse, he shook his clinched hand at the man, and threatened him with arrest for cruelty.

"As the night wore on, one and another of the frequenters of the camp-fire dropped away, and by midnight the circle was winnowed to three or four, of whom Grant was always one. The only symptom of anxiety he displayed under the tremendous cares imposed upon him was wakefulness. He never wanted to go to his camp-bed. His immediate aides-de-camp discovered this, and, as he was willing to sit under the cold, clear sky and stars till three and four o'clock, wearing them all out, they at last agreed among themselves to wait up with him in turn. He never knew of this, but we often bargained with each other for an hour or two of rest. Many of these nights can I remember, during that long winter at City Point, when every one was asleep but the commander of the armies and his single officer. If the weather was inclement, we bore it as long as we could outside, and then sought shelter in his cabin. How confidential and intimate his conversation could at such times become, only those thrown closely with him knew. His recollections

of the past, the stories of his great battles and campaigns, the personal incidents of Vicksburg, and Donelson, and Chattanooga, and Shiloh; the details of his earlier career; his belief in the ultimate success of our cause; his prediction of events—all were clearly told in terse and often eloquent language; with every now and then a pregnant utterance that showed his appreciation of individual character, or close sympathy with men in masses, the native strength of his intellect, or the keen penetration of his judgment."

Hardly less interesting, perhaps, if less fresh and suggestive, is the summary of Grant's qualities as a general, and of the services that he rendered in the field, with which General Badeau brings his history to a close. This also is too long to quote in full, but a few of the more compact paragraphs may be cited:

"When the war was over, Grant had fought and beaten every important rebel soldier in turn: Buckner at Donelson, Beauregard at Shiloh, Pemberton and Johnston at Vicksburg, Bragg at Chattanooga, Lee in Virginia, and all of them altogether in the last year of the rebellion. From Belmont, the initial battle of his career, he had never been driven from the field, and had never receded a step in any of his campaigns except at Holly Springs, and then the rebels were in retreat before him, and Grant, unable to follow fast enough to overtake them, withdrew, only to advance on another line.

"He went on steadily from the start, gaining in reputation and skill, acquiring experience, developing his powers, but manifesting at the beginning many of the traits which were always conspicuous in his generalship. At Belmont, there were the same steadfastness under difficulties, the same sufficiency of resource, the same invention in unexpected emergencies which were afterward so often displayed; at Donelson, the same daring which attacked superior numbers, and the fortitude undismayed at temporary reverse, as well as the quick intuition which detected the intention of the enemy from apparently insignificant circumstances, like the three days' rations in the haversacks; and, above all, the perception that the crisis had come when both armies were nearly exhausted, and whichever first attacked would win; and then he declared, 'The rebels will have to be very quick, if they beat me.' At Shiloh, there was the same indomitable perseverance and confidence which made him say to Buell at the darkest moment of the fight, when that commander inquired, 'What preparations have you made for retreating?' 'I haven't despaired of whipping them yet'; and inspired the orders to Sherman to advance on the morrow, before Buell had arrived. At Vicksburg, he displayed again the untiring persistency, the willingness to try all schemes until the right one was found; then the bold conception of running the batteries and separating his army from its base, plunging into the interior between two hostile forces, contrary to all the rules of the schools

and the urgent counsel of his ablest subordinates; and, finally, the celerity, the audacity, the strategical manoeuvres, the marches, the counter-marches, the five successful battles of the great campaign—except the Appomattox week, the most brilliant episode of the war. At Chattanooga, there came the larger responsibilities, the wider sphere, the varied combinations of the three armies, culminating in the elaborate tactical plans and evolutions of Lookout mountain and Missionary Ridge—a meet preparation for the still grander duties he was to assume, and the more comprehensive strategy he was to unfold, as general-in-chief of the whole.

"His entire career was, indeed, up to this point, a prelude and a preface for what was to follow. Events were educating him for the position he was destined to occupy. He learned the peculiar characteristics of American war. He found out that many of the rules applicable in European contests would fail him here. He discovered, years before the Germans, the necessity of open-order fighting; the troops became proficient in field fortifications; his cavalry was used to the system, afterward so successfully employed by the Uhlans, of mounted infantry; he limited the use of artillery; he perceived that the day for cavalry-charges was nearly past. He also invented the long campaigns without a base, which astonished the enemy and the world. But, above all, he understood that he was engaged in a people's war, and that the people as well as the armies of the South must be conquered, before the war could end. Slaves, supplies, crops, stock, as well as arms and ammunition—everything that was necessary in order to carry on the war—was a weapon in the hands of the enemy; and of every weapon the enemy must be deprived.

"This was a view of the situation which Grant's predecessors in chief command had failed to grasp. Most of the national generals in every theatre, prior to him, had attempted to carry on their operations as if they were fighting on foreign fields. They sought to out-manceuvre armies, to capture posts, to win by strategy pure and simple. But this method was not sufficient in a civil war. The passions were too intense, the stake was too great, the alternatives were too tremendous. It was not victory that either side was playing for, but existence. If the rebels won, they destroyed a nation; if the Government succeeded, it annihilated a rebellion. It was not enough at this emergency to fight as men fight when their object is merely to outwit or even outnumber their enemy. This enemy did not yield because he was outwitted or outnumbered. It was indispensable to annihilate armies and resources; to place every rebel force where it had no alternative but destruction or submission, and every store or supply of arms or munitions or food or clothes where it could be reached by no rebel army.

"Grant's greatness consisted in his perception of this condition of affairs, and his adaptation of all his means to meeting it. When he became general-in-chief he at once conceived this idea, and understood the terrible nature of the task he must assume. He

made all his plans and combinations with this in view. The scope of these plans included the entire republic. The Army of the Potomac at the East and Sherman's forces at the West constituted the two great motive powers; but, in Virginia, Butler on the James and Sigel in the Valley were to assist Meade on the Rapidan, while, at the West, Banks was to meet Sherman, both marching toward Mobile. All were combined and directed with a common purpose and a central aim. These combinations were sometimes interrupted or thwarted in their development. Grant and Sherman each met many obstacles before either sat down in front of the strategical objective point of his army; Butler and Sigel both failed in their coöperation in Virginia, while Banks failed to coöperate at all before Mobile. Grant himself entered upon an encounter as terrible as that of Christian with Apollyon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The struggle was prolonged and bitter, and the national commander received as well as inflicted appalling loss; but he persisted in his advance amid carnage and assaults with that awful composure and confidence which to many natures is not only inscrutable but absolutely repelling, but which, nevertheless, was the especial quality which enabled him to succeed. He pushed his army through such a month of ceaseless and seemingly resultless battle as the world has hardly ever seen; dealing, however, as he knew, the blows from which his antagonist would never recover. In the Wilderness the rebellion received its death-stroke. It lingered months afterward, and all the skill and strength of the nation and its soldiers were required to push the blade to the heart, but the iron entered in May, 1864. But for just this terrific strife, just this persistent attack, just this bloody wage, the result would have been deferred or different. . . .

"When, finally, all things were ready and the great blow was struck, it was seen how complete had been the preparations and combinations which had preceded the end; how absolute the execution of the scheme devised a year before. Lee surrendered because he had nothing else to do. He could not run away. Johnston and Maury and Richard Taylor and Kirby Smith surrendered for exactly the same reason. The various victories were not haphazard; it was not that each man chanced to come out right. All the arrangements were made in advance. Army after army came up to surrender, like the pieces of chess in a complicated game, when the beaten player has only one move for each, and that to give it away. Nor was it only because of Appomattox, or because they had lost heart, that the lesser rebels yielded. Johnston was absolutely surrounded, for Stoneman and Thomas and Wilson were in his rear, while Sherman was in front, and Meade and Sheridan were approaching from the North. The troops that escaped from Mobile were between Canby and the cavalry, and if they had tried could have done no better than their fellows. The rebellion was conquered at all points at the same time. It had no armies except in front of greater ones. It had no supplies except separated

from its armies. It had no arsenals, no armories, no railroads left; yet it surrendered a thousand cannon and a hundred and seventy thousand soldiers.

"This was not the result of brute force. This was not mere outnumbering or overwhelming. It was the disposition of the national armies, between, around, and among the rebel forces, as well as the incessant blows dealt by those armies, which made it impossible, after Appomattox, for any organized rebel force to make a move in any direction that did not entail upon itself absolute and immediate destruction."

As already intimated, there are one or two features that must be excepted from the general verdict of approval that will be passed upon General Badeau's work. Perhaps the most objectionable of these is the constant effort to exalt Grant at the expense of his coadjutors and subordinates. It is almost amusing to note the ingenuity of the author's efforts to avoid offending General Sherman, or challenging his denial, and yet to secure for Grant the credit of Sherman's famous "march to the sea." At one time he asserts that Grant had planned the same movement before he withdrew from the Department of the Mississippi; at another, that it was suggested to Sherman by Grant's campaign prior to the siege of Vicksburg; at another, that it was part of the general legacy that Sherman inherited as the successor of Grant in the West; and throughout that Grant as general-in-chief necessarily directed the movements of his lieutenants. It happens that there is just enough of plausibility in all this, and in the ingenuity with which it is put, to avoid a direct and unequivocal contradiction; yet there is sufficient evidence in the author's own pages to show that the conception, as well as the execution of the "march," was due to the fertile brain of Sherman. Thomas is treated even more unfairly than Sherman; and as for Banks, Canby, Sigel, Hunter, Warren, and Butler, they are simply put to the sword. The tendency of the entire book is to shift the responsibility for disaster upon Grant's subordinates, and to credit all successes and skillful designs to Grant himself.

Another point in which General Badeau makes a mistake, we think, is in the perpetual institution of comparisons between the generalship of Grant and that of Lee, not only as regards the grand strategy of the campaign, but in matters of minor tactics. Aside from the apologetic and argumentative tone which this compels him to adopt, he is reduced to the necessity of placing his almost unsustained opinion against the unanimous conclusions of military writers and the plain results of the campaign. One of his favorite and most frequently repeated assertions is that it was Grant's uniform policy as a general

to repel attacks by a counter-assault; and his own policy as a biographer is evidently the same. Not content with defending Grant's Wilderness campaign, he assails Lee with virulent vigor; and it must be acknowledged, upon the showing he makes, that few commanders have ever blundered so persistently as Lee into such a wonderful series of successes.

Nothing whatever, it is to be observed, is gained by thus traducing Lee; because, in the first place, the opinion of not one competent reader will be altered by it, and, in the next place, the author should have borne in mind that, in characterizing Lee as a "second-rate com-

mander," he is simply minimizing whatever credit belongs of right to Grant as ultimate victor in the long and deadly duel between them. We are constantly reminded, as we read, how differently a "military secretary and aide-de-camp" of General Lee would describe the same movements and battles; but in truth it would hardly be necessary to confront General Badeau with other and opposing authorities—there is scarcely a suggestion of the kind referred to in which he could not be discredited by evidence found in his own book, sometimes on the same page.

C. H. J.

ARAB HUMOR.

II. WINE-BIBBING AND WITTICISMS.

THE Arabs, especially under the caliphate, were much given to wine-bibbing, in spite of the dictum of the Koran, which says: "They will ask thee about wine and gambling, say, in them both is sin and profit unto men; but the sin of them is greater than the profit of the same." Subsequently Mohammed condemned these vices in much stronger terms, declaring them to be abominations which true believers must avoid. There are no fewer than a hundred names for wine in the Arabic language, to say nothing of figurative terms such as "the maiden," "the bride," "the antidote," "the captivator," "the pole-star," "the ripe," "the sweet-savored," "the beloved," "sweetness," "joy," "Babylonian" (*scil.* enchantress), "the companion of the sleepless," "the consoler," "the friend," "the babbler," "the soporific," "the key," "the heart of the tun," "quicksilver," "the mother of vices," "the unlawful," "sin," and the like. Alluding to the last term, a poet says:

"They told me that my drink was *sin*,
But I could ne'er believe it.
The only sin I see therein
Is when I have to leave it."

And right merrily do they go on punning about these various appellations, telling how "after a course of the Courser it coursed through the veins," and so on, in a way to make a burlesque writer long to don the *abba* and *kefyeh*, settle down at Mecca, and open an opéra-comique for the pilgrim season.

One of the older and more usual terms for the liquor is *cakueh*, which we have corrupted into "coffee," the present well-known drink being in fact called "wine of the *bunn*," as the

berry is named in Arabic. Can not a few appropriate Arab songs in which coffee is lauded be translated for the use of the temperance music halls which are now fortunately becoming so common? Surely the knowledge that coffee is, after all, included among sinful drinks would give a piquancy to the Mocha draught in teetotal eyes, for we are but human creatures, and the "tail of the sar-pint is over us all."

Father Noah is with us Occidentals credited with the invention of the too seductive fluid; but the Orientals know better. Father Adam was too clever to have missed such a discovery, and it was he who planted the vine. The result would, no doubt, have been perfectly harmless had not Iblis, always ready to make mischief, stepped in and spoiled the fun. That unprincipled demon came furtively after our first father and sacrificed a peacock on the spot where the plant was set. As soon as it began to sprout forth he sacrificed an ape over it; when the grapes began to appear he slaughtered a lion; and when these were ripe he offered up a pig. Hence it is that he who drinks wine feels at first as proud as a peacock, and becomes subsequently as tricksome as an ape, as bold as a lion, and at length as stupid as a swine.

The Prophet's strict temperance principles lost him many a promising convert among his contemporaries, and, as the reader will presently see, did not materially benefit the morals of his followers later on. Of course, even in pagan times, the evils of excess would occasionally manifest themselves, and instances are recorded of the ancient Arabs taking the pledge on their own account. One notable example was Keys, the son of 'Asim, who was brought round by a

very decided attack of the "jumps." One night, this warrior announced his intention of pulling down the moon, and, after several frantic leaps into the air for the purpose, fell down flat upon his face. Being afterward told how his features had got bruised, he wisely resolved to give up wine-bibbing for the future. The sinner's fall is the saint's opportunity; so, as might be expected, Arab literature is full of anecdotes of wise and sober men who have reproofed their dissolute "betters": here is one of the kind. A certain king went to visit a mad-house, and found there an intelligent-looking youth who, after replying sensibly to a number of questions put to him by the sovereign, at length addressed the latter, saying:

"You have asked me many things; I will now ask you one. At what period does a sleeper enjoy his sleep most?"

The king reflected awhile, and said, "While he is actually sleeping."

"That can not be," said the madman, "for he has no perception while asleep."

"Then, before he goes to sleep," said the king.

"How can one enjoy anything," asked the madman, "before it comes?"

"Then," said the king, "after he has been asleep."

"Nay," said the madman, "a man can not be said to enjoy a thing that has passed away."

So pleased was the king with the other's wit that he determined to make a companion of him, had a table set out in front of the window of the mad-house, and bade his attendants hand a cup of wine to himself and one to his mad friend. "You drink your cup," said the latter, "that you may become like me; but, if I drink mine, whom shall I be like?"

The king, on hearing this speech, threw away the cup, and remained a total abstainer for evermore.

To take a case of less historical vagueness. The Caliph Abdel Melik, son of Merwan, had a favorite slave named Nasib, whom he one day invited to drink with him. "Commander of the Faithful!" replied the slave, "I am not related to thee, have no authority over thee, and have neither rank nor lineage. I am but a black slave whose wit and politeness have earned me thy favor; how then shall I take that which will rob me of both?"

The caliph looked around for another boon companion.

These Oriental despots would stand a great deal from a saint. One celebrated personage of this class, named Abu 'l Husain en Nûri, saw a vessel on the Tigris with thirty earthenware jars on board consigned to the Caliph el Mo'tadid,

and, being told that they contained wine, went for them with a boat-pole, and broke them all but one. The monarch, enraged at the loss of the liquor, and the slight to himself, sent for the offender and asked him sternly, "Who made thee censor?"

"He who made thee caliph!" was the reply, and the saint was permitted to go about his business. Saints and madmen are allowed more license in the East than appears absolutely prudent, and when (as is frequently the case) the two characters are combined in one person, and a sharp spear is given as a badge of office (as it always is), that holy man is one to be avoided. I know this to my cost, having once been compelled to dodge round and round in Jerusalem for a good ten minutes holding on to the wrong end of a spear, while a grinning lunatic of intense holiness kept jobbing at me with the other.

But the kings and governors themselves, as is most fit, in many instances guarded against infringements of the Prophet's liquor law.

El Hejjaj, whom I have already mentioned, one day ordered the chief of his guards to behead any one whom they might find in the streets after dark. One night, as the officer was going his rounds, he met two young men drunk and reeling about, and, at once arresting them, demanded of them who they were. The first replied:

" 'I am the son of him to whom
Are bowed the necks of young and old,
And when, perforce, to him they come,
He draws their blood and draws their gold.' "

"This must be a relative of the Commander of the Faithful himself," thought the guard, and refrained from executing him until he had referred the matter to El Hejjaj. Turning to the other, he asked the same question, and received for answer the following verse:

" 'I am the son of him whose worth
Can never be suppressed on earth;
Around his light on every hand
The troops expectant sit or stand.' "

"This," said the officer to himself, "must be the son of some noble Arab chief," and spared his life. In the morning they were both taken before El Hejjaj, when the first turned out to be the son of a barber, and the other of a man who kept a stall for roasting and selling beans in the market-place.

The stern tyrant dismissed them with a reprimand.

Another governor, seeing a man with a jar of wine wrapped up in his cloak, called him up and asked what it was he was carrying. The man approached, and the officer bade him stretch forth his hand. The poor fellow held out his

right hand but kept tight hold of the jar with the left.

"Put out your other hand as well," said the governor, whereupon the other stepped backward to a neighboring wall and, holding the jar against it with his back, complied with the demand.

"Now," said the governor, "step away from the wall!"

"Why, you fool," said the man, losing his head figuratively and by so doing risking the loss of it literally, "don't you see that I shall break the jar if I do?" The repartee saved him though.

The caliphs used to sit and dispense justice themselves, and many were the charges of "drunk and disorderly" which the Commander of the Faithful had to hear.

An old man was brought before Hishâm, the son of Abdel Melik, drunk; and a flask of wine and a lute were laid before the caliph as *pièces de conviction*. The monarch commanded that the "tambourine" should be broken over the offender's head, the "beer" poured over his garments, and that he should afterward receive a sound flogging.

At this the old man burst out weeping, but excused his weakness by saying that he was not crying at the thought of a beating, but at the slight put upon his lute and his wine in calling them respectively a "tambourine" and "beer." Of course he was pardoned for what was to an Arab ear a witty saying.

In all the learned histories from which I cull these anecdotes, there is a tendency to give the toppers the best of the bargain in their encounters with justice, showing a sneaking affection on the part of solemn old Moslem doctors for the forbidden fruit. Thus we are told that a drunkard, having been offered the choice between taking the pledge or receiving the usual corporal punishment, went before the *cadi* for the purpose of taking a solemn oath to abstain from alcoholic stimulants in future. "You must swear," said the magistrate, "never again to approach such-and-such a tavern, and such-and-such a wine-shop," naming a dozen of the most notorious establishments of Medina and its neighborhood!

"Oh!" cried the "habitual" to the bystanders, "let some one administer the pledge to his worship, for he knows more about the matter than I!"

Another sinner, being about to receive the stripes accorded by Mohammedan law to the convicted drunkard, was stripped to the waist to receive the punishment, but the executioner was of short stature and could not reach him. "Stoop down," said the latter, "that the blows may take effect!" "Do you think," asked the other, "that

you are inviting me to partake of a pleasant dish? I wish I was as tall as the tower of Babel and you as short as a pygmy."

The Good Haroun Alraschid was very much addicted to drink, but at times the majesty of his office and his duty to religion asserted themselves and he became a terribly severe censor of public morals. One well-known anecdote of these his sterner moods I will relate, but, as it is the Arab fashion to interlard prose with poetry, I will tell it in verse. The hero of the story is the jester-poet Abu Nuwâs, whom my readers, if they follow these veracious pages, will soon learn to know better:

"One fine evening the caliph
Had indulged in heavy wet,
Till he didn't know an *alif**
From the neighboring minaret.

"And awaking on the morrow,
With (what all must feel at times)
Red-hot coppers, thought with sorrow
On his fellow-creatures' crimes.

" 'Shall not Allah's own viceregent,'
Said he, 'break the drunkard's glass—
Crush in man this vice inherent?
Here, you sot Abu Nuwâs!

"My great clemency prevailing,
Grants to thee the choice to make
'Twixt beheading and impaling—
Shall it be a chop or stake?"

"But the still undaunted poet
Takes it all for pleasant fun;
'How your majesty does go it!
May I ask what I have done?"

" 'Done!' the caliph cried with curses,
'Is it not thy wont to sing
Dissipated doggerel verses,
Bidding men the wine-cup bring?"

" 'I suspect from your condition
Men do bring it very oft.'
'Would you slay me on suspicion?' †
Asks the bard in accents soft.

" 'Then religion, too, you scoff at,
Here, for instance, when you say,
'Come along my noble prophet,
We will fight with fate to-day!'"

" 'Well, and *did* we?' asked the poet.
'How should I know?' said the king.
'Then, when you yourself don't know it,
Would you kill me for a thing?"

* The letter *alif*, the first in the alphabet. The proverb quoted, "*Ma ya'rifsh al alif minnal maddneh*," is equivalent to the English "He doesn't know big B from a bull's foot."

† "Verily some suspicion is a sin," Koran, ch. xlix, v. 12.

" 'Cease,' cried Haroun, 'this contention:
Thou hast often in thy verse
Owned to things too bad to mention,
And deserving death or worse!'

" 'Allah told us long ago that
What I say I never do;
And your Majesty must know that,
Since you've read your Koran through,

" THE ERRING FOLLOW IN THE POET'S WAY:
SEEST THOU NOT HOW IN EACH VALE THEY
STRAY?
AND HOW THEY NEVER DO THE THINGS THEY
SAY."*

" This Koranic erudition
Left the king no more to say,
So the other with submission,
Took the chance to slip away.

" Reader! it should make us humbler,
When of men like this we read.
Let us take another tumbler,
Just to drink to er Rashid."

Poetical erudition was in great favor with Arabian sovereigns, and the man who could repeat large quantities of verse by heart was always welcome at court.

Hammad, a favorite reciter, or troubadour of this class, was a partisan of the Caliph El Welid, and had strongly opposed Hisham, the latter's brother, in the struggle that had taken place between the two. When Hisham at length prevailed and ascended the throne, Hammad, fearing the new sovereign's vengeance, bethought him of business he had in the city of Kufa, a place which had the advantage of being a good way off. Here, however, a peremptory message from the caliph reached him, and he was obliged to set off again for Damascus. Arrived there, he was ushered into the monarch's presence, and found that great personage seated upon a magnificent throne, beneath a pavilion of red silk surmounted with a dome of yellow brocade, and attended by two very beautiful damsels each holding a crystal ewer of wine in her hand. The caliph, after receiving and returning the salutation, said:

"I have had a piece of poetry running in my head for some time, but I can only remember that it contains the word *ibrik*, [ewer]; what is it?"

Hammad reflected awhile, and replied: "I do not know, unless it should happen to be the verses of Tuba El Yemani:

" 'My mentors all are up betimes,
And bid me from my bed arise;
My love for thee the worst of crimes
Appeareth in their jealous eyes.

" 'I can not tell my friends from foes,
So many rivals round me stand,
Till morning light a maiden shows,
Who holds a ewer in her hands!'"

"That is the very thing!" cried Hisham, and ordered one of the slave-girls to give Hammad a cup to drink. She did so, and the troubadour, having tossed it off, felt himself, as he averred, three parts intoxicated. Nothing, however, would please the caliph but that he should repeat the verses and the dose, the result being that poor Hammad was soon far more than three sheets in the wind.

"Now," said he, "Commander of the Faithful, I have lost two thirds of my reason."

The caliph laughed louder than ever, and cried, "Ask some favor of me while a third of your senses yet remains."

The rhapsodist modestly begged for the two young ladies, and Hisham at once made them over to him by a deed of gift, with all the clothes and jewels which they stood upright in, and fifty thousand gold pieces to boot.

"I kissed the ground before him," says Hammad, "drank a third cup, and knew nothing afterward until, toward daybreak, I woke up and found myself in a handsome house, with the two slave-girls putting my clothes in order. So I took possession of my goods and chattels, and departed the happiest creature on God's earth."

My readers will please to remember that I am dealing with a polygamic nation, and that the transfer of handmaidens was, with them, as ordinary a daily occurrence as a prophetic "sealing" is at Salt Lake.

Times have but little changed, indeed, since then, except that the present representative of the caliph, being dependent upon European loans for his personal expenditure, and having decidedly limited credit, can not afford to reward merit by gifts of young ladies, and is forced to draw the line at orders of the Medjidie.

Nor have civilized ideas as yet penetrated to the Desert, and an impecunious Bedouin Arab once appealed to my charity on the ground that he was "a poor man with four wives and a large family." I must, however, own that such extravagance is rare among the dwellers in the tents of Ishmael.

Another story is told which illustrates the retentive memory and ingenuity of some of these learned Arabs and the ready manner in which they could support almost any proposition by appropriate illustrations. The incident is connected with our present subject.

Hamid ibn Abbas once asked his vizier in full council what was the best remedy for an excess in wine-drinking. The minister turned away shocked, and said:

* Koran, ch. xxvi, vv. 224-226.

"What have I to do with such questions as this?" at which the poor monarch, who was suffering from the effects of a heavy drinking-bout, blushed and felt very uncomfortable. Abu Omar, the Cadi-ul-Cudhât, the highest legal authority in the empire, happened to be present and came to the rescue. Coughing to clear his throat and folding his arms in a dignified manner, he pronounced a solemn *fatwa*, or legal decision, upon his Majesty's question, in these words:

"I seek refuge in God from Satan, who is pelted with stones. Allah has said in the Koran, 'Whatsoever the Prophet has ordered you, that do ye, and whatsoever he has forbidden you, that shall ye abstain from.' Again the Prophet (on whom be the peace and blessing of God) has said, 'Rely in every art on the best masters thereof.' Now, in the art concerning which his Majesty has asked, the chief master in the time before Mohammed was the poet El 'Asha, who says:

'One cup I drink for pleasure's sake,
The next to cure the first I take.'

The Arab poet, Majnûn, also writes:

'Myself from Leila's love with Leila only can I
heal,
As drunkards cure with wine the ills that wine has
made them feel.'

And on the same subject Abu Nuwâs has said:

'Blame me not, for blame is vain,
But cure me with what caused my pain.'

On hearing this Hamid's face brightened up, and, turning to his vizier, he said, "Why don't you answer the cadi's arguments? He has quoted the Koran itself, the words of the Prophet (on whom be peace and blessing!), the verses of the ancient Arab bards, and, lastly, those of the modern poets."

The solemn adjuration with which the Cadi-ul-Cudhât began his speech is used by Mohammedans when they are about to speak of anything which is profane or unlawful, such as of wine-drinking. The expression "pelted with stones" refers to the superstition that the devils are always listening at the gates of heaven for information as to future events, and that the angels when they discover them pelt them with fire-brands, which is the origin of the shooting-stars.

I can not refrain from here relating an anecdote of our old friend Abu Nuwâs and a *mohaddeth*—that is, a professor of that branch of Moslem theology which consists in citing with the proper authorities those sayings of Mohammed that under the name of "*Hadith*" or "traditions" make up the *sunneh* or supplemental law. But the anecdote must be told in verse:

"Abu Nuwâs had studied more
Traditional and sacred lore
Than Bagdad's other sages.
The lawfulness of drinking wine
He'd prove to you from any line
Throughout the Koran's pages.

"He'd prove that all the caliph did
Was acting as the Prophet bid,
And quote his very speeches;
He'd say: 'Sheikh A. once told to me
That he had heard from Dr. B.
That Dr. C. thus teaches.

"That Dr. D.——' and so he'd get
Completely through the alphabet.
And he was sure upon it
'That Z. had heard the Prophet say
That there was only one right way,
And Er Rashid was on it.'*

"While on the Tigris once afloat,
A Christian with him in the boat,
Who was engaged in drinking,
Politely filled a brimming glass,
And handed to Abu Nuwâs,
Who drank it without thinking.

"Oh!' said the Christian, 'I forgot:
Wine is forbidden, is it not?'
'It is,' replied the poet.
'The question is, though, is it clear
That this is wine we're drinking here?
If so, how do you know it?'

"The wine,' said he, 'I gave to you,
My slave-boy purchased of a Jew
Who sells it on the quiet.'
Said Bu Nuwâs: 'You are a flat
To notice evidence like that,
And be deluded by it.

"I take with caution most things said
By A or B, of X or Z,
Of what the Prophet told him;
And shall I take a Christian's word
For what a slave-boy may have heard
Of what a Jew has sold him?'"

Abu Bekr ibn 'Aiyash and Sufiyan eth Thori, both lights of Islam for all their uncouth names, were journeying afoot from Kufa to Hira, when they saw a sheik of so venerable an appearance, and such reverend white locks, that they made sure of his being a learned doctor, and Sufiyan, an ardent student of the "*Hadith*," ever on the lookout for religious information, hailed him with the words, "Hast thou aught of the '*Hadith*'?" The word means "new," as well as "traditions." "Nay," chuckled the reverend old man, who on closer inspection turned out to be decidedly the worse for liquor, "but I've got too much of the old [wine] about me!" I could go on with this

* Er Rashid means one who is in the right way.

theme for many pages more, but the anecdotes are all of a similar style, and as the Arab proverb has it, "*Laisa fi 'l i' ddaḥ ifḍḍaḥ*" ("There is no profit in repetition").

To come to the point: these drinking-bouts were magnificent entertainments, at least among the higher classes, to whom, perhaps, they were chiefly confined. The host and his guests, clothed in dresses of bright colors, surrounded by fresh flowers and rich perfumes, reclined on cushions, while a page or damsel handed round the cup, and offered an embroidered napkin after each draught to wipe the lips withal. Sometimes they were held in the open air, and the bank of a river was the spot most favored by the Arab *bon vivant*. As one of their own poets has said:

"A seat beside the river ours,
Upon a carpet strewn with flowers;
The wavelets rippling on apace,
Like dimples on a maiden's face;
And bubbles floating to the brink,
Round as the cups from which we drink."

Musicians and singers, too, were there to add to the general harmony and delight. Here is a specimen of the drinking-song they used to sing:

- "Here, take it, 'tis empty! and fill it again
With wine that's grown old in the wood,
That in its proprietor's cellars has lain
So long, that at least it goes back to the reign
Of the famous Noshirwān the Good.
- "With wine which the jovial friars of old
Have carefully laid up in store,
In readiness there for their feast-days to hold—
With liquor, of which if a man should be told,
He'd roll away drunk from the door!
- "So brilliant that, if 'twere allowed to be seen
'Twould guide a blind man to its place!
And though 'tis a fire, yet it never has been
Kindled up in the cup, but the fire of chagrin
Has been quenched without leaving a trace!
- "Oh! the greatest of monarchs is nothing, I ween,
Till he's drunk with the liquor divine!
It raises the lowly, makes liberal the mean,
And the veriest coward that ever was seen
Would grow brave with such glorious wine.
- "The damsel who goes to and fro with the glass
Shames the pliant young branch of the tree,
With so graceful and gentle an air does she pass.
I'll drink all the night with a merry young lass,
Who's both lovely and loving to me!
- "She's perfect in beauty and fresh as the tree
That waves o'er Arabia's sand.
Like a timid and thirsty gazelle too, is she,
As with rose-tinted fingers she's drinking to me,
From the rose-tinted wine in her hand."

About these merry minstrels we shall have more to say anon.

Arab toppers differ in opinion as to the amount a man should drink, that most generally received being that it depends upon the company one drinks in. Abu Nuwās's idea was to take four bottles at a sitting:

"Four humors in our body dwell,
As wise physicians teach;
So give, if you would fain live well,
A bottle unto each."

But, perhaps, he was hardly a judge of what was prudent in this respect, since, from his own account, he was seldom in a condition to ascertain. It is related of him that on one occasion, seeing a man drunk, he burst out laughing; whereat his neighbor asked, "Why do you laugh, when you yourself are like him every day?"

"Just so," said the incorrigible toper, "but I never saw a drunken man before; because I am always the first to get drunk and the last to get sober."

Finding this worthy one day drunk as usual, Haroun Alraschid said to him, half in jest and half in anger, "Abu Nuwās! I hereby appoint you chief magistrate of all the dissolute scamps in the city."

"I am quite ready to enter upon my duties," was the reply; "has your Majesty any case for my court?"

The impertinence nearly cost him his head, but he succeeded in pacifying his offended sovereign.

His philosophy of life was of the sort described by a later poet, Behā el dīn Zoheir, of Egypt:

- "If a merry blade am I,
What can that to others matter?
Yet my mentor, standing by,
Bores me with his moral chatter.
- "All in vain I let him preach,
Whether it annoy or please him;
Or, if I hear out his speech,
I turn it into jest to tease him.
- "Ah! the mentor never knows
What we merry blades are after!
We fool him thus before his nose,
And burst, behind his back, with laughter.
- "Times may change, but never fear!
Let us, friends, carouse and revel;
Send the bottle over here,
And send the mentor to the devil!"

And many of the greatest poets of Islam were of the same mind; for instance, the Caliph Abdel Melik asked the celebrated El Akhtal why he was for ever repeating the praise of wine in

prose and verse. "Because," said he, "its beginning is bitterness and its end is headache; but between the two there are moments which I would not sell for your Majesty's kingdom."

Fables are generally vehicles for the exhibition of such very wholesome, but alas! unpalatable, moral medicines that it is refreshing to find one here and there which has nothing for its teaching but the idea which Hafiz has so beautifully expressed:

"This moral it is mine to sing:
Go learn a lesson of the flowers;
Life's season is in youth's fair spring,
Then seize like them the fleeting hours."

Once upon a time, say the Arab chronicles, there were two hunchbacks—one a pleasant, happy fellow, and the other ill-tempered and morose. One day the first bought himself a bottle of wine and some fruit, and, having found a quiet, retired chamber, sat down to enjoy himself, drinking the wine, eating the fruit, and singing a merry song. Suddenly the wall opened and a terrible *afreet* or demon appeared and asked him what he wanted there. The hunchback, nothing daunted, answered the *afreet* pleasantly, and politely invited him to share his feast. This he agreed to do, and the two passed so pleasant an hour together that the *afreet*, before leaving, miraculously restored his companion to an upright stature, and entreated him to come back and drink with him another day. Soon afterward the other hunchback met his friend, and asked, with wonder, where and how he had got rid of his hump. On hearing the story, the surly fellow determined to lose his hump as well, and, having laid in a stock of wine and fruit, sat down in the place indicated by the other, and awaited the result. But he was, as we have said, morose; he drank sullenly, and so greedily did he eat that "his hand went into the dish like a raven's claw and came out like a camel's hoof"—an apt illustration of gluttony which reminds us of the monkey who put his hand through the hole to steal the nuts and was detected because he could not draw the well-filled fist back again and would not drop his spoil. Presently the wall opened as before, and the mysterious visitor appeared; but the hunchback was so frightened at his awful looks, behaved so disagreeably, and made such a noise, that the *afreet* in a rage took down the other hump from a shelf where he had laid it by, placed it on the hunchback's breast, and kicked him out with a hump before as well as one behind.

By way of "a ha'p'orth of bread to all this sack," I will conclude this chapter by imparting

a slight piece of information and mention incidentally another intoxicant which the Arabs were in the habit of using. This is *hashish*, a preparation of Indian hemp (*Cannabis Indica*), the well-known properties of which, in producing strange visions and a subsequent state of coma, make it a favorite instrument in Arab romance.

The Assassins (*Hashhasin*, or "Hashish-eaters")—that formidable and celebrated sect—received their name from this drug. The order was founded by Hasan es Sabáh, who, having surrounded himself with a band of Shiah fanatics, took possession of the fortress of Alamut, a lofty mountain on the shores of the Caspian, and spread terror through both Islam and Christendom by the fierce bravery with which he and his followers encountered all opposition, and by the terribly insidious manner in which he removed his enemies by secret assassination. One of the numerous stories told of him is that, having been summoned by the Crusading general to surrender, he called two of his followers to him and bade one to stab himself and the other to throw himself from the highest battlements of the fortress. This order the "Devoted Ones"—*Fidwi*, as the neophytes were called—at once obeyed, and Hasan derisively asked the envoy what his master's troops could do against a chief who commanded such men as those.

The story is probably true, and the means adopted to obtain such complete ascendancy over the minds of his followers seem to have been the reducing them to a state of intoxication during their initiation, and while in this condition of mental exaltation introducing them to all manner of sensual indulgence, and causing them to believe, on their coming to, that they had actually enjoyed a foretaste of the paradise which was reserved for martyrs in the cause. Hasan es Sabáh was generally known as "Sheik el Jebel," from his mountain fortress, and it is from a mis-translation of the title *sheik*, which means both a "chief" and an "old man," that the name by which he is known to European histories, "The Old Man of the Mountain" (Jebel), is derived. There is good reason for believing that the Knights Templars borrowed much of the constitution of their order from that of this terrible sect.

The Indian name for hashish is *Bang*, which the Arabs have corrupted into *Benj*. Under this title it was known from very early times in Egypt. At the present day, the Copts, who also use the word, make its plural *nibenj*; which suggests that in *hashish* we may look for the origin of the mysterious herb "nepenthe," celebrated by Homer.

Temple Bar.

A TALK ABOUT ODES.*

Geoffrey. So we three have met again!

Basil. Yes; and not "in thunder, lightning, or in rain," but on an April morning, when Spring looks like herself. We can gaze upward and feast our eyes on Dante's "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro"; or downward to mark on our beloved lake his "tremolar della marina." Look how its waters quiver with tremulous light as the sun-beam smites them; and break forth into that "many-twinkling smile" which Æschylus saluted long before!

Geof. Will you accept this little wood, through which our upward path goes, as a representative of the glade to which Sordello guided Virgil and Dante? If so, our young friend here shall "disfigure or present" the person of the last-named; for I know that he has been reading very hard for his degree, and so conversing more with the dead than the living.

Henry. I have emerged from that underworld "with slow faint steps and much exceeding pain." Do not remind me of my sufferings; for the hour is fast approaching when I must plunge in again.

Geof. Your look is not such as to bespeak compassion. You have not been down to the lower circles. Your stay has been chiefly, I trust, in those "open and luminous" spaces where Dante walked among the great Greeks and Romans, the wide plains of philosophy stretched out beneath the empurpled ether of poetry.

Bas. (from the wood). Come in and admire, instead of talking nonsense outside. This is of a surety that mountain-glade where Dante saw the holy kings and princes resting: the white cherry-blossom floats overhead, underneath the black-thorn spreads out the white coral of its little branches; the violet and the primrose peep forth from the bright green moss; here and there the celandine paves the floor with gold, and the wood-anemone opens its starry petals to their widest, and gems every spot in the grove.

Geof. Not a bad Northern version, is it, of the many hues which variegated the Florentine's green herbage? But it is yet early afternoon, and he visited his glen at nightfall: our trees are yet leafless; his waved fresh and tender green over the angels who descended at the sound of the "Te lucis ante."

Bas. We, too, have a winged choir, and a better one than we deserve, to listen to. Hear

how the thrushes and the blackbirds are paying us for the pains with which we fed them through the winter! And if the larch-plumelets are all the greenery that we yet can boast of, still—

"Gentle western blasts, with downy wings

Hatching the tender springs,

To the unborn buds with vital whispers say,

'Ye living buds, why do ye stay?'

The passionate buds break through the bark their way."

One can almost hear them at it.

Hen. English verse sounds pleasant to my ears after hard searchings into the meaning of difficult Greek choruses. Which of our poets are you quoting?

Bas. Cowley: I think, but I am not sure, that those lines are in his "Ode on Life."

Geof. That is the ode which perhaps gave Blake his fine idea of "The Gate of Death," which his old man, bowed down with years, creeps through, to emerge vigorous and youthful on the farther side. I mean the words—

"When we by a foolish figure say,

'Behold an old man dead!' then they

Speak properly, and cry, 'Behold a man-child born!'"

Hen. Who are "they"?

Geof. The angels: those same who bear Faust's new-born soul, and find it a sore burden even for their loving arms.

Bas. Cowley expresses the same idea in another good simile:

"We seek to close and plaster up by art

The cracks and breaches of the extended shell;

And, in their narrow cell,

Would rudely force to dwell

The noble, vigorous bird already winged to part."

Hen. Is Cowley a favorite poet of yours?

Bas. At one time of my life he was; and though his odes do not, any one of them, live in my memory as a whole, yet many lines of his still linger there. Some novels, and some poetry, of the present day make me exclaim with him—

"... 'Tis just

The author blush there where the reader must,"

and long for a critic, with words sufficiently scathing, to compel him to the unwonted exercise. Cowley's words, too, rise to my lips at the sight of ambitious pieces of word-painting, where the writer has left nothing without an ornament:

* See "A Talk about Sonnets," "Appletons' Journal," October, 1880.

"Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit let none be there."

And Cowley's echo of Aristophanes rises to my lips when I listen to such a concert of the birds as saluted us a few minutes ago in the wood which we are just leaving:

"Now blessings on ye all, ye heroic race!
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
Though men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly given,
And ways and walks the nearest heaven."

Hen. I see that Cowley did not wholly neglect alliteration.

Geof. What English poet, with any true fire of genius, could? It and rhyme are his two compensations for the loss of the exact quantities of classic verse: and he does not know his business if he does not make the most of them. Alliteration is the older and the more exclusively *English* resource of the two. From the bard who sang Athelstan's victory at Brunanburh, to the poet who sang Nelson's at the Baltic, we find it rise spontaneously to the lips of him who sings before he writes—which, I take it, is the distinction of the genuine ode-singer from the writer of fine but uninteresting compositions so styled.

Hen. May I ask you two questions about that? First, What is an ode? I mean, when we speak of one, are we to think of Pindar, or of Horace?

Geof. Of either, or both. At least to me that is an ode which is the outpouring of feeling passionately excited by some dignified cause; whether it swell, like the Greek choric song in praise of god or hero, as a complicated chant, with part answering to part, now soft and flute-like, now with a thunderous roll of many voices, then at last leaving the ear satisfied with a grand final strain; or whether, like the odes in which, as we know, Horace imitated the lost Greek lyrists, it is content throughout with one style of music, stanza responding to stanza without any variation. The essential thing, as it seems to me, is that the theme of an ode should be an elevated one, that its expression should be vehement and rapturous, that its singer, though still capable of self-control, should be lifted above his ordinary self by a strong poetic enthusiasm. As an example of what I mean, take Schiller's short dithyramb. You know it, Basil, in Coleridge's version, where it bears its first title, "The Visit of the Gods." It consists of three strophes, all molded alike; both the measure and the words bespeak the wildest excitement; and, although its muse is exotic, yet a true Greek for the moment, you see in Schiller, while he sings it, the rose-

chapleted poet rising, goblet in hand, from the festive couch in Athens.

So, then, provided the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are given to us—whether it be with the marshaled order of Pindar's odes in point of structure, or with the irregular movements of his modern imitators; whether they rush forth with Pindar's startling vehemence and abrupt transitions of thought, or move onward more slowly, and more easily apprehended, with the stately majesty of Horace in his "Triumphal Ode," or of Milton in his "Ode on the Nativity"—we have in either case an ode; though perfect success in the more complicated and difficult variety, being the hardest achievement, ought, I suppose, to win the highest praise.

Now for your second question, Henry, provided you let my first answer pass unopposed.

Hen. You distinguished the ode-singer from the ode-writer. What English author had you chiefly in your mind as a type of this last?

Geof. Poets like Collins, with his "Music, heavenly maid," his nymph "Cheerfulness," and her companions "brown Exercise and Sport." Shadowy personages like these may be written about in the study, and read of in the drawing-room; but they can not rouse a man's spirit till it pours forth floods of song, and sweeps every hearer along rejoicing in its mighty torrent.

Bas. Little rills, that trickle clear and tinkling down the hillside, like the one we are just crossing, have their uses. The moss grows green by them, the primrose tuft draws life from them, the song-bird sips them and goes his way happy. A poet, who could write an ode like that of Collins's to "Evening," must not be spoken of with contempt. There is poetic power, too, in his "Ode to Liberty," though imperial Rome and mediæval Venice are not fortunate examples of freedom—to which honor he somewhat recklessly exalts them.

Hen. I thought, Geoffrey, that perhaps you were going to give us Gray for your instance. One of my tutors used to speak of him as a "languid conventionalist."

Bas. Unjust.

Geof. Severe, but with some, though slender, foundation in fact. Gray calls his two greatest odes "Pindaric." So they are in their abruptness and bold transitions; but Pindar sang of victories which stirred a Greek's heart to its depths—sang of them when they were fresh, ere the horses had ceased panting after the chariot-race, the sweat dried off the victor's brow—sang while above him floated the awe-inspiring forms of the gods and heroes from whom the conqueror he lauded boasted his descent. How could Gray feel in like manner impassioned by an abstract subject like "The Progress of Poesy"? How

could he altogether escape the reproach implied by the word "conventional"? His fairest similes, his noblest thoughts, are, through most of his ode, echoes, more or less conscious, of the great classic poets; only (for I utterly reject the accusation of "languid") the strength and sweetness with which they are expressed are his own. However, when he comes, at the close of his ode, to celebrate the peaceful triumphs of song on English ground—a poet singing of poets never sung of in like strains before—he is at once original and powerful. You may say that he overpraises Dryden, that he describes only one side of Shakespeare; but how faultlessly beautiful is his expression! And, when he comes to Milton, what can be grander than his conception of the poet, struck blind, like Saul, by the vision of the exceeding Glory?—

"Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy;
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time;
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Is there anything "languid" here? or anything "conventional"?

Hen. Just one thing, perhaps—the "wings of Ecstasy." As ecstasy simply means being carried out of one's self, the impersonation sounds strange. But I always thought that a splendid passage.

Geof. Milton has been fortunate in his admiring poet of our own century, as well as of the last. Not that I mean to put Tennyson's *Alcaics* on a level with that sublime strophe of Gray's.

Bas. I should think not, indeed. As if there *could* be such a thing as real *Alcaics* in English!

Geof. No; but lines like that which tells how the plains of heaven

"Ring to the roar of an angel-onset,"

and those which speak of

"... all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden lazily murmuring,"

live in one's mind for years; and that is no bad test of their excellence.

Hen. That "Ode to Milton," of Tennyson's, is at any rate a short one. Mr. Swinburne has recently devoted fifty strophes, each nearly a page long, to celebrating the sublime perfections of Walter Savage Landor.

Bas. Don't talk to me about Swinburne. Let us return to Gray. I am inclined to think there is more of the *vivida vis*, the genuine poetic ar-

dor, in his "Bard" than in his "Progress of Poesy," entirely as I agree with all that you, Geoffrey, have said in praise of it. The subject, to begin with, is better suited to an ode, according to your account of one, which I approve of. Gray, not having much to sing about in his own proper person—only reflections on the vicissitudes of life, such as those with which the sight of Eton College inspired him (a solemn and touching lay, but hardly an ode according to our definition)—did wisely in transporting himself into the person of the ancient bard of Wales. There was the fall of an old polity to bewail; the cry for vengeance of tuneful brethren's innocent blood to send up with ringing notes to the skies; the divine justice, slow but sure, to mark, tracking the descendants of the guilty in response to it. Here Gray is, indeed, Pindaric, as he marshals the long procession of our kings and queens; not with the toilsome and slow precision of an historian, but each, shrouded in darkness as to the rest of their career, revealed, as by a sudden lightning-flash, at the moment when they are wanted for the accomplishment of the sentence passed by the poet-prophet on their guilty line. If you want an example of how alliteration can reinforce lines strong enough in themselves, look at the first five of this poem:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail," etc.

If you wish to know how to intersperse trochaics with your iambs so as to bring out solemn and pathetic effects, look at the first and last of these five, and at lines like

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,"

and many more. How grandly pathetic, too, is the description of Edward III's closing days, so well contrasted with the careless jollity of his successor's first years!

Geof. The last strophe of the ode strikes me as rather artificial. The dying bard, consoled by the vision of his great successors, Spenser and Shakespeare, flourishing under a queen of British descent—hearing Milton's voice and those of other English poets from the yet remoter distance—is almost too gentle a termination. One is inclined to exclaim—

"Too softly falls the lay in fear and wrath begun."

Hen. I hope you are not going to suggest that the suicide at the close had better have been omitted. It was always my special delight when I repeated the poem to my mother.

Geof. Those two closing lines and the ex-

planation at the beginning are alien to the genuine nature of an ode. Strictly speaking, the bard should have been his own interpreter throughout. Still, we could ill bear the loss of Gray's introduction—that description of the bard when

"Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air,"

and the words which tell us how he

"With a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

But an ode should only have one speaker—the poet himself, or the person whom he represents.

Hen. Pindar makes Medea speak at length in one of his odes, if I remember right.

Geof. Yes; he quotes her prophecy, being himself throughout the speaker. That is different. Still I do not think the digression an improvement.

Hen. Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day"—"Alexander's Feast," I mean—mixes up narration and song as Gray's "Bard" does.

Bas. What say you to that great example, Geoffrey? for that ode consists of Dryden's report of what Timotheus sang to Alexander (given in two instances in his own words), and of the diverse affections produced in the conqueror by his varied strain. He tells us, if I recollect right, how, at the appeal to the king's pride, by the announcement of his divine parentage, Alexander

"Assumes the god;
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres,"

how, having drunk deep draughts at the skillful musician's praise of Bacchus, the king (as his meanest soldier might)

"Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain,"

how Timotheus drew tears from him by his sad picture of

"Darius great and good
Fallen from his high estate,"

how he led him for a moment to prefer love to war, when—

"War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying";

and how, finally, he led him to fire Persepolis by his weird chant, in which the Furies shrieked for vengeance, pointing to the ghosts of the unburied

Greek soldiers. Is not that one of the best of English odes?

Geof. Yes.

Bas. Does it not amply justify Gray?

Geof. Nothing can justify a poet but success; precedent is for senates and law-courts, not for the higher assembly of the Muses. If Dryden's and Gray's poetic fervor is equal in the two compositions, enabling each to fuse his heterogeneous materials into a perfect whole—if each has sung throughout, and not had to drop into a stumbling kind of sing-song reading in places—then both are justified. I am sure of this in Dryden's case.

Hen. Does not the pure, holy Cecilia of Raphael's great picture come in rather oddly at the end of that very pagan poem?

Bas. We can not deny that. While unrivaled as depicting the power of music in earthly things, Dryden's venal muse could not get far in delineating its higher uses. He is more religious in his other song for "St. Cecilia's Day," which ends with the chorus:

"As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sang the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky."

Geof. Who told him that the "living would die" at the last day? I have read, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

Bas. Ah! we must look to the great poet of Dryden's century, to Milton, for exact theology in verse. How noble is *his* song on "A Solemn Music!" Dryden is presumptuous enough to speak of notes sung on earth—

"That wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above,"

and to assure us that when Cecilia chanted to her organ—

"An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven";

whereas Milton more modestly bids Music transport our minds on high by imaging to us the purer strains above; and tells the

"Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse," to present to our "high-raised phantasy"

"That undisturbed song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlasting."

Geof. How glorious, also, are the stanzas in his great "Ode on the Nativity," on the song of the sons of God at the beginning of the new creation!—

"Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
 keep."

Bas. Go on; give us Milton's invocation to the music of the spheres, which is to bring back the age of gold, with rainbow-orbed Truth and Justice, to the sons of men.

Geof. I will not. The hill at this point becomes exceeding steep, even as the Hill Difficulty whereof Bunyan wrote. It is praiseworthy beyond measure, when climbing the ascents of virtue, to "keep the hindmost foot ever the lower," as Virgil bade Dante when going up the hill of Purgatory; but you two are obeying the precept literally, and with portentous speed, too; and, if a middle-aged man like myself is to keep up with two such heedless young persons (for you, Basil, are younger than any of us), I must save my breath. Besides, that grand ode should be taken as a whole.

Bas. How different is Milton's use, toward its end, of the heathen deities, to their conventional appearances in the poetry of the last century! To him they are real—evil spirits deluding mankind into paying them homage by their lying wonders, and driven reluctantly back to their dark abodes by the powerful beams of the Sun of Righteousness. How grandly he shows us the Delphic oracle put to silence by the advent of the Word!—

"The oracles are dumb;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arch'd roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breath'd spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

Geof. That is, indeed, an instance of well-applied classical knowledge. How often it is mis-

applied now! There is something truly majestic there in the march of Milton's words, contrasting beautifully, in their dignified sternness, with the tenderer and more pathetic lines which follow, and lament the beauty, linked to so many delusions, which perished with them for a while. Do you think the hillside we are scaling, and the small cascade which has just come into sight, heard anything on that day of sorrow of which Milton speaks, when—

"The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent;
 With flower-enwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn?"

Bas. The Naiad might well be sorry to leave that cool bath. Look how absolutely clear the water is! You can count every pebble. There is the industrious little waterfall above it, as hard at work as ever, enlarging the recess below for the fair tenant who will never come back to it. She seems, however, to have carried the flowers away with her in her long silky coils of hair. There are none to be seen now.

Geof. Come back six weeks hence and you will find turquoises set in gold waiting to adorn her—the forget-me-not and the marsh-marigold, and, very likely, on this swampy slope down to the stream, a fair carpet for her feet of globe-flowers, mingling their paler yellow with the rich lilac of the mealy primrose. Before them, that hackberry-bush will have thrown out its graceful white pendants, and the mountain-ash, which dips its branches in the foam of the fall, will have promised us stores of red coral in autumn by pretty bunches of white blossom. Then, too, the green bracken will be waving its graceful fronds over those cold gray rocks, and this fellside grass, now brown as winter, will refresh the eye with green.

Bas. And what a vivid green it is! That pious priest, whom I heard preaching on the Creation in Milan Cathedral when I was last in Italy, and who dilated so much on God's goodness in making the earth, not black to sadden, or red to affright, but green to delight the eye, would burst into double raptures of thankfulness if he could visit our lakes in summer.

Hen. (returning from an excursion to a rock under the fall). I have been thinking what a pity it is that Milton was not a royalist. What an ode he might have written on the death of Charles I!

Geof. Perhaps. But the greatest occasions

do not always draw forth the best poetry. As it is, the best lines which celebrate the king's fate were written by a political foe. It is Andrew Marvell who says of Charles :

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try,

"Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

Bas. Cowley speaks in a higher strain, though, of the monarch—

"... to whom alone was given
The double royalty of earth and heaven,
Who crowned the kingly with the martyr's crown."

Hen. Speaking of a poet's generosity to a fallen foe, do you think much of the often-quoted example of Horace's civility to poor Cleopatra? A beautiful woman, and one who died in so tragic a manner, might well be forgiven, after death had made her harmless.

Bas. You mean the three stanzas in the "Triumphal Ode." Can you say them to us, Geoffrey, in Martin's version, which I remember thinking such a particularly good one?

Geof. Do they not run thus?—

"For hers no spirit was to perish meanly;
A woman, yet not womanishly weak,
She ran her galley to no sheltering creek,
Nor quailed before the storm, but met it queenly.

"So to her lonely palace-halls she came,
With eye serene their desolation viewed;
Then with firm hand the angry aspicks wooed
To dart its deadliest venom through her frame.

"So with a prideful smile she sank; for she
Had robbed Rome's galleys of their richest prize:
Queen to the last—and in no humbled guise
To swell the triumph's haughty pageantry."

Bas. That is pretty well, considering that the wily Egyptian lady had outwitted Horace's master, Augustus, and deprived him and the expectant Roman crowd of a pleasant holiday-sight.

Hen. But that is not the whole of the ode. Earlier on, Horace speaks very ill of Cleopatra indeed.

Bas. He could not speak worse of her than she deserved.—I declare that Martin has improved on Horace in that third stanza; that "prideful smile" of his is very good, and so is his "queen to the last."

Hen. Has he been equally successful with Catullus?

Bas. I am ashamed to say that I have not

read his version. I should like, though, some day, to see what he has made of that melancholy Epithalamium of his, and that pretty, but most discouraging comparison of the rose, so prized in the bud, so despised when she has done setting her petals wide open.

Geof. Heathen poets might well write sadly about marriage. They did not know what we Christians know about it. Now, contrast Catullus with a *really* Christian poet—Spenser, for example.

Hen. Spenser unites a good many happy couples in the course of that long but most delightful "Faerie Queen" of his.

Bas. I am glad you delight in it, my dear boy! (A man to all others, you will let *me* call you so a little longer, I know.) It is good, as well as pleasant, to dwell among his types of Christian knighthood. But Geoffrey was thinking of Spenser's great bridal-ode, made for his own wedding—an ode which has always seemed to me a very great achievement, because its rapturous joy, sustained at highest pitch throughout, without one under-note of sorrow, never palls on the ear.

Hen. Yes, that is wonderful. It is so much easier, in song as in real life, to "weep with those that weep" than to "rejoice with those who rejoice."

Geof. Poor Spenser! What sorrows followed that joyful song of his! But, at any rate, he was happy when he wrote it, and that is something. He was happy listening to the birds on his wedding-morning:

"Hark how the cheerful birds do chaunt their Layes,

And carol of Love's praise
The merry lark her matins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this Day's merriment.

Ah! my dear Love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous mate,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song

The dewy leaves among?

For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring."

He was happy when he called on the hours to dress his lady for the bridal, and bade the graces

"Help to adorn my beautifullest bride."

That superlative, which would have shocked Lindley Murray, gives one a notion of the exuberance of his delight, which the minstrels and the shouting crowd can hardly proclaim loudly enough for him. And when the bride comes

forth ready-decked from her chamber—like the moon, as he tells us, in her gentle dignity—with what rapture he surveys her!—

"Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best,
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some Angel she had been:
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearly flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen."

And with what *naïf* pride he calls on the "merchants' daughters" to say if they had ever seen "so fair a creature in their town before"!

Bas. He gives them a very minute catalogue of her charms, if I remember right.

Geof. Yes; but he quickly goes on to say:

"But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight.

There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honor, and mild modesty;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone.

Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer and your echo ring."

Then comes the happiest moment of all. The poet cries—

"Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in!"

and sees her come in "before th' Almighty's view," passing the garlanded pillars "with trembling steps and humble reverence," while the organ sounds and the choristers sing, and all is bliss untold:

"Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain."

The angels themselves forget their office for a moment to gaze on this noble work of God, this new Eve. But her sweet eyes remain "fastened on the ground" as her lover cries:

"Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?

Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer and your echo ring!"

Bas. Thank you, Geoffrey. How fresh, how genuine it all is! What memories it stirs in an old man's mind! We who have loved and lost can still hear it with pleasure as we recollect the hopes, yet to be fulfilled, which the priest's spousal benediction held for us. You who, as far as I know, have never loved, and who have certainly never lost. . . .

Geof. (aside). How can he know that?

Bas. Will, I hope, make haste to woo and win a bride like Spenser's.

Geof. Can I find one among the "girls of the period"?

Hen. Then you never knew one in whom this enchanting ideal was realized?

Geof. Once, it may be, long, long ago; and if so, short-lived:

"Ostendent terris *hanc* tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent."

Bas. Does not part of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" treat of marriage? Not being a good German scholar, I know it best by Retzsch's illustrations.

Geof. Oh, yes. His bells ring merrily on the day which is to change his romantic young pair of lovers into the sober plodding housefather and housewife, and he sighs as he reflects that

" . . . life's fairest day
Ends, alas! our life's sweet May."

Hen. What a beautiful "Song" it is! How well the changeful verse reflects the changes and chances of human life which it celebrates! I think, Geoffrey, you have translated it. I should like to hear your version of the funeral bell.

Geof. That is one of the more hopeful parts of the undertaking. The rapid movements of the fire-bell and one other passage of the "Lied" are very hard to reproduce in English. But I have not satisfied myself even with the slow, measured paces of the lines you ask for. Here they are, however, as bad and as good as other people's, I suppose:

"To holy earth's dark bosom bringing,
We trust the work our hands have made;
The sower there his seed has laid,
And hopes 'twill bless his sight, upspringing
Abundant as the Lord shall aid.
But seeds, more precious far, entombing,
We hide with tears on earth's dark breast,
And hope, for fairer morrow blooming,
To see them break their coffin'd rest.

From the church-tower
Sounds the bell,

Sad and slow,
Its funeral knell,
Solemnly its mournful tolls attending
One whose wanderings now on earth have ending."

Hen. Oh, I like that version very much!—What a lyric genius Schiller had! You do not rate him very highly as a dramatist, I suppose?

Geof. The portions of his dramas most deeply impressed on my memory are certainly the lyric portions.—Speaking of foreign odes reminds me that there is a question I want to put to our great Italian scholar. Which is the finest Italian Canzone?

Bas. Do you know Leopardi? Some of his odes I admire greatly; they have an antique severity of style. Dante's (to begin earlier) are hard to understand, and mystic. I fear I have not devoted enough time and attention to them to pronounce fitly on their merits. But Petrarch's are to me enchanting, and I wonder that they are so often overlooked in his wilderness of sonnets. There is a fine one of his to Glory. One still finer is that in which he addresses Rienzi, and conjures him by the shades of the Scipios, by the yet dearer memory of the buried apostles, to restore liberty to Rome. He tells him that on him are fixed the hopes of those ancient walls which the world, as it remembers the great past, can not but survey with love and fear—of the monuments of those mighty dead whose fame will last as long as the world itself, and who cry from the under-world, with hopes fired by his exaltation, "Our Rome shall yet be beautiful once more."—Some of the love-odes are worthy of high praise also. More than any of those addressed to the living Laura, I admire the Canzone in which her happy spirit appears, holding palm and laurel branches to console her mourning lover.

Geof. Ah! I remember that Canzone well. I have long delighted in it.

Bas. But, perhaps, most beautiful of all is that ode, the sentiments of which we, who hold with Nicæa as against Trent, are bound to disapprove. I mean Petrarch's last Canzone, addressed to the blessed Virgin. It is one of the richest, sweetest, most pathetic, and most musical of poems. No doubt, it owes something to the magnificent invocation of her in the "Paradiso," which our own Chaucer copied, but the harmony and the pathos are Petrarch's own. I would repeat some of it to you, but Henry, who has outstripped me in German, has not yet, I think, learned Italian.

Hen. Translate it for me in some leisure moment.

Bas. I make no rash promises, young man.—And now, for a while, a truce to this talk of

harmonies addressed to the ear. Let us gaze on the grand harmonies addressed by the Everlasting Artist to the eye. We have rounded the topmost crag, and the tarn lies before us.

Geof. (after a pause). Little gem! or large, I should say, to be all made of one pure unbroken sapphire, as she looks to-day; there she sleeps, calm and peaceful, forgetting the winter's cold, and the ice that bound her hard and fast a while ago.

Hen. There is a snow-drift to remind her of the past, high up under that projecting rock.

Bas. And hers is a grave beauty, even to-day, when all things are smiling. Her blue can never wear the bright celestial hue of the larger lake below, which she helps to feed. Her grim mountain guardians forbid that, for they always overshadow her, and cast the reflection of their dark-purple rocks across her clear waters.

Hen. I thought the uproarious merriment of her stream lower down told of severe restraint in earlier days. That brawling cascade below was very like a youth who had too suddenly become his own master.

Geof. I note with approval your sudden change of gender. You were too courteous to imagine such a thing as a young damsel breaking loose into strange escapades, on her emancipation from the rigid rule of a stern governess.

Bas. Sit down a moment here, where the sun makes the bank warm. Look at those rocks in their still majesty, cutting sharp into the deep-blue sky. We do not often see them so.

Geof. No. The whole thing is out of character, and has deranged my stock of epithets. You northerners are popularly supposed to dwell amid ceaseless mists and rain.

Bas. We can do pretty well in that line, it must be owned, upon occasion. In the later summer, the season in which Cockney tourists do chiefly abound among us, it is pitiful to see how the mountain nymphs squirt at them, bedrench, bedraggle, and in all ways torment them. But this is our dry season, and, when it happens, as now, to be a hot season also for a week or ten days, you see how charming these self-same fickle mountain nymphs can be!

Geof. I am not sure that I am quite charmed with them. In the first place, they have reflected sunbeams upon me during my toil with a more than midsummer heat.

Hen. Who was it who exclaimed, "Sun, how I hate thy beams!"

Geof. I retract; I love them, especially now that we have finished climbing the hill. Then, secondly, which is more serious, they have disordered my ideas of your scenery. I meant to call it Ossianic, vague, vaporous, misty, full of tremulous lights vanishing into glooms, and, lo

and behold! everything is as clear and defined as though I were in Italy—more so, probably, at this early season.

Bas. I thought you knew us well enough to know that we are "everything by turns and nothing long." Be reassured; before the week is out you may be comforted by some hail-showers. Virgil says of his hapless queen, wearied of life—

"Tædet cœli convexa tueri";

but we have never many days given us in which to weary of the blue vault. Wherefore, to gaze up into it as I am doing now, is to me unspeakably pleasant. Does it not seem clearer, purer, deeper, than it looked from below? and does it not roof over these high rocks, and mirror itself in this azure pavement, till it makes this solitary tarn into an exquisitely adorned chapel of that great cathedral of nature which is all around us? . . . You were right not to answer, for, even as I spoke, the anthem began, and with what a delightful solo voice! I can just descry the singer.

Hen. Let us apostrophize him with Shelley:

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest;
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed."

Geof. Ah! that "Skylark" of Shelley's is something like an ode. The man sings in emulation of the bird, ascending from one beautiful fancy to another, till at last (again like the lark) he drops suddenly out of the cloudless blue, and comes down to earth again, with the altered note:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

Bas. Shelley is no great favorite of mine. He generally seems to me, reversing a wise maxim, to "take care of the sounds, and let the sense take care of itself."

Geof. Oh, but the "Skylark" is very good sense; besides possessing a liquid sweetness truly delightful to the ear.

Hen. There is not only sense, but very accurate meteorology, in "The Cloud."

Bas. I will except these two; and, if you press me hard, perhaps half a dozen more. But at his best, Shelley aims at gratifying the ear more than the mind. He does not, like Wordsworth, enrich it with noble thoughts to be to it an everlasting gain. Look now at Wordsworth's Ode (the finest our century has produced) on the "Intimations of Immortality." Its theory of the soul's preëxistence may be a mistake, but it is an elevating belief, even should it be ill-grounded; and it rests, at all events, on a truth of first-rate importance to man—his spirit's divine origin and noble destiny. Wordsworth's memories of his own childhood, when earth was unfamiliar and heaven seemed very near, confirmed him in this faith. He thankfully remembered

" . . . those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!"

which bore witness to him that all in him was not of the earth, earthy; and looked back with reverent regret to the

" . . . time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Standing on a spiritual elevation a little higher than our present physical one (you know you can see the sea from that hill above us, Geoffrey), he felt that

" . . . in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Such thoughts as these elevate as well as please the mind. Nature is different to Wordsworth's eye than to Shelley's; because there is to him, behind her appearances, a nobler life of which she is the exponent. Accordingly, his moon *lives*, while Shelley's only shines; and yet, while possessing more than the other, he laments a loss. You remember:

"It is not now as it has been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;

The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the
 earth."

Or again, that magnificent stanza—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth who daily farthest from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."

Geof. It is a grand idea, as you say. Plato, from whom Wordsworth learned it, was indeed a poet. And how suitable the imagery which clothes it, all taken in the stanza you have last quoted from the highest and purest things man can see—the light of heaven, the morning star, the clouds which mantle round the rising or setting sun!—By-the-way, have you seen Mr. Myers's little book on Wordsworth? I think it is as creditable a piece of criticism as I have read for long.

Bas. I will read it on your recommendation.

Hen. I have been thinking of Geoffrey's first words about odes; and it strikes me that, from Horace downward, they show a tendency to address themselves to a more and more limited audience. First, they are a nation's expression of reverence for the gods, sung by a trained chorus, and, in due time, expanded into the tragedy of Hellas; then they celebrate victories at games which reunite a whole widely scattered race; then afterward they come down to the service of kings and courts; then, at last, they become the expression of an individual's feelings in solitude. You can not, for example, imagine Wordsworth chanting the ode you have been very properly admiring to any large assemblage of people; though you may think you see him declaim it on a hillside, like our friend here, to one or two chosen listeners. Its subject is personal and philosophical.

Bas. You know that he composed odes on a subject which interested all England—the peace which Waterloo won for us. They were full of patriotism and piety; but somehow the divine afflatus was wanting to them, and I could not repeat you a line of either of them.

Geof. Modern poets do not seem to have their feelings so well at command as the ancients. Sometimes the unpicturesque adjuncts of a great event deter them; which same event, when it has passed into history, and gathered round it the softening haze supplied by distance, will have its fame sounded forth by the singers of another generation. Sometimes a smaller occurrence rouses into a blaze that poetic fervor which, in the presence of a greater one, unaccountably smolders into ashes, or else is blown clean out. Sir John Moore's death at Corunna is celebrated in lines—humble, if you will, compared with the majesty of the Ode, but which, I think, will always be remembered. Nelson's at Trafalgar waits yet for a fitting poetic commemoration. In spite of all the efforts of the Scotts and the Southey's, our great duke received no tribute of verse, whether ode or otherwise, which will go down to posterity, till Tennyson (in the nursery when Waterloo was fought) bade his grateful country

"In the vast cathedral leave him:
 God accept him, Christ receive him."

Bas. I rather doubt that ode's surviving to any remote generation.

Hen. But you have forgotten the fine stanzas on Waterloo in "Childe Harold."

Geof. Wellington is not named in them. It might have been a crushing defeat for anything Byron says about it, or about him. "Brunswick's fated chieftain" is the only warrior he condescends to commemorate. Then, even Napoleon, whose career was so peculiarly fascinating to the imagination—

"Who threw for empire, and his stakes were thrones
 His tables earth, his dice were human bones"—

whose successes and reverses were alike on such a gigantic scale, inspired no very fine ode. Byron's is scarcely generous to a fallen foe, although it is just. France, enlightened by writers like Lanfrey and Madame de Rémusat, will not now dissent from the judgment—

"With might unquestioned—power to save—
 Thine only gift hath been the grave
 To those that worshiped thee;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness."

But pity should not be scornful, as Byron's is when he speaks of—

"The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake-voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled! Dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

"The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbitrer of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!"

Bas. Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio" is a much finer ode than Byron's. But both the English and the Italian poet must have felt that, great as were the talents of Napoleon, his character was a little one, and that the nation which he deceived so long was worthier of pity than he.

Geof. Coleridge had a grander subject in his "France"—that fine wail over the fall of a nation which had seemed the chosen standard-bearer of the human race; for, after all, France betrayed herself before Napoleon betrayed her. It is remarkable, too, as a prediction; for, assuredly, it is not merely with a master's hand, but with "a prophet's fire," that he "strikes the deep sorrows of his lyre," when he sings, at the opening of 1797, in his indignation at the French conquest of Switzerland, how the men who have dared—

"To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn . . ."

are themselves destined by a just retribution to—

" . . . wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain."

No doubt, his hopes of France had been unreasonable, but his entertaining them was a generous error, and their disappointment was most cruel.

Bas. He owns, though, if you remember, that, almost from the first, with those hopes grave fears were blended. How finely he expresses them both!—

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud
scream

With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light;
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and
trembled,

The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and
bright;

When France, her front deep-scarred and gory,
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;

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When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp,
While, timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal
stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore—
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee."

Geof. Is not that a fine image of the stormy sunrise? And is not that picture of Gallia victrix majestic?

Hen. What a shame, though, to call the loyalty of La Vendée "domestic treason"!

Bas. Shall I say you the opening of the ode? It contains the secret of the poet's disappointment. He had studied freedom, not amid men, but among the clouds and waves. Now, their liberty is a freedom to obey their Maker's laws; that which man seeks is too often the liberty to break them, on which abuse of freedom punishment surely follows. But it is an invocation, beautiful as are the words of the Greek heroine, who, like Coleridge, in all her protests against human tyranny, remained faithful to the "eternal laws":

"Ye clouds that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean-waves that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods that listen to the night-birds' singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,
Have made a solemn music to the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through gloom which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly
By each rude shape, and wild, unconquerable
sound!

O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun, thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!—
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty."

Hen. Thank you, oh, so much! That is beautiful! Now, is it Coleridge's grief, do you think, at having misunderstood these sublime teachings of Nature, which breathes in his later "Ode to Dejection"? where he speaks of himself as gazing with a blank eye on—

" . . . those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair;
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are";

and exclaims mournfully—

"... we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth."

I want to know whether that beautifully expressed thought is a just one? or is it merely the fancy of a depressed imagination?

Geof. Coleridge seems here to state one side of the truth; but, as Berkeley does, over-strongly. The mind that perceives, receives those impressions from the object perceived, and those only, which it is at that time capable of receiving. Nature, therefore, speaks of freedom to the aspiring spirit, while to the willing slave her voice is dumb; and moves man's heart most powerfully when she coincides with his joy and sorrow; when she shines on the bridal, and drops tears over our dead. Those poets who, like Tennyson, for example, delight to exhibit her in such harmony with our moods, are said to use the "pathetic fallacy"; for, as we all know, Nature can sing when we sorrow, and mourn when our hearts feel glad.

Bas. I should be inclined, with Wordsworth, and Coleridge himself when fittest to pronounce, to say that we receive far more than we give. Whose moods of sadness have not been charmed away by Nature's joy—nay, even when it is a joy that we can not share? When, for instance, the carols of the birds, and the bright sunshine outside, only make the darkness and silence of the death-chamber the more awful, do they not bear witness to us of the presence of one greater than ourselves, who leads through night into day? It is in proportion as we learn to discern him that the "celestial light," of which even Wordsworth had to mourn the fading away with youth, comes back to clothe his works; even as the lost star came back to the gaze of the Eastern sages, when they left Jerusalem for Bethlehem.

There is a third ode by Coleridge which you have neither of you mentioned—that to "The Departing Year." Do not you, Geoffrey, perceive in it much of that lyrical exaltation, that force and fury, which you set out by bespeaking as chief characteristics of the odes?

Geof. Yes; but it is unequal in its parts—not such a sustained exhibition of power as "France."

Hen. My complaint of it would be like the Scotchman's of the instructive reading which he found in Johnson's Dictionary, that it is "rather disconnected." I could not have found my way through it without the help of its preface.

Bas. Does not that make it the more Pindaric?—But, to speak seriously, you are both right; still it has some fine passages—the earth-spirit's accusation of England, the wicked empress "stunned by death's twice mortal mace," and the poet's own state after seeing the dread vision.

Geof. How sad was the premature old age which so early closed all that brilliant promise, and allowed Coleridge but a fitful use of what he calls his birth-gift, his "shaping spirit of imagination"! "Kublai Khan" remains a fragment; "Christabel" is "left half told," to be completed, in a spirit of cheerful ignorance, *proh pudor!* by Martin Tupper; and Trafalgar and Waterloo were not sung by perhaps the greatest poetic genius then in England.

Hen. I should like to know—when so much might have been done which was not done by that brilliant constellation of poets then the honor of our country—which you two consider to be the best ode which our great war with Napoleon succeeded in inspiring any one of them with.

Bas. I do not know whether Geoffrey will agree with me; but I should say the "Battle of the Baltic." Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and "Mariners of England"—each first rate of its sort—are rather on a lower line, and scarcely rise to the dignity of the ode; but, in my judgment, his "Battle of the Baltic," though not pretending to the varied harmonies which odes modeled after the great antique patterns afford us, has a majesty of its own which entitles it to the rank of an ode. Its stanzas are, indeed, of unequal merit; but they all, except the last, avoid false ornament, and, dealing sparingly in metaphor, forcibly present to us the poetic aspects of a sea-fight—its power to wrap the heavens in darkness—its thunders outbellowing the artillery of the skies—its lightnings more harmful than those of the clouds—and in language awful from its very simplicity. As is, or rather was, Turner's picture of the fighting *Téméraire* in painting, such is this ode in poetry—an irresistible appeal to those strong fighting instincts which every man is born with; which we, like our Viking ancestors, behold in the sea the most fitting field for; and which, properly directed, are an inestimable possession. The sorrow, the indescribable pathos, of Turner's picture arises from the fact that the gallant ship is to fight no more. Campbell's poem makes us rejoice over our "hearts of oak" as if they were living things, and could themselves enjoy their triumph. Everything now around us (except the month of the year, which happens to be the same) is as different from the scene of which Campbell writes as possible. Our downward path has once more brought the lake into view sleeping peacefully below us, its farther

shore illumined by the sun, now low in the sky. The tinkle of a sheep-bell is the loudest sound we hear, as it plays an accompaniment to the murmur of the brook. But as I say the words—

"It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time"—

I seem to see the Northern billows, and the ships confronting each other in line of battle, and the descendants of the old sea-adventurers met once more, forgetful of their common descent, for mortal combat. How does it go on?—

"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when
each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

"Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom."

Then comes the surrender, and how

"Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away."

And then how well the ode concludes with a lament over the gallant men who died in the hour of victory, and whose resting-place recalls the memory of that best-beloved of Danes to an Englishman, Hamlet!—

"Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!"

Hen. Will you not say us the last stanza?

Bas. I think it better omitted. I am not very fond of its "condoling mermaid."

Geof. How pleasantly the English respect for a brave adversary comes out in that poem! The Danes cheer as we do, heartily and undauntedly, only with weaker sound as their numbers diminish.

Hen. (to Basil). You were right; one does seem to see it all—the preternatural darkness only lighted by the burning ships, and the sad sights on which the sun slowly looks forth once more.—Now will you kindly explain to me why you, a learned and peaceful person, can take pleasure in visions of carnage like those you have been calling up before us? and why Geoffrey, a man of letters, and I, who am not even member of a rifle-corps, both alike partook of what, I fear, I must call the unhallowed excitement?

Geof. Let me at least show that there is nothing strange or unwonted in the phenomenon, by the example of one whom I have only lately learned to love—the late Laureate's brother, Charles Tennyson Turner.

Bas. Ah! I am anxious to read his sonnets.

Hen. Remembering a certain conversation last summer, I can not but think you will consider them as highly irregular, in fact, unfit to be called *sonnets* at all, and I am surprised at Geoffrey's admiring them, for, if I remember right, he contended the more strenuously of the two for correctness of form.

Bas. Are they more un-Petrarchan than Shakespeare's?

Geof. No; and they justify themselves often, which is the main point, by their own beauty. His first little volume was, if I am any judge, by far the best, though nearly all his sonnets are worth reading; and one of those early sonnets, written while at college, by one of the gentlest and most amiable of men, may supply some answer to Henry's question. It is called "Martial Ardor in Age." That I can repeat it to you will show how much it has impressed me. It runs thus:

"Oh! if ye marvel that mine eye doth glow,
Now every pulse of fervid youth is lost,
Ye never heard the kingly trumpets blow,
Nor felt the fieldward stirring of a host;
Nor how the bayonet assures the hand
That it can never fail, while Death doth stand,
Amid the thunders of the reckless drum
And the loud scorn of fifes, ashamed and dumb!
Nor, when the noble revel dies away,
How proud they lie upon the stained mold.
A presence too majestic to gainsay,
Of lordly martial bearing mute and cold,
Which Honor knows o' th' instant! such as lay
On Morat late, or Marathon of old!"

Hen. It seems odd to speak of the battle of Morat as a recent occurrence. It was fought in

the fifteenth century, was it not? Is there no newer battle that could take its place?

Geof. The alliteration must be preserved, and the fight must be one fought for a country's liberty and independence; so that limits the choice. I should be inclined for some alteration like—

"On Morat's sod, or Marathon's of old!"

Hen. Then, too, does not the first line need explaining? We are not told what the eye glows at. Should not "at war" be added in the second line, omitting "fervid"?

Geof. Possibly; the following lines, however, abundantly suggest it.

Bas. I am rather ashamed of you both with your minute criticisms. Have you not a word of admiration for that fine, poetic representation of the undoubted fact that even the constitutionally timid cease to fear when once engaged in a hand-to-hand combat? The hand assured by the bayonet, Death's ashamed silence amid the martial music, Honor owning the bravely fallen, are all splendid. What soldier, seasoned in a hundred fights, could describe the enthusiasm of conflict more justly than this quiet student has done?—But to answer your question, Henry. It is not the bloodshed and slaughter, but the endurance, the courage, the power to overcome, which delight the mind in warlike poetry. Most of all, it

is the evidence of an assured belief in man's immortality, supplied by the fact that wise and good men in all ages have thought that there were causes in defense of which man's earthly life should be cheerfully laid down, that refreshes and uplifts the spirit. You, in the calling that awaits you, we, in those that we are pursuing, have each of us to fight, though our enemies may not be so easy to see, or so quickly to be overcome, as those our brother-soldier goes to meet. You remember the words of that generous prince, Fortinbras, over the dead Hamlet, decreeing him those military honors which he never had the opportunity to earn:

"... Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally; and, for his passage,
The soldier's music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him."

May you two be able to have some such thoughts as those about your old friend, when the bells, which will soon be summoning us from that gray church-tower in the dale to the Easter-Tuesday evening service, toll slowly in his honor, and he is carried, off his last battle-field, to take a long rest in its shelter!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

DEATH is the gate of criticism: the grave is, by a strange law of natural compensation, essentially memorial. Once let it close over an eminent person, and the justice of perspective is restored: we remember much that we have forgotten; we forget much that we have remembered. More especially is this the case on the decease of an author whose life implies eloquence before a prejudiced or preoccupied audience. His words seem to return in a sequence, connecting and characterizing his work, and the man revives in the manner. Above all, however, do these remarks concern Lord Beaconsfield. His individuality was so emphatic that impartial criticism has been hitherto impossible. On the one hand, there have been those who could not believe that a brilliant statesman might also be a great author, just as many argue from a woman's beauty against her ability; on the other, those who believed that rare literary promise had been blighted by rarer political success.

To estimate Lord Beaconsfield's position in the empire of letters is a task far beyond our present space. We might have chosen the mar-

velous consistency of his sentiments, or the remarkable method of their development in his romances, or the invention by him (for such it is) of the political novel as our theme. But all these are not his most peculiar features, nor will they perpetuate him most. His wit and his humor are his style, and he himself has declared that it is on style that fiction most depends.

We ought first, however, to distinguish aright between wit and humor, for these terms indicate qualities and results by no means identical, and seldom coexistent. We remember to have heard an acute thinker sum up the difference between them by terming wit a point, and humor a straight line; but this epigram is inadequate. Wit is no *résumé* of humor; the two qualities differ in kind. Wit is a department of style; it is the faculty of combining dissimilars, abstract and concrete alike, by the language of illustration, suggestion, and surprise. Like misery, it "yokes strange bedfellows," but with the link of words alone. It is best when intellectually true, but its requisite is *fancy*.

Humor, on the other hand, is an exercise, by

whatever means, of perception; it is the faculty of discerning the incongruities of the concrete alone, particularly of human nature; it "looks on this picture and on that"; it is most excellent when ethically sound, but its essence is *analysis*!

Wit works by comparison, humor by contrast. The sphere of wit is narrower than that of humor; the subject-matter of humor more limited than that of wit. We laugh at humor, at wit we smile. Talent is capable of the former; the perfection of the latter is reserved for genius. Wit is, as it were, Yorick, with cap and bells; but humor unmasks him with a moral. To define wit and humor one ought to be both humorous and witty, but we may epitomize by saying that wit is mirth turned philosopher—humor, philosophy at play.

If this account be correct, it is clear that humor is at once the more real and the more dramatic agency of the two. Yet wit has been infinitely the least frequent, particularly among the Western races. They, like their Gothic architecture, delight in rough, grotesque, exuberant animalities; but, if we except the Celtic race, it is to the East that we must turn for proverb and simile. The "Haggadah" contains more absolute wit than even Aristophanes, the prince of humorists, sprung too as he was from an Asian civilization. The wisdom of the Koran is wittily formulated. Holy Writ itself contains many examples of wit, though none of humor; while the Moorish and Jewish schools of mediæval Spain furnish wit as subtle and supple as the flashing and fantastic arabesques of their Alhambra. If, we repeat, the Celts, who are both humorous and witty, be excepted, wit is of the Eastern, humor of the Western temperament, while the conjunction of both, the existence of what might be called *Westorientalism* is extremely uncommon.

Almost the sole examples of wit pure and simple in post-Shakespearean times have been Voltaire, Molière, Rochefoucauld, Sheridan, and Heine: four were Celts, and the last a Hebrew, and in their company is to be enrolled Lord Beaconsfield. But Molière, Sheridan, and Heine were also humorists, and humorists again typically different. The humor of Molière and of Sheridan is, like that of Dickens or of Hogarth, direct and mainly didactic, pointing to the follies and foibles of mankind, the first chiefly by situation, the latter chiefly by speech; the humor of Heine, like that of Sterne, and often of Thackeray, indirect and inclined to the sentimental, insinuating with all the machinery of playful surprise the inconsistencies that enlist feeling or awaken thought. The former is the broadsword of Cœur de Lion, the latter the cimeter of Sala-

din. It is of this latter species that Lord Beaconsfield's finest humor must be reckoned.

Let us begin with an instance from "Tancred." He is describing the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles:

"Picture to yourself the child of Israel in the dingy suburb or the stolid quarter of some bleak northern town, where there is never a sun that can at any rate ripen grapes; yet he must celebrate the vintage of purple Palestine. . . . He rises in the morning; goes early to some Whitechapel market, purchases some willow-boughs for which he has previously given a commission, and which are brought probably from one of the neighboring rivers of Essex, hastens home, cleans out the yard of his miserable tenements, builds his bower, decks it even profusely with the finest flowers and fruit he can procure, and hangs its roof with variegated lamps. After the service of his synagogue he sups late with his wife and children in the open air, as if he were in the present villages of Galilee beneath its sweet and starry sky. . . . Perhaps, as he is offering up the peculiar thanksgiving of the Feast of Tabernacles, praising Jehovah for the vintage which his children may no longer cull, but also for his promise that they may some day again enjoy it, and his wife and his children are joining in a pious 'Hosanna,' that is 'Save us,' a party of Anglo-Saxons, very respectable men, ten-pounders, a little elevated it may be, though certainly not in honor of the vintage, pass the house, and words like these are heard: 'I say, Buggins, what's that row?' 'Oh! it's those cursed Jews! we've a lot of them. It is one of their horrible feasts. The Lord Mayor ought to interfere. However, things are not so bad as they used to be. They used always to crucify little boys at their hullabaloo, but now they only eat sausages made of stinking pork.' 'To be sure,' replies his companion, 'we all make progress.'"

We are at once reminded by this blended pathos and humor of the sudden transition at the close of Heine's "Moses Lump." Yet another example from the same Palestinian portion of the same book:

"Mr. Bernard is always with the English bishop, who is delighted to have an addition to his congregation, which is not too much, consisting of his own family, the English and Prussian consuls, and five Jews whom they have converted at twenty pias-ters a week, but I know they are going to strike for wages. . . ."

And, once more, Barizy of the Tower, a Jew, one of the lifelike group of Jerusalem gossips, is made to say to Consul Pasqualizo:

"I don't think I can deal in crucifixes.' 'I tell you what, if you won't, your cousin Barizy of the Gate will. I know he has given a great order to Bethlehem.' 'The traitor,' exclaimed Barizy of the Tower. 'Well, if people will purchase crucifixes,

and nothing else, they must be supplied. Commerce civilizes man."

And, indeed, we shall find this same special vein of humor in his first novel alike and his last. Take this from "Vivian Grey." The speaker is M. Sievers, the German statesman:

"We have plenty of metaphysicians, if you mean them. Watch that lively-looking gentleman, who is stuffing Kalte Schale so voraciously in the corner. The leaven of the idealists, a pupil of the celebrated Fichte, . . . the first principle of this school is to reject all expressions which incline in the slightest degree to substantiality. Existence is, in his opinion, a word too absolute. Being, principle, and essence are terms scarcely sufficiently ethereal even to indicate the subtle shadowings of his opinions. Matter is his great enemy. My dear sir, observe how exquisitely Nature revenges herself on these capricious and fantastic children. . . . *Methinks that the best answer to the idealism of M. Fichte is to see his pupil devouring Kalte Schale.*"

And this from "Endymion":

"The chairman opened the proceedings, but was coldly received, though he spoke sensibly and at some length. He then introduced a gentleman who was absolutely an alderman to move a resolution condemnatory of the Corn Laws. The august position of the speaker atoned for his halting rhetoric, and a city, which had only just for the first time been invested with municipal privileges, was hushed before a man who might in time even become a mayor."

Of a like character is the remark of Lothair, after the opera servant's "Thank you, my lord" had attested the "overpowering honorarium":

"He knows me, thought Lothair; but it was not so. When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic, they always call you, my lord."

Or, again, Lord Monmouth's indignant advice to Coningsby:

"You go with your family, sir, like a gentleman. You are not to consider your opinions like a philosopher or a political adventurer."

Or Waldershare's account of England's ascendancy:

"I must say it was a grand idea of our kings making themselves sovereigns of the sea. The greater portion of this planet is water, so we at once become a first-rate power."

Or the Homeric simplicity of the Ansary tribe, who believe London to be surrounded by sea, and ask if the English live in ships, and are thus corrected by the would-be interpreter, Keferinis:

"The English live in ships only during six months of the year, principally when they go to India, the rest entirely at their country houses."

Similar, too, is the oblique sarcasm of Fak-redeen:

"We ought never to be surprised at anything that is done by the English, who are, after all, in a certain sense savages. . . . Everything they require is imported from other countries. . . . I have been assured at Beyroot that they do not grow even their own cotton, but that I can hardly believe. Even their religion is an exotic, and, as they are indebted for that to Syria, it is not surprising they should import their education from Greece."

And this light thrust at London architecture:

"Shall we find a refuge in a committee of taste, escape from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many? . . . But one suggestion might be made. No profession in England has done its best until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield. . . . Even our boasted navy never achieved a victory until we shot an admiral. Suppose an architect were hanged!"*

Or, finally, not to embarrass with riches, in the philosophy of Hot Plates, where the reason of cold dinners in Paris is ascribed to the inferiority of French pottery, and the author concludes, quite in the manner of Sterne:

"Now, if we only had that treaty of commerce with France, which has been so often on the point of completion, the fabrics of our unrivaled potteries in exchange for their capital wines would be found throughout France. The dinners of both nations would be improved; the English would gain a delightful beverage, and the French, for the first time in their lives, would dine off hot plates, an *unanswerable instance of the advantages of commercial reciprocity.*"

But it is not this note alone, though to our minds this note is best, that Lord Beaconsfield strikes in the scale of humor. He has rung almost all the changes it contains, from the broadest comedy to the finest irony. He has reveled in burlesque, and has yet developed characters whose humor is at once lifelike and astonishing.

Thackeray himself, in his Mirobolant love-making by the dishes he has cooked, has not surpassed the mock gravity of the *chef's* conference with which "Tancred" opens. The scene is laid in—

" . . . that part of the celebrated parish of St. George, which is bounded on one side by Piccadilly, and on the other by Curzon Street. . . . It is in this district that the cooks have ever sought an elegant abode. An air of stillness and serenity, of exhausted passion and suppressed emotion, rather than of sluggishness or dullness, distinguishes this quarter during the day."

* "Tancred."

It is in such august surroundings that "Papa Prevost," the veteran *chef*, advises young Leander, his favorite pupil ("the *chef* of the age"), on his choice of an aide-de-camp in the approaching campaign of Tancred's coming-of-age banquet:

"What you have learned from me came at least from a good school. It is something to have served under Napoleon," added Prevost, with the grand air of the imperial kitchen. "Had it not been for Waterloo, I should have had the cross, but the Bourbons and the cooks of the Empire never could understand each other. They brought over an emigrant *chef*, who did not comprehend the taste of the age. He wished to bring everything back to the time of the *ail de boeuf*; when Monsieur passed my soup of Austerlitz untasted, I knew the old family was doomed; but we gossip. . . . There is Andrieu . . . you had some hopes of him. He is too young. I took him to Hellingsley, and he lost his head on the third day. I intrusted the *soufflés* to him, and but for the most desperate personal exertions all would have been lost. *It was an affair of the Bridge of Arcola.*"

"Ah, mon Dieu, there are moments!" exclaimed Prevost.

Equally, too, of the Thackerayan flavor is the account of Freeman and Trueman, the flunkeys attendant on Tancred in Palestine, who call an Emir *The Hameer*. The former comments on a Syrian castle:

"There must have been a fine coming-of-age here," rejoined Trueman.

"As for that," replied Freeman, "comings-of-age depend in a manner upon meat and drink. They ain't in no way to be carried out with coffee and pipes; without oxen roasted whole and broached hogheads, they ain't in a manner legal."

And, again, while near the Lebanon:

"I know what you are thinking of, John," replied Mr. F., in a serious tone. "You are thinking if anything were to happen to either of us in this heathen land we should get Christian burial."

"Lord love you, Mr. Freeman, no I wasn't. I was thinking of a glass of ale."

"Ah!" sighed Freeman, "it softens the heart to think of such things away from home, as we are. Do you know, John, there are times when I feel very queer—there are, indeed. *I caught myself a-singing 'Sweet Home' one night among those savages in the wilderness. One wants consolation sometimes, one does, indeed, and, for my part, I do miss the family prayers and the home-brewed.*"

The Thackerayan irony is once more apparent in the picture of the sponging-house, where Ferdinand Armine finds himself immured:

"There were also indications of literary amusement in the room in the shape of a *Hebrew Bible* and the *Racing Calendar*";

and in the money-lender's advice for diminishing the loan required:

"Fifteen hundred pound," ejaculated Mr. Levi-son. "Well, I suppose we must make it seven hundred pound, somehow or other, and *you must take the rest in coals*!"*

in Mrs. Guy Flouncey, "sure of an ally directly the gentlemen appeared" (a Becky Sharp in miniature), as she cries in triumph after the aristocratic ball for which she has strenuously pined, "We have done it at last, my love."† And in the radical manufacturer's confession of political faith: "I don't like extremes. A wise minister should take the duty off cotton-wool."‡

But the broader humor, that of Fielding and Dickens, is also forcibly represented in Lord Beaconsfield's pages. Perhaps few of our readers remember the Squire, in "Venetia" (surely a country cousin of the little Judge, in "Pickwick"), when Morgana, the suspected gypsy, is brought up for trial before him:

"Trust me to deal with these fellows. . . . The hint of petty treason staggered him. . . . The court must be cleared. Constable, clear the court. *Let a stout man stand on each side of the prisoner to protect the bench. The magistracy of England will never shrink from doing their duty, but they must be protected.*"

Or, again, the music-hall in "Sybil" with its entertainments redolent of Vincent Crummles and Miss Snellicci:

"Some nights there was music on the stage. A young lady in a white robe with a golden harp, and attended by a gentleman in black mustachios. This was when the principal harpist of the King of Saxony and his first fiddle happened to be passing through Mowbray merely by accident on a tour of pleasure and instruction to witness the famous scenes of British industry. Otherwise the audience of the 'Cat and Fiddle'—we beg pardon, we mean the 'Temple of the Muses'—were fain to be content with four Bohemian Brothers, or an equal number of Swiss Sisters."

Or Mr. Fitzloom, the Manchester man in "Vivian Grey," who might have walked straight out of "Little Dorrit," if he had not lived so long before that wonderful work was written:

"That is Miss Fitzloom?" asked Lady Madeline.

"Not exactly, my lady," said Mr. Fitzloom, "not exactly Miss Fitzloom, Miss Aurelia Fitzloom, my third daughter. *'Our third eldest,'* as Mrs. Fitzloom sometimes says, *for really it is necessary to distinguish with such a family as ours, you know.*"

* "Henrietta Temple."

† "Tancred."

‡ "Coningsby."

§ "Endymion."

Or Lady Spirituelle, described like Mrs. Wititlerly herself as "*all soul*,"* or—

"Mr. Smith, the fashionable novelist, that is to say, a person who occasionally publishes three volumes, one half of which contains the adventures of a young gentleman in the country, and the other volume and a half the adventures of the same young gentleman in the metropolis."†

In the same strain too is Lord Cadurcis's prejudice against Pontius Pilate—

"From seeing him when I was a child on an old Dutch tile fireplace at Marringhurst, dressed like a burgomaster."‡

And the school in "Vivian Grey" kept

"by sixteen young ladies, all the daughters of clergymen, merely to attend to the morals and the linen; terms moderate, one hundred guineas per annum for all under six years of age, and a few extras only for fencing, pure milk, and the guitar."

And (to terminate this section of our illustrations) the celebrated Dartford election from "Coningsby," the rival of that at Eatanswill in "Pickwick." Its nomination day, "lounging without an object, and luncheon without an appetite," Magog Wrath and Bully Bluck with their rival war-cries, and above all Rigby's speech:

"He brought in his crack theme, the guillotine, and dilated so elaborately upon its qualities, that one of the gentlemen below could not refrain from exclaiming, 'I wish you may get it.' This exclamation gave Mr. Rigby what is called a great opening, which, like a practiced speaker, he immediately seized. He denounced the sentiment as un-English, and got very much cheered. Excited by this success, Rigby began to call everything else with which he did not agree un-English, until menacing murmurs began to arise, when he shifted the subject and rose into a grand peroration, in which he assured them that the eyes of the whole empire were on this particular election (cries of 'That's true' on all sides), and that England expected every man to do his duty. 'And who do you expect to do yours,' inquired a gentleman below, 'about that 'ere pension?'"

We must still, before we can consider our author's wit, treat, and of necessity briefly, his burlesque humor and his humorous development of character. The former is rifest, as is natural, in his earliest works, and overflowing with high spirits, though never of an impersonal nature. Their constant reference to politics and society allies them more nearly to "Gulliver's Travels" than to the "Rose and the Ring," though the whimsical Beckendorff and the episode in "Vivian Grey" of the Rhine wine dukes is an excep-

tion to this rule. Let us commence with the earliest:

"'I protest,' said the King of Thessaly, 'against this violation of the most sacred rights.'

"'The marriage-tie?' said Mercury.

"'The dinner-hour?' said Jove.

"'It is no use talking sentiment to Ixion,' said Venus, 'mortals are callous.'

"'Adventures are to the adventurous,' said Minerva."*

And the rubber between Teiresias and Proserpine in the "Infernal Marriage":

"'The trick and two by honors,' said Proserpine.

"'Pray, my dear Teiresias, you, who are such a fine player, how came you to trump my best card?'

"'Because I want the lead, and those who want to lead, please your majesty, must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends.'"

And the whole of "Popanilla," particularly the parable of the pineapples and the trial of the hero, who, arraigned on a charge of treason, discovers the indictment is for stealing camelopards, and is informed by the judge that originally Vraibleusia abounded with these splendid animals, to punish the destroyers of which his court was instituted:

"'Therefore,' his lordship added, 'in order to try you in this court for the modern offense of high-treason, you must first be introduced by fiction of law as a stealer of camelopards, and then, being in *presenti regio*, in a manner, we proceed to business by a special power for the absolute offense.' . . . The judge . . . summed up in the most impartial manner. He told the jury that, although the case was quite clear against the prisoner, they were bound to give him the advantage of every reasonable doubt."

It is this excessive buoyancy that, flouting graver themes, has often, and sometimes not unjustly, been stigmatized as flippant, but which, in a famous passage† from one of the diatribes against Peel, was to be wielded as a formidable political weapon.

In the delineation of humorous character, despite the fact that political or social aims contract their horizon, we claim for Lord Beaconsfield at least moments of mastery. He has created types instead of, like the conventional satirists, appropriating them. To borrow his own language, "His pleasure has been," to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions.‡ Because Sidonia is a paradox incarnate, we are not to forget that Lord Monmouth is a masterpiece, any more than the caricatures of Acres or

* "Popanilla."

† "Vivian Grey."

‡ "Venetia."

* "Ixion in Heaven."

† That about "Popkin's Plan."

‡ "Coningsby."

Mrs. Malaprop should prevent our appreciation of the two Surfaces. In the masculine gallery, Lord Monmouth, Taper, and Tadpole (creations in Sheridan's best manner, but too familiar to recapitulate here), Essper George* (the modern Sancho Panza to a master the exact reverse of Don Quixote), St. Aldegonde, Rigby, Fakredeem (the Louis Napoleon of Syrian intrigue), Lord Montfort, the cynic who "knew he was dying when he found himself disobeyed," are remarkable, as are Bertie Tremaine, who "always walked home with the member who had made the speech of the evening," and who welcomed at his table "every one except absolute assassins," and Mr. Putney Giles, who, "intelligent, acquainted with everything except theology and metaphysics, liked to oblige, a little to patronize, never made difficulties, and always overcame them," and Mr. Phœbus, the muscular aesthete: while Lady Belair (Lady Blessington†), who "hates people who are only rich," and in her old age "always has a gay season," Lady Montfort, the Scheherazade of Society, Zenobia, and Mrs. Guy Flouncey are attractively so in the feminine; though in his treatment of woman's character, Lord Beaconsfield chivalrously prefers the heroic to the humorous.

We have space to examine two only, and shall select them from what their author has styled the "dark sex."

Lord Monmouth is the Marquis of Steyne anatomized. He is the *mauvais idéal* of the old Tory peers who were the pillars of the "organized hypocrisy." "Never wanting in energy when his own interests were concerned," "disliking to hear of people who were dead," "looking on human nature with the callous eye of a jockey," "when he pleased, rather fascinating to young men," his superb selfishness and sordid sagacity are built up, block by block, like some Pharaoh of Egyptian antiquity:

"Lord Monmouth worshiped gold, though if necessary he could squander it like a caliph. He had even a respect for very rich men. It was his only weakness; the only exception to his general scorn for his species—wit, power, particular friendship, general popularity, public opinion, beauty, genius, virtue, all these are to be purchased; but it does not follow that you can buy a rich man. You may not be willing or able to spare enough. *A person or a thing that you could not buy became invested in the eyes of Lord Monmouth with a kind of halo, amounting almost to sanctity.*"

* "Vivian Grey." The description of the Toadies in the same work and the nomenclature in his earlier compositions show how strongly Sheridan influenced the young D'Israeli.

† "Henrietta Temple."

His heartlessly diplomatic removal of Lady Monmouth through Rigby, his one sally of indignation provoked by his nephew's enthusiasm, "By—some woman has got hold of him and made him a Whig," and his verdict on the Reform Bill, "D—the Reform Bill! If the Duke had not quarreled with Lord Grey, on a coal committee, we should never have had the Reform Bill," complete a portrait worthy of Juvenal. It is a grim figure, but we must not deny it almost its sole virtue, and that posthumous—the bequest to his creature Rigby:

"Lord Monmouth left to the Right Honorable Nicholas Rigby the bust of that gentleman which he had himself presented to his lordship, and which at his desire had been placed in the vestibule at Coningsby Castle, *from the amiable motive that, after Lord Monmouth's decease, Mr. Rigby might wish perhaps to present it to some other friend.*"

It is a relief to turn to Lord St. Aldegonde, the embodiment of the radical nobleman. Two quotations shall suffice for the outlines of this delightful "free churchman," fresh in the recollection of all readers of "Lothair":

"... A republican of the reddest dye, he was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favor of the equal division of all property except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the land-owners the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic with energy, amazed at any one differing from him. 'As if a fellow could have too much land,' he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction. . . .

"The meal was over. The bishop was standing near the mantel-piece talking to the ladies who were clustered round him. The archdeacon, and the chaplain, and some other clergy, a little in the background. Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, then assumed his usual position and listened as it were grimly for a few moments to their talk. Then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice with the groan of a rebellious Titan, 'How I hate Sunday!' 'Granville!' exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder. 'I mean in a country-house,' said Lord St. Aldegonde. 'Of course I mean in a country-house. I do not dislike it alone, and I do not dislike it in London, but Sunday in a country-house is infernal.'

We have dilated at some length on the various aspects of Lord Beaconsfield's humor, for it is to our minds far the most important feature of his writings, but after all it is for his daring and dazzling wit that he will universally be remembered. It is, as we have said, a rare quality, and it is also a gift that lives. Wit has wings. A

happy phrase becomes a proverb, and the wittier half of a work, like the favorite melodies of a composition, survives the whole. The more will this be likely when the *γνώμη* is to repeat ourselves intellectually true, when fancy jumps with fact. This is, we imagine, the secret of Lord Beaconsfield's wit. It may seem paradoxical to assert of his most popular paradoxes that they are just, but we do so. He, like his Sidonia, "said many things that were strange, yet they instantly appeared to be true." Be this as it may, wit is certainly the most plentiful element of his later novels. They are confessedly novels of conversation.

"In life surely," he observes in "Vivian Grey," "man is not always as monstrously busy as he appears to be in novels and romances; we are not always in action, not always making speeches, or making money, or making war, or making love. Occasionally we talk about the weather, sometimes about ourselves, oftener about our friends, and as often about our enemies."

This conversational treatment is an element of his originality. Gradually, as his political and social career became more definite and progressive, the humor in his novels recedes and the wit abounds. The only English prime-minister who has been a professed wit, he felt its efficacy as a weapon, used it, and, we may add, never abused it. Squib, repartee, epigram, and lampoon, all applied by him, have yet never been misapplied to gloze immorality or profane religion. His very sneer is good-humor, and, if he was in any sense Diogenes, he was certainly a Diogenes who lived out of the tub.

Wit, to classify roughly, is twofold. There is the lightning wit that flashes of a short sentence or an apt reply, and there is the lambent wit that sparkles either by description or dialogue. We shall begin with instances of the first. And here there is scarcely need to quote. Every one knows his aphorisms. The hansom cab, "the gondola of London," and the critics, "the men who have failed";* Tadpole's "Tory men and Whig measures," and Rigby's "Little words in great capitals"; "Don Juan," the style of the House of Commons, "Paradise Lost," that of the House of Lords; "All the great things have been done by the little nations" and "Our young Queen and our old Constitution," "The Whigs bathing," and, we may add, "London, the key of India"—are household words.

It is in "Coningsby" and "Lothair" that perhaps the best of his apothegms are found. Thence spring "The government of great meas-

ures, or little men of humbug or humdrum"; and "Youth, the trustees of posterity"; "The Austrians, the Chinese of Europe"; and "Diplomatists the Hebrews of politics"; "Paris, the university of the world"; and "St. James's Square, the Faubourg St. Germain of London"; "The gentlemen who played with billiard-balls games that were not billiards"; and "The lady who sacrificed even her lovers to her friends"; "Most women are vain, some men are not"; and the lawyer who "was not an intellectual Croesus, but had his pockets full of sixpences"; "Pantheism, Atheism in domino"; and "Books, the curse of the human race"; "Pearls are like girls," and "Malt-tax is madness"; of Austria, "two things made her a nation—she was German and she was Catholic, and now she is neither"; and of the Reform Bill, "It gave to Manchester a bishop and to Birmingham a dandy." But, indeed, words fully as good as these are to be found throughout. It is time to recall Lord Squib's definition of the value of money, "very dear"; and Count Mirabel's (D'Orsay's) pleasantry, "Coffee and confidence";* Essper George's "Like all great travelers, I have seen more than I remember and remembered more than I have seen";† and Popanilla, "The most dandified of savages and the most savage of dandies"; "Venus, the goddess of watering-places";‡ and "Burlington, with his old loves and new dances";§ "Good fortune with good management, no country-house, and no children, is Aladdin's lamp";|| and the "Treatise on a subject in which everybody is interested, in a style no one understands";¶ the French actress who avers at supper, "No language makes you so thirsty as French";** and the English tradesmen, who "console themselves for not getting their bills paid by inviting their customers to dinner." The utilitarian, whose dogma was, "Rules are general, feelings are general, and property should be general"; and the definition of liberty, "Do as others do, and never knock men down."†† There has been scarcely time to forget the advice in "Lothair" to "go into the country for the first note of the nightingale and return to town for the first note of the muffin-bell"; or perhaps to remember Zenobia in "Endymion," "who liked handsome people, even handsome women," and Mr. Ferrars, who committed suicide from a "want of imagination." A brace of very witty similes should not be here omitted. The one comparison of the parliament-built region of Harley Street to "a large family of plain children, with

* Compare "The Infernal Marriage."—Ixion. "Are there any critics in hell?" "Myriads," rejoined the ex-King of Lydia.

* "The Young Duke."

† "Ixion in Heaven."

‡ "Tancred."

** "The Young Duke."

† "Vivian Grey."

§ "The Young Duke."

¶ "Vivian Grey."

†† "Popanilla."

Portland Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents";* the other, that of the detached breakfast-tables at Brentham to "a cluster of Greek or Italian republics, instead of a great metropolitan table like a central government, absorbing all the genius and resources of society";† nor should the Heinesque lyric on "Charming Bignetta,"‡ with its witty close, be suffered to die away unechoed:

"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a wicked young rogue is charming Bignetta!
She laughs at my shyness, and flirts with his High-
ness,
Yet still she is charming, that charming Bignetta!

"Charming Bignetta, charming Bignetta,
What a dear little girl is charming Bignetta!
'Think me only a sister,' said she, trembling—I
kissed her.
What a charming young sister is charming Bignetta!"

In the same category, too, are those felicitous turns of terse expression, whether new or newly shaped, which distinguish Lord Beaconsfield above any other modern novelist. The "Parliamentary Christian" for Protestant, and the "Free-trader in Gossip" for the bad listener in "Lothair," the "Midland Sea" for the Mediterranean in "Tancred" and "Venetia"; the figure of *unbuttoning one's brains*,§ and the jingle "plundered and blundered," of "Coningsby," the "heresy of cutlets" from "Venetia," the "ortolans stuffed with truffles and the truffles with ortolans" from "Endymion," the "confused explanations and explained confusions" from "Popanilla." The terms "Stateswoman" and "Anecdote," "Melancholy ocean" and "Batavian grace," remind us that Benjamin Disraeli is the son of an author he has himself portrayed as sauntering on his garden terrace, meditating some happy phrase.

It still remains for us to advert to the wit of sustained sparkle, rather than of sudden flashes. Of this there is an admirable specimen in "Tancred." Lady Constance is alluding to "The Revelations of Chaos," a tract on evolution:

"... It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing could be so pretty. A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way, a sort of celestial cheese churned into light. You must read it; it is charming."

"'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.
'Perhaps not; you must read the Revelations. It is all explained. But what is most interesting is the way in which man has been developed. You

know, all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First there was nothing, then there was something, then—I forget the next. I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see, did we come next—. Never mind that, we came, and the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it, we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. . . . Everything is proved by geology, you know. . . . This is development: *we had fins; we may have wings.*'"

This passage is not only wit, but humor also, according as we regard the speaker or the speech, and as both combined—as, in fact, "West-Orlental," irresistible. Or, again, Herbert in "Venetia":

"'I doubt whether a man at fifty is the same material being that he is at five-and-twenty.'

"'I wonder,' said Lord Cadurcis, 'if a creditor brought an action against you at fifty, for goods sold and delivered at five-and-twenty, one could set up the want of identity as a plea in bar; it would be a consolation to an elderly gentleman.'

Or the lady's reasoning on the Gulf Stream theory:

"'I think we want more evidence of a change. The Vice-Chancellor and I went down to a place we have near town, on Saturday, where there is a very nice piece of water, indeed; some people call it a lake. My boys wanted to skate, but that I would not permit.'

"'You believe in the Gulf Stream to that extent,' said Lothair, '*no skating.*'"

Or, once more, a piece of railery from "Vivian Grey":

"'What a pity, Miss Manvers, that the fashion has gone out of selling one's self to the devil!'

"'Good gracious, Mr. Grey!'

"'On my honor, I am quite serious. It does appear to me to be a very great pity; *what a capital plan for younger brothers!* It is a kind of thing I have been trying to do all my life, and never could succeed. I began at school with toasted cheese and a pitchfork.'

Or the report of the debate in the House of Lords, "imposing, particularly if we take a part in it":

"Lord Exchamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with perversity. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when no-

* "Tancred."

† "Lothair."

‡ "The Young Duke."

§ This expression is Beethoven's.

body knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts."*

Or the comparison of the Tories who supported Peel in his defection to the converted Saxons by Charlemagne :

"... When the Emperor appeared, instead of conquering, he converted them. How were they converted? In battalions—the old chronicler informs us *they were converted in battalions, and baptised in platoons*. It was utterly impossible to bring these individuals from a state of reprobation to one of grace with a celerity sufficiently quick."†

And, last, though decidedly not least, the dictum of Mendez Pinto :

"English is an expressive language, but not difficult to master. Its range is limited; it consists, as far as I can observe, of four words, 'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and 'bore,' and some grammarians add 'fond.'"

And now we have done. Whatever the divergencies of opinion on the literary merit of Lord Beaconsfield—and this rests with the best critic, posterity—it is at least unquestionable that in wit and humor he never flags. There are those who have called him dull, but they are dullards. The Boeotians could hardly have proved fair judges of Aristophanes.

But our object in this article has been to vin-

dicate a much higher honor for Lord Beaconsfield than any such mere cleverness. We have endeavored to prove that not only does he "sparkle with epigram and blaze with repartee" of unusual brilliance, but that his humor, necessarily hampered as it was by his surroundings and his aims, can boast keen insight and original manipulation; that the *bizarre* and the frivolous is the mere froth on its surface, unessential and evanescent, and that as a wit and a humorist he is now, by the prerogative of death, classical. Nor is the least enduring of the wreaths heaped upon his bier that he always, and in the best manner, amused us while he instructed, and instructed us while he amused.

His wit and his humor offer a complete refutation to the Shakespearean adage, "When the age is in, the wit is out," for he preserved them youthful as a septuagenarian, and they, in requital, shall preserve his memory ever vivid and vigorous.

"Alas! poor Yorick, where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?" may exclaim one who discerns only in Lord Beaconsfield the court jester. Our rejoinder shall be that of truth and reverence :

"He being dead yet speaketh."

WALTER SYDNEY SICHEL (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE CONFEDERACY.†

TO Jefferson Davis, more than to any other person, must be accorded the position of the representative man of the Southern Confederacy. Few men had as much to do in shaping the measures which led to its formation, and, when it was about to be formally organized, there was no other man who was seriously thought of as its head. Circumstances, only dimly foreseen at the time, but which we now see to have been inevitable, compelled what was in the outset proposed to be a league between sovereign States, to assume the form of a consolidated government, whose Executive exercised power and authority as absolute as has, within modern times, been claimed by or for any civil or military ruler. Frederick the Great was not

more absolute dictator of Prussia during the Seven Years' War, Napoleon was not more absolutely dictator of France during the Empire, than was Jefferson Davis dictator of the Confederacy during the four years of its existence.

That these great powers were thrust upon him, rather than sought by him, seems beyond question. That they were not exercised for purposes of personal aggrandizement, and rarely, if ever, for the gratification of his own individual likes or dislikes, we think must be conceded. The cause for which he struggled, and of which he was the exponent and embodiment, is emphatically a "lost cause"; but he has never ceased to maintain that the ends sought to be attained were just ones, and that the means used for their attainment were righteous and praiseworthy. It is right and just that this cause, and the motives and actions of its upholders, should have a full and fair hearing before the tribunal of history.

* "The Young Duke."

† Speech on the repeal of the Corn Laws, May 15, 1846.

‡ The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

It has long been understood that Mr. Davis had in mind the preparation of a history of the Confederacy, which should be at once a narrative and a defense. He has taken ample time for the task. It is now sixteen years since the "fall of the Confederate Government." Mr. Davis then lacked three years of having reached the age of threescore; he has now passed, by three years, the age of threescore and ten, with mental vigor unabated. Many of these sixteen years' must have been mainly devoted to a retrospect and review of the stormy period which had gone before. The work which he has at length completed undoubtedly presents his matured and final view of the mighty events which formed its theme. In any case, such a work, by such a man, must have been worthy of careful examination and impartial consideration. No one who shall accord to the book such consideration will deny that Mr. Davis has performed his self-imposed task with marked ability. He is, indeed, an advocate whose arguments and appeals we must weigh, not a judge whose dicta we must accept as authority. But we believe that all will agree that, taking the defense as a whole, no man could have made it stronger. If the world's verdict be in his favor, it will be because the cause was a good one; if the verdict be against him, it will be on the ground that the cause was such that no advocate, however able or zealous, could make it other than a bad one.

It is not the purpose of this paper to pass judgment upon the case itself, but to present fairly, and as fully as the space allotted will permit, what the writer believes to be the salient points of the defense, as set forth by its able and zealous advocate. Mr. Davis more than once sets forth succinctly the general design and scope of the work. Thus, in the preface he says:

"The object of this work has been, from historical data, to show that the Southern States had rightfully the power to withdraw from a Union into which they had, as sovereign communities, voluntarily entered; that the denial of that right was a violation of the letter and spirit of the compact between the States; and that the war waged by the Federal Government against the seceding States was in disregard of the limitations of the Constitution, and destructive of the principles of the Declaration of Independence."

And, again, in the "Conclusion," the idea is somewhat amplified:

"My first object in this work was to prove, by historical authority, that each of the States, as sovereign parties to the Union, had the reserved power to secede from it, whenever it should be found not to answer the ends for which it should be established. If this has been done, it follows that the war was, on the part of the United States Government, one

of aggression and usurpation, and, on the part of the South, was for the defense of an inherent, unalienable right.

"My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that, by their humanity to the wounded and captives, they proved themselves the worthy descendants of chivalric sires, and fit to be free; and that, in every case, as when our army invaded Pennsylvania, by their respect for private rights, their morality, and observance of the laws of civilized war, they are entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind."

Something like one half of each of the two volumes is occupied with the strictly military history of the war, with the details of campaigns and battles and sieges. In this respect the work does not present many notable features. Except upon a few points, Mr. Davis seems to have had little material not the common property of historians. We detect no purpose of concealing facts. Confederate successes are not unduly magnified; Federal reverses are not unduly exaggerated. Of course, it was not to be expected that he would look at the course of events with a wholly impartial eye. We shall in the sequel present his view of some transactions in respect to which question has arisen; but our main purpose is to set forth his argument in justification of the right of the States to secede from the Union. This involves the entire doctrine of paramount State sovereignty, and incidentally of the question of slavery.

Mr. Davis regards the great question which finally came to an issue as a purely sectional matter, in which the institution of African slavery was nowise of necessity involved. He says at the very opening of his argument:

"Inasmuch as the questions growing out of the institution of negro servitude, or connected with it, will occupy a conspicuous place in what is to follow, it is important that the reader should have, at the very outset, a right understanding of the true nature and character of those questions. No subject has been more generally misunderstood or more persistently misrepresented. The institution itself has ceased to exist in the United States; the generation comprising all who took part in the controversies to which it gave rise, or for which it afforded a pretext, is passing away; and the misconceptions which have prevailed in our own country, and still more among foreigners remote from the field of contention, are likely to be perpetuated in the mind of posterity, unless corrected before they become crystallized by tacit acquiescence."

Mr. Davis recognizes the fact of the abolition of negro servitude in the United States as now constituted; and, by implication at least, that it

can never be reëstablished. We find no intimation that he regards its reëstablishment in the South as desirable even if it were possible. But he certainly appears to still hold that it was in itself right and just, that it was the proper and normal condition of the African race wherever the conditions of soil, climate, and production were such as to render it profitable to make use of them as laborers in any considerable numbers. Thus, while commenting upon the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, he says:

"The forefathers of these negroes were gathered from the torrid plains and malarial swamps of inhospitable Africa. Generally they were born the slaves of barbarian masters, untaught in all the useful arts and occupations. Reared in heathen darkness, and sold by heathen masters, they were transferred to shores enlightened by the rays of Christianity. There, put to servitude, they were trained in the gentle arts of peace and order and civilization; they increased from a few unprofitable savages to millions of efficient Christian laborers. Their servile instincts rendered them contented with their lot; and their patient toil blessed the land of their abode with unmeasured riches. Their strong local and personal attachment secured faithful service to those to whom their service or labor was due. A strong mutual affection was the natural result of this life-long relation, a feeling best, if not only, understood by those who have grown from childhood under its influence. Never was there happier dependence of labor and capital upon each other. The tempter came, like the serpent in Eden, and decoyed them with the magic word of 'freedom.'"

Mr. Davis fully admits the magic power of this word freedom, and of its antithesis slavery. He says:

"The antithetical employment of such terms as 'freedom' and 'slavery,' or 'antislavery' and 'proslavery,' with reference to the principles and purposes of contending parties or rival sections, has had immense influence in misleading the opinions and sentiments of the world. The idea of freedom is captivating, that of slavery repellent, to the moral sense of mankind in general. It is easy, therefore, to understand the effect of applying the one set or terms to one party, the other to another, in a contest which has no just application whatever to the essential merits of freedom or slavery."

He affirms, over and over again, that the merits or demerits of slavery had actually nothing to do with the matter in hand. "No moral or sentimental considerations," he says, "were really involved in either the earlier or later controversies which so long agitated and finally ruptured the Union. They were simply struggles between different sections, with diverse institutions and interests." The basis of this sectional

controversy, he says, "was the question of the balance of political power." He illustrates this by the Louisiana question, in 1803-'12, which "afforded one of the earliest occasions for the manifestation of sectional jealousy, and gave rise to the first threats or warnings (which proceeded from New England) of a dissolution of the Union. Yet although negro slavery existed in Louisiana, no pretext was made of that as an objection to the acquisition." The same was, according to him, the case in the Missouri controversy of 1819-'20. This, he says, "was the first question that ever seriously threatened the stability of the Union, and the first in which the sentiment of opposition to slavery in the abstract was introduced as an adjunct of sectional controversy. . . . But," he says, "it was clearly shown in debate that such questions were altogether irrelevant"; and that the proposed prohibition of slavery in the newly formed State "would be contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Constitution."

The question was finally settled for the time by what is known as the "Missouri Compromise," the essential feature of which was that Missouri became a State without any restriction, but that slavery was for ever prohibited in all the remaining portion of what had constituted the Louisiana Territory lying north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$; thus, in the view of Mr. Davis, "by implication leaving the portion south of that line open to settlement with or without slaves." This compromise, he continues, "was reluctantly accepted by a small majority of the Southern members. Nearly half of them voted against it, under the conviction that it was unauthorized by the Constitution, and that Missouri was entitled to determine the question for herself as a matter of right, not of bargain or concession."

Mr. Davis was a schoolboy at the time of the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. When, thirty years later, he had, as Senator of the United States, occasion to consider the matter in connection with its virtual abrogation by the compromise measures of 1850, he was clearly in favor of holding fast to it, and of applying its principles to the newly acquired territories reaching to the Pacific. He says:

"With some others, I advocated the division of the newly acquired territory by an extension to the Pacific Ocean of the Missouri Compromise line of $36^{\circ} 30'$. This was not because of any inherent merit or fitness in that line, but because it had been accepted by the country as a settlement of the sectional question which, thirty years before, had threatened a rupture of the Union, and it had acquired in the public mind a prescriptive respect which it seemed unwise to disregard. A majority, however, decided otherwise, and the line of political concil-

iation was then obliterated, as far as it lay in the power of Congress to do so."

The vote in the Senate upon the extension of the Missouri Compromise line was almost a purely sectional one. The twenty-four yeas were all cast by Southern Senators, the thirty-two nays were all Northern, with the exception of two from Delaware, one from Missouri, and one from Kentucky. "An analysis of the vote," says Mr. Davis, "will show that this result was effected almost exclusively by the representatives of the North, and that the South was not responsible for an action which proved to be the opening of Pandora's box." He thus presents his matured views as to these two so-called compromises:

"However objectionable it may have been in 1820 to adopt that political line as expressing a geographical definition of different sectional interests, and however it may be condemned as the assumption by Congress of a function not delegated to it, it is to be remembered that the act had received such recognition and *quasi*-ratification by the people of the States as to give it a value which it did not originally possess. Pacification had been the fruit of the tree, and it should not have been recklessly hewed down and cast into the fire. . . . Retrospectively viewed, under the mellowing light of time, and with the calm consideration we can usually give to the irremediable past, the compromise legislation of 1850 bears the impress of that sectional spirit so widely at variance with the general purposes of the Union, and so destructive of the harmony and mutual benefit which the Constitution was intended to secure."

In 1850 Mr. Davis, who had served for three years in the Senate of the United States, to fill a vacancy, was reelected for a full term of six years, taking his seat on March 4, 1851. He thus sets forth his position at that time:

"My devotion to the Union of our fathers had been so often and publicly declared; I had, on the floor of the Senate, so defiantly challenged any question of my fidelity to it; my services, civil and military, had now extended through so long a period, and were so generally known, that I felt assured that no whisperings of envy or ill-will could lead the people of Mississippi to believe that I had dishonored the great trust by using the great power they had conferred on me to destroy the Government to which I was accredited. Then, as afterward, I regarded the separation of the States as a great, though not the greatest, evil."

In the mean time there was much agitation in Mississippi in respect to the compromise measures of the preceding year. Consequent upon these was a proposition for a convention of delegates from the people of the respective Southern States, to consider what steps should be taken.

"There was," says Mr. Davis, "diversity of opinion, but the disagreement no longer followed the usual lines of party division. . . . Those who were in favor of a convention were unjustly charged with a desire to destroy the Union—a feeling entertained by few, very few if any, in Mississippi, and avowed by none. There were many, however, who held that the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the purposes for which the Union was formed, were of higher value than the Union itself." Circumstances now occurred which seemed to render it advisable that Mr. Davis should be placed in nomination for Governor of the State, in place of General Quitman, of whose reelection there was little likelihood. Mr. Davis resigned the senatorship, and entered upon the canvass for Governor, but was defeated by a small majority. Of the transactions of this period he says:

"In this canvass no argument or appeal of mine was directed against the perpetuity of the Union. Believing, however, that the signs of the time portended danger to the South from the usurpation by the General Government of undelegated powers, I counseled that Mississippi should enter into the proposed meeting of the Southern States, to consider what could and should be done to insure our future safety, frankly stating my conviction that, unless such action were taken then, sectional rivalry would engender greater evils in the future, and that, if the controversy was postponed, 'the last opportunity for a peaceful solution would be lost, then the issue would have to be settled by blood.'"

After this defeat for the governorship, Mr. Davis returned to his home, where, as he says, "happy in the peaceful pursuits of a planter, busily engaged in cares for servants, in the improvement of my land, in rearing live-stock, and the like occupations, the time passed pleasantly away until my retirement was interrupted by an invitation to take a place in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce, who had been elected to the Presidency of the United States in November, 1852." This offer was at first declined; but, he continues, "I was induced, by public considerations, to reconsider my determination, and accept the office of Secretary of War. The public records of that period will best show how the duties of the office were performed." We believe that no question has ever been raised as to the conscientiousness and rare ability with which the duties of this office were performed by Jefferson Davis. In the mean time, he had been again elected Senator, taking his seat at the close of the Administration of Mr. Pierce, March 4, 1857.

Mr. Davis takes occasion more than once to present his views upon the posture of affairs at this critical epoch. Thus, in respect to the matter of slavery:

"The question of the right or wrong of the institution of slavery was in nowise involved in the earlier sectional controversies. Nor was it in those of a later period, in which it was my lot to bear a part. They were essentially struggles for sectional equality or ascendancy—for the maintenance or the destruction of that balance of power, or equipoise, between the North and the South, which was early recognized as a cardinal principle in our Federal system. It does not follow that both parties to this contest were wholly right or wholly wrong in their claims. . . . The sectional policy indicated in the Missouri case brought to its support the passions which spring from man's higher nature, but which, like all passions, if misdirected and perverted, become hurtful, and, it may be, destructive.

"The year 1835 was marked by the public agitation for the abolition of that African servitude which existed in the South, which antedated the Union, and had existed in every one of the States which formed the Confederation. By a great misconception of the powers belonging to the General Government, and the responsibilities of citizens of the Northern States, many of those citizens were, little by little, brought to the conclusion that slavery was a sin for which *they* were responsible, and that it was the duty of the Federal Government to abate it."

Then, and for years afterward, "the abolitionists were so weak, when compared with either of the political parties at the North, as to excite no apprehension of their power for evil." But, continues Mr. Davis, "bodies in motion will overcome bodies at rest"; and thus—

"By the activity of the propagandists of abolitionism, and by the misuse of the sacred word 'Liberty,' they recruited from the ardent worshippers of that goddess such numbers as gave them, in many Northern States, the balance of power between the two great political parties that then stood arrayed against each other; then and there they came to be courted by both of the great parties, especially by the Whigs, who had become the weaker party of the two. . . . Hence arose the declaration of the existence of an 'irrepressible conflict,' because of the domestic institutions of sovereign, self-governing States—institutions over which neither the Federal Government nor the people outside of the limits of such States had any control, and for which they could have no moral responsibility. . . .

"The 'Free-Soil,' which assumed the title of the 'Republican' party, grew to a magnitude which threatened speedily to obtain the entire control of the Government. Based upon sectional rivalry, and opposition to the growth of the Southern equality with the Northern States of the Union, it had absorbed within itself not only the abolitionists, who were avowedly agitating for the destruction of the system of negro servitude, but other diverse and heterogeneous elements of opposition to the Democratic party."

The result of these and many other causes was the triumph of the Republican party in the election of Mr. Lincoln as President. Of what immediately followed, Mr. Davis says:

"The manifestations which followed this result, in the Southern States, did not proceed from chagrin at their defeat in the election, or from any personal hostility to the President-elect, but from the fact that they recognized in him the representative of a party professing principles destructive to their peace, their prosperity, and their domestic tranquillity. The long-suppressed fire burst into frequent flame, but it was still controlled by that love of the Union which the South had illustrated in every battle-field from Boston to New Orleans. Still it was hoped, against hope, that some adjustment might be made to avert the calamities of a practical application of the theory of an 'irrepressible conflict.' Few, if any, then doubted the right of a State to withdraw its grants delegated to the Federal Government, or, in other words, to secede from the Union; but in the South this was generally regarded as the remedy of last resort, to be applied only when ruin or dishonor was the alternative. No rash or revolutionary action was taken by the Southern States, but the measures adopted were considerate, and executed advisedly and deliberately."

The Legislatures of the several Southern States called conventions, the delegates to which were elected for the express purpose of taking proper action under the existing circumstances. Of these conventions Mr. Davis says:

"It was always held and understood that they possessed all the power of the people assembled in mass; and therefore it was conceded that they, and they only, could take action for the withdrawal of a State from the Union. The consent of the respective States to the formation of the Union had been given through such conventions, and it was only by the same authority that it could properly be revoked, and none who admit the primary power of the people to govern themselves can consistently deny its validity and binding obligation upon every citizen of the several States."

When the result of the Presidential election was known, the Governor of Mississippi requested the Congressional delegation of that State to consult with him as to the measures which he should recommend to the Legislature about to be convoked in special session. The main question was whether Mississippi should, through her convention, pass, as soon as possible, an ordinance of secession, thus, regardless of the action of the other States, placing herself by the side of South Carolina, which, it was certain, would act at once. Mr. Davis was opposed to such immediate action, for reasons which he thus states:

"While holding, in common with my political associates, that the right of a State to secede was

unquestionable, I differed from most of them as to the probability of our being permitted peacefully to exercise the right. The knowledge acquired by the administration of the War Department for four years, and by the chairmanship of the Military Committee of the Senate, had shown me the entire lack of preparation for war in the South. The foundries and armories were in the Northern States, and there were stored all the new and improved weapons of war. In the arsenals of the Southern States were to be found only arms of the old and rejected models. The South had no manufactories of powder, no navies to protect our harbors, no merchantmen for foreign commerce. It was evident to me, therefore, that if we should be involved in war, the odds would be far greater than what was due merely to our inferiority in population. Believing that secession would be the precursor of war between the States, I was consequently slower than others, who entertained a different opinion, to resort to that remedy."

Mr. Singleton, one of those who took part in this meeting, in a letter quoted, and thus endorsed by Mr. Davis, says: "The debate lasted many hours, and Mr. Davis, with perhaps one other gentleman, opposed immediate and separate State action, declaring himself opposed to secession as long as the hope of a peaceable remedy remained; but after the vote was taken, and the question decided, he declared that he would stand by whatever action the convention representing the sovereignty of the State of Mississippi might think proper to take. After the conference was ended, several of its members were dissatisfied with the course of Mr. Davis, believing that he was entirely opposed to secession, and was seeking to delay action upon the part of Mississippi, with the hope that it might be entirely averted." Mr. Davis himself says: "I was afterward informed that my associates considered me 'too slow'; and they were probably correct in the belief that I was behind the general opinion of the people of the State as to the propriety of prompt secession."

Mr. Davis returned to Washington, taking his place in the Senate. The Mississippi Convention passed an order of secession on January 9, 1861; Florida followed on the 10th, and Alabama on the 11th. The fact was at once known, but Mr. Davis retained his seat, and took part in the proceedings for nearly a fortnight, when he was officially notified of what had been done. He thereupon, together with the Senators from the other two States, withdrew from the Senate, declaring that he approved of the action of his State, but averring, "If I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation or without existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of the Government, because of my

allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action."

To the elucidation of this "theory of the Government," and an argument for its correctness, Mr. Davis devotes a large and by far the most important part of his volumes. It is, we suppose, that part for which mainly the whole was written. The general theory is, indeed, no new one; but we nowhere else find it so fully developed or so ably sustained.

Stated in the briefest terms, it is essentially this: The American Union was simply a compact between sovereign and independent States—a partnership voluntarily entered into for certain important purposes, clearly defined and of quite limited scope; that any members, or any single member, of this partnership might, for good reasons, at any time withdraw from it; that each State was the sole and absolute judge whether it should remain or withdraw; and that there was nowhere any rightful power to coerce any State to remain in the Union, or to punish her for withdrawing. By the very act of withdrawing, a State resumed its entire independence and sovereignty, as perfect and unimpaired as it was before the Union had been formed.

The Federal Government is by Mr. Davis represented to be the mere "creature" and "agent" of the States, who were its creators and masters. It had no powers except those which are expressly delegated to it by the States, and these powers may be at any time extended, restricted, or wholly withdrawn. The Constitution is merely the articles of agreement entered into by the States. The Constitution, indeed, contains certain so-called "prohibitory" clauses, such as those declaring that no State shall make treaties, declare war, coin money, etc. But, says Mr. Davis:

"This is only a part of the general compact, by which the contracting parties covenant, one with another, to abstain from the separate exercise of certain powers, which they agree to intrust to the management and control of the Union or general agency of the parties associated. It is not a prohibition imposed upon them, from without or from above, by any external or superior power, but is self-imposed by their free consent. The case is strictly analogous to that of individuals forming a mercantile or manufacturing copartnership, who voluntarily agree to refrain, as individuals, from engaging in other pursuits or speculations, from lending their individual credit, or from the exercise of any other right of a citizen, which they may think proper to subject to the management of the firm. The prohibitory clauses of the Constitution referred to are not at all a denial of the full sovereignty of the States, but are merely an agreement among them to exercise certain powers of sovereignty in concert, and not separately or apart."

This cardinal idea of the absolute sovereignty of the States, in contradistinction from any possible sovereignty of the Union, is iterated and reiterated in every form of expression, and with every stress of emphasis, and he shrinks from no logical deduction that can be drawn from it. In no proper sense of the word, he maintains, is there any such thing as the "people of the United States." The very idea is, in his view, an absurdity. The phrase is, indeed, used in the preamble to the Constitution; but, says Mr. Davis:

"The 'people of the United States,' from whom the powers of the Federal Government were 'derived,' *could have been* no other than the people who ordained and ratified the Constitution; and this, it has been shown beyond the power of denial, was done by the people of *each State*, severally and independently."

The phrase is also used by Madison and others, but Mr. Davis maintains that only the people of the separate States were known to these authorities. He sums up this matter thus:

"It would certainly be superfluous, after all that has been presented heretofore, to add any further evidence of the meaning that was attached to these expressions by their authors. 'The people of the United States' were, in their minds, the people of Virginia, the people of Massachusetts, and the people of every other State which should agree to unite. They *could* have meant only that the people of their respective States, who had delegated certain powers to the Federal Government, in ratifying the Constitution and *acceding* to the Union, reserved to themselves the right, in the event of the failure of their purposes, to 'resume' (or 'reassume') those powers by *seceding* from the same Union."

This denial of the existence of any such thing as a "people of the United States," and the affirmation that there is not, and has never been, anything else than an association of the independent peoples of the respective States, is vital to the theory of Mr. Davis. He elaborates it in numerous forms. Thus:

"The Constitution was never submitted to 'the people of the United States in the aggregate,' or as a *people*. Indeed, no such political community as the people of the United States exists at this day, or ever did exist. Senators in Congress confessedly represent the States as equal units. The House of Representatives is not a body of representatives of the people of the United States, but the Constitution expressly declares that it shall be composed of members chosen by the *people of the several States*. . . . Nor are the President and Vice-President elected by the vote of the 'whole people' of the Union; the number of electors is based partly upon the equal sovereignty, partly upon the unequal population of the respective States. . . . There has never been any such thing as a vote of the 'people of the United

States in the aggregate.' No such people is recognized by the Constitution. . . . No officer or department of the General Government formed by the Constitution derives authority from a majority of the whole people of the United States, or has ever been chosen by such majority. As little as any other is the United States Government a government of a majority of the mass. . . . The only political community, the only independent corporate unit, through which the people can exercise their sovereignty, is the State. Minor communities, such as those of counties and towns, are merely fractional subdivisions of the State, and these do not affect the evidence that there was not such a political community as the 'people of the United States as an aggregate.'"

By a "State" Mr. Davis, of course, means the people of each and every State, not merely the existing government of such a State. It is in this sense that a State is sovereign—that is, has the right to claim the allegiance and submission of each and every of its citizens. It is clear, he says, that in the American system, with which only he has to do, "no government is sovereign—that all governments derive their powers from the people, and exercise them in subjection to the will of the people; not a will expressed in any irregular, lawless, tumultuary manner, but the will of the organized political community, expressed through authorized and legitimate channels. The founders of the American republics never conferred, nor intended to confer, sovereignty upon either their State or Federal Governments."

It is to this "sovereign State" that, upon the theory of Mr. Davis, each individual citizen thereof owes allegiance. He mentions, only to scout at it, the idea that there can be for any citizen any such thing as "a double allegiance, or a divided allegiance—partly to his State, partly to the United States: that it is not possible for either of those powers to release him from the allegiance due to the other: that the State can no more release him from his obligations to the Union, than the United States can absolve him from his duties to his State."

Of the doctrine of what he styles the extreme centralizers, who claim that "allegiance to the Union, or, as they generally express it, to the *Government* (meaning thereby the Federal Government), is paramount, and the obligation to the State only subsidiary—if, indeed, it exists at all," he says: "This latter view, if the more monstrous, is at least the more consistent of the two; for it does not involve the difficulty of a divided allegiance, nor the paradoxical position in which the other places the citizen—in case of a conflict between his State and the other members of the Union—of being necessarily a rebel against the General Government or a traitor to the State of

which he is a citizen." His own theory in this matter is thus set forth:

"The primary, paramount allegiance of the citizen is due to the sovereign only. That sovereign, under our system, is the people: the people of the State to which he belongs; the people who constituted the State government which he obeys, and which protects him in the enjoyment of his personal rights; the people who alone, as far as he is concerned, ordained and established the Federal Constitution and the Federal Government; the people who have reserved to themselves sovereignty—which involves the power to revoke all agencies created by them.

"The obligation to support the State or Federal Constitution, and the obedience due to either State or Federal Government, are alike derived from and dependent on the allegiance due to this sovereign. If the sovereign abolishes the State government and ordains and establishes a new one, the obligation of allegiance requires him to transfer his obedience accordingly. If the sovereign withdraws from association with its confederates in the Union, the allegiance of the citizen requires him to follow the sovereign. Any other course is rebellion or treason. His relation to the Union arose from the membership of the State of which he was a citizen, and ceased whenever his State withdrew from it. He can not owe obedience—much less allegiance—to an association from which his sovereign has separated, and thereby withdrawn him."

We have now presented what we believe to be a fair statement of the grounds upon which Mr. Davis bases his justification of the secession of the Southern States. We cite a portion of an elaborate passage near the close of his work, in which he contrasts the State government and the Federal Government. Of the former, he says:

"The governments of the States were instituted to secure certain unalienable rights of the citizens; they derived their just powers from the consent of the governed; and these powers were organized by the citizens in such form as seemed to them most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Where shall the citizen look to find security and protection for his life, security and protection for his personal liberty, security and protection for his property, security and protection for his safety and happiness? Only to his State government. Is the citizen's life in danger from violence? The State guarantees his protection; and it is its duty to rescue him from danger, and obtain redress from the offender, whether an individual or a foreign nation. Are the freedom and personal liberty of the citizen in danger from unlawful arrest and imprisonment? The State guarantees both; and it is its duty to secure and preserve his freedom. Is the property of the citizen in danger of a violent and unlawful seizure, and unlawful detention or destruction? The State gov-

ernment guarantees his title, restores the property, or obtains damages. Is the personal property of the citizen in danger of robbery or abduction? The State government throws over it the shield of its protection, and regards the burglar and the robber as the enemies of society."

And so on. Of the Government of the United States, even supposing that it should fulfill—as Mr. Davis urges that it did not—the designs for which it was framed, he says:

"What, then, is the Government of the United States? It is an organization of a few years' duration. It might cease to exist, and yet the States and the people continue prosperous, peaceful, and happy. Unlike the governments of the States, which find their origin deep in the nature of man, it sprang from certain circumstances which existed in the course of human affairs. Unlike the governments of the States and of separate nations, which have a divine sanction, it has no warrant for its authority but the ratification of the sovereign States. Unlike the governments of the States, which were instituted to secure generally the unalienable rights of man, it has only the enumerated objects, and is restrained from passing beyond them by the express reservation of all undelegated functions. It keeps no records of property, and guarantees no one the possession of his estate. Marriage, from which springs the family and the State, it can neither confirm nor annul. It partakes of the nature of an incorporation for certain purposes, beyond which it has neither influence nor authority. It is an anomaly among governments, and arose out of the articles of agreement made by certain friendly States, which proposed to form a society of States, and invest a common agent with specified functions of sovereignty. Its duration was intended to be permanent, as it was hoped thus to promote the peaceful ends for which it was established; but to have declared it *perpetual*, would have been to deny the right of a people to alter or abolish their Government when it should cease to answer the ends for which it was instituted."

Mr. Davis has, as he maintains, fully justified not only the abstract right of a State to secede from the Union, but also the special rightfulness of secession at the time when and in the manner in which it was undertaken. There is not anywhere the slightest intimation that he looks upon the "fall of the Confederate Government" as deciding the great questions involved. On the contrary, he says:

"The contest is not over, the strife is not ended. It has only entered on a new and enlarged arena. The champions of constitutional liberty must spring to the struggle like the armed men from the seminated dragon's teeth, until the Government of the United States is brought back to its constitutional limits, and the tyrant's plea of 'necessity' is bound in chains as strong as adamant. . . . Although the

Confederacy, as an organization, may have ceased to exist, as unquestionably as though it never had been formed, its fundamental principles yet live and will survive: however crushed they may be by despotic force, however deep they may be buried under the debris of crumbling States, however they may be disavowed by the time-serving and by the faint-hearted; yet I believe they have the eternity of truth, and that in God's appointed time and place they will prevail."

We judge, however, that he does not look for, perhaps not desire, that there should be another formal effort at secession, although, as far as we can see, he holds that there is now as much reason for the exercise of this asserted right as there could have been twenty years ago. The concluding paragraph of his work, framed presumably after a review of all that he had before written, reads thus:

"In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong. And, now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may for ever cease; and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto perpetua*."

Although it has not been our purpose to dwell in detail upon the purely military portion of this history, there are yet a few points upon which the personal statements and views of the President of the Confederacy are of special interest. His account of the almost utter lack of arms and munitions of war at the opening of the conflict, and of the means by which they were created almost out of nothing, is of high value. His *résumé* of the treatment of prisoners on both sides, of course, needs ample verification in order to meet acceptance. The horrors of the prison den at Andersonville have passed into a by-word. Mr. Davis denies the truth of the allegations so abundantly and confidently made. He says:

"The wish of the Confederate Government, which it was hoped had been accomplished by the cartel, was the prompt release of all prisoners on both sides, either by exchange or parole. When, in 1864, the cartel was so disregarded by the enemy as to indicate that prisoners would be held long in confinement, Andersonville, in Georgia, was selected for the location of a principal prison. The site was chosen because of its supposed security from raids, together with its salubrity, the abundance of water and timber, and the productive farming country around it. General Howell Cobb, then commanding in Georgia, employed a large number of negro laborers in the construction of a stockade and tem-

porary shelter for the number of prisoners it was expected would be assembled there. The number, however, rapidly increased, and, by the middle of May, gangrene made its appearance. General John H. Winder went to Andersonville in June, and found disease prevailing to such an extent that, to abate the pestilence, he immediately advised the removal of prisoners to other points. In July he made arrangements to procure vegetables, recommended details of men to cultivate gardens, and that hospital accommodations should be constructed outside of the prison; all of which recommendations were approved, and, as far as practicable, executed. In September General Winder, with the main body of the prisoners, removed first to Millen, Georgia, and then to Florence, South Carolina."

Mr. Davis vouches for General Winder as "a man too brave to be cruel to anything within his power," and one whose kindness toward the prisoners at Richmond, "together with his sterling integrity and soldierly character, had caused his selection for the chief control of Confederate prisons." Major Wirz was left in command at Andersonville, and Mr. Davis speaks of "the success with which he improved the post, and the good effect produced upon the health of the prisoners." Wirz was executed at Washington on account of his alleged atrocities at Andersonville. Mr. Davis avers that "he was the victim of men whom, in his kindness, he paroled to take care of their sick comrades, and who, after having violated their parole, appeared to testify against him." Mr. Davis refers to documents put forth by the Union Secretary of War and the Surgeon-General, according to which there were, in round numbers, in all, two hundred and seventy thousand Union prisoners, of whom twenty-two thousand died; while there were two hundred and twenty thousand Confederate prisoners, of whom twenty-six thousand died. That is, according to this statement, the mortality among the Union prisoners was less than nine per cent., while that among the Confederate prisoners was more than twelve per cent. Commenting upon this asserted fact, Mr. Davis says:

"When it is remembered how much our resources were reduced, that our supply of medicines required in summer diseases was exhausted, and that Northern men when first residing in the South must undergo acclimation, and that these conditions in the Northern States were the reverse in every particular—the fact that greater mortality existed in Northern than in Southern prisons can only be accounted for by the kinder treatment received in the latter. To present the case in a sentence: we did the best we could for those whom the fortune of war had placed at our mercy; and the enemy, in the midst of plenty, inflicted cruel, wanton deprivation on our soldiers who fell within his power."

Of all the Southern generals, Lee not excepted, Albert Sidney Johnston seems to have stood highest in the estimation of President Davis. After the capture of Fort Donelson and the loss of Nashville, early in 1862, the Congressmen from Tennessee, in a body, urged that Johnston should be removed, and a "competent officer be assigned to the defense of their homes and people." They did not, they said, come to recommend any one as the successor; they only asked that "the President would give them a general." To this the reply was, "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none to give you." Johnston fell at the battle of Shiloh, April, 1863. Mr. Davis is fully convinced that his death only prevented that battle from being a decisive victory, which would have resulted in the annihilation of the armies of Grant and Buell. He says:

"Sidney Johnston fell in the sight of victory. The hour he had waited for, the event he had planned for, had arrived. His fame was vindicated, but far dearer than this to his patriotic spirit was it with his dying eyes to behold his country's flag, so lately drooping in disaster, triumphantly advancing. In his fall, the great pillar of the Southern Confederacy was crushed, and beneath its fragments the best hope of the Southwest lay buried. A highly educated and richly endowed soldier, his varied experience embraced also civil affairs; and his intimate knowledge of the country and the people of the Southwest so highly qualified him for that special command that it was not possible to fill the place made vacant by his death. Not for the first time did the fate of an army depend upon a single man, and the fortunes of a country hang, as in a balance, on the achievements of a single army. When General Johnston fell, the Confederate army was so fully victorious that, had the attack been vigorously pressed, General Grant and his army would, before the setting of the sun, have been fugitives or prisoners."

Mr. Davis is clearly of the opinion that the battle of Gettysburg came near being a decided victory for the Confederates. "The fierce battle which Lee fought," he says, "must not be considered as for the position. Gettysburg would have been worthless to us if our army had found it unoccupied. To compel Meade to retire would have availed but little to us, unless his army had been routed. To beat that army was probably to secure our independence. To beat the great army of the North was the object, and that it was of possible attainment is to be inferred from the various successes of our arms. Had there been a concentrated attack at sunrise on the second day, with the same gallantry and skill which were exhibited in the partial assaults, it may reasonably be assumed that the enemy would have been routed. This, from the best evidence we have, was the plan and the expectation of Gen-

eral Lee." While Mr. Davis denies that Lee's army was defeated, he says: "The battle of Gettysburg was unfortunate. Though the loss sustained by the enemy was greater than our own, theirs could be repaired; ours could not." We think that Mr. Davis is wrong in his supposition that the Union loss here was greater than that of the enemy. But the battle was in no wise a Federal victory, except that the Confederates had wholly failed to accomplish the end for which the action was ventured by them. But, aside from this, the battle was one of the highest moment. Mr. Davis thus refers to some of its ulterior results:

"As an affair of arms it was marked by mighty feats of valor, to which both combatants may point with military pride. It was a graceful thing in President Lincoln if, as reported, when he was shown the steeps which the Northern men persistently held, he said, 'I am proud to be the countryman of those men who assailed those heights.' The consequences of this battle have justified the amount of attention it has received. It may be regarded as the most eventful struggle of the war. By it the drooping spirit of the North was revived. Had their army been there defeated, those having better opportunities than I or any one who was not among them, have believed that it would have ended the war. On the other hand, a drawn battle, where the Army of Northern Virginia made an attack, impaired the confidence of the Southern people so far as to give the malcontents a power to represent the Government as neglecting for Virginia the safety of the more southern States. In all free governments the ability of its executive branch to prosecute a war must largely depend upon public opinion. In an infant republic this, for every reason, is peculiarly the case. The volume given to the voice of dissatisfaction was therefore most seriously felt by us."

The narrative of the events of the closing days of the Confederacy presents some features of special interest. It is clear that General Lee had for some time been convinced that Petersburg must be abandoned, and Richmond in consequence surrendered at no very distant day. "In the early part of March," says Mr. Davis, "General Lee held with me a long and free conference. He stated that the circumstances had forced on him the conclusion that the evacuation of Petersburg was but a question of time." To an inquiry whether it would not be better to withdraw at once, Lee responded that "his artillery and draught horses were too weak for the roads as they then were, and that he must wait until they became firmer." The daring sortie against Fort Steadman, on the morning of March 26th, had for its object the compelling of Grant to weaken his lines on the Confederate right, with the possibility of even more important re-

sults; or, as Mr. Davis explains the matter: "The sortie, if entirely successful, so as to capture and hold the works on Grant's right as well as three forts on the commanding ridge in his rear, would threaten his line of communication with his base, and might compel him to move his forces around ours to protect it. If only so far successful as to cause the transfer of his troops from his left to his right, it would relieve our right, and delay the impending disaster for the more convenient season for retreat."

The publication of General Gordon's account of this daring attempt is the most notable addition which Mr. Davis has made to the history of military events. Gordon says: "General Lee, after considering the plan of assault and battle which I presented to him, gave me orders to prepare for the movement, which was regarded by both of us as a desperate one, but which seemed to give more promise of success than any other hitherto suggested. . . . It seemed necessary to do more than sit quietly waiting for General Grant to move upon our right, while each day was diminishing our strength by disease and death." Gordon's sortie was a complete surprise, and for a brief space promised well. "But," says Mr. Davis, "the supporting force which was to have followed failed to come forward, and Gordon's brilliant success, like the Dead Sea fruit, was turned to ashes at the moment of possession."

On the next day Grant began the series of operations which was soon to result in the virtual close of the war. The battle of Five Forks was fought on the 1st of April. On the next morning a direct attack was made upon the works at Petersburg. The outer lines were forced, and "the unsettled question of time was now solved." Mr. Davis says:

"Retreat was now a present necessity. All that could be done was to hold the inner lines during the day, and make needful preparations to withdraw at night. In the forenoon of Sunday, the 2d, I received, when in church, a telegram announcing that the army would retire from Petersburg at night, and I went to my office to give needful directions for the evacuation of Richmond. The event had come before Lee had expected it, and the announcement was received by us at Richmond with sorrow and surprise; for although it had been foreseen as a coming event which might possibly, though not probably, be averted, and such preparation as was practicable had been made to meet the contingency when it should occur, it was not believed to be so near at hand."

The general plan of movement, which had been decided upon some weeks before, is thus described by Mr. Davis:

"The programme was, to retire to Danville, at which place supplies should be collected, and a junc-

tion made with the troops under General J. E. Johnston, the combined force to be hurled upon Sherman in North Carolina, with the hope of defeating him before Grant could come to his relief. Then the more southern States, freed from pressure and encouraged by success, it was expected, would send large reinforcements to the army; and Grant, drawn far from his base of supplies into the midst of a hostile population, it was hoped, might yet be defeated, and Virginia be delivered from the invader."

But the Union army moved so as to prevent Lee from marching to Danville, and he directed his course toward Lynchburg. Mr. Davis thus speaks of Lee's purpose at this time:

"Lee had never contemplated surrender. He had long before, in language similar to that of Washington during the Revolution, expressed to me the belief that in the mountains of Virginia he could carry on the war for twenty years; and in directing his march toward Lynchburg it may well be that, as an alternative, he hoped to reach those mountains, and, with the advantage which the topography would give, yet to baffle the hosts which were following him."

We doubt whether it was really the purpose of Lee to institute a guerrilla warfare among the mountains of Virginia. But if such was his purpose it was speedily frustrated. His little army was virtually surrounded, and long before Lynchburg was in sight was forced to surrender upon terms than which nothing could be more honorable. Mr. Davis narrates one incident in this surrender of which we find elsewhere no mention. He says:

"General Grant, in response to a communication, under a white flag, made by General Lee, came to Appomattox, where a suitable room was procured for their conference, and the two generals being seated at a small table, General Lee opened the conference thus: 'General, I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say at the very beginning of this interview that I am not willing even to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain to the last.' General Grant replied: 'I have no idea, General, of proposing dishonorable terms; but I would be glad if you would state what you consider honorable terms.' General Lee then briefly stated the terms upon which he would be willing to surrender. Grant expressed himself as satisfied with them, and Lee requested that he would formally reduce the propositions to writing."

President Davis in no wise considered the loss of Richmond an event which involved the overthrow of the Confederacy. On the 5th of April he put forth a proclamation of which he now says that, "viewed by the light of subsequent events, it may fairly be said it was over-sanguine":

"The General-in-chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from its occupation by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us to allow our energies to falter and our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous they may be. For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise. . . . We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. . . . I announce to you that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If by the stress of numbers we should be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits or those of any other border State, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free."

The surrender of the army under Lee, which took place within a week from the issue of this over-sanguine proclamation, did not damp the resolution of the President. He at once hurried to North Carolina in order to consult with General J. E. Johnston, who, much against the wish of the President, had been placed in command there, and was still confronting Sherman. Mr. Davis says:

"Though I was fully sensible of the gravity of our position, seriously affected as it was by the evacuation of the capital, the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, and the consequent discouragement which those events would produce, I did not think we should despair. We still had effective armies in the field, and a vast extent of rich and productive territory both east and west of the Mississippi, whose citizens had evinced no disposition to surrender. Ample supplies had been collected in the railroad depots, and much still remained to be placed at our disposal when needed by the army in North Carolina. . . . My motive in holding an interview with the senior generals of the army in North Carolina was not to learn their opinion as to what might be done by negotiation with the United States Government, but to derive from them information in regard to the army under their command, and what it was feasible and advisable to do as a military problem."

Of this interview General Johnston says that, being desired by the President to do so, a com-

parison was made of the forces upon both sides. He had only twenty thousand infantry and artillery and five thousand cavalry, while the Union armies that could at once be combined against him numbered three hundred and fifty thousand—"odds," he says, "of seventeen or eighteen to one, which in a few weeks could be more than doubled. I represented that under such circumstances it would be the greatest of human crimes for us to attempt to continue the war. The effect of our keeping the field would be not to harm the enemy, but to complete the devastation of our country and the ruin of its people. I therefore urged that the President should exercise at once the only function of government still in his possession, and open negotiations for peace." Mr. Davis says:

"If, taking the gloomiest view, the circumstances were such as to leave no hope of maintaining the independence of the Confederate States, it seemed to me that better terms could be secured by keeping organized armies in the field than by laying down our arms, and trusting to the magnanimity of the victor. I was not at all hopeful of any success in the attempt to provide for negotiations between the civil authorities, believing that, even if Sherman should agree to such a proposition, his Government would not ratify it. But, after having distinctly announced my opinion, I yielded to the judgment of my constitutional advisers, of whom only one held my views, and permitted General Johnston, as he desired, to hold a conference with General Sherman for the purpose above recited."

The member of the Cabinet who held with the President was Mr. Benjamin. The purport of the communication to General Sherman was to ask for an armistice in order "to permit the civil authorities to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war." General Johnston says that the letter to Sherman was dictated by the President. But, before the proposal could be answered, tidings came of the assassination of President Lincoln. Of this, Mr. Davis says:

"We arrived at Charlotte on April 18th; and I there received, at the moment of dismounting, a telegram announcing that President Lincoln had been assassinated. An influential citizen of the town, who had come to welcome me, was standing near me, and after remarking to him in a low voice that I had received sad intelligence, I handed the telegram to him. Some troopers had collected to see me; they called to the gentleman who had the dispatch to read it. He complied with their request, and a few, only taking in the fact, but not appreciating the evil it portended, cheered, as was natural, at the news of the fall of one they considered as their most powerful foe. . . . For an enemy so relentless in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn; yet, in view of its political conse-

quences, it could not be regarded otherwise than as a great misfortune to the South. He had power over the Northern people, and was without personal malignity toward the people of the South. His successor was without power in the North, and the embodiment of malignity toward the Southern people, perhaps the more so because he had betrayed and deserted them in the hour of their need."

President Davis gave his official approval to the provisional agreement entered into between Johnston and Sherman. This was disapproved by the Federal Government, and the stipulated notice for the suspension of the armistice was given. General Johnston, quite unnecessarily in Mr. Davis's opinion, surrendered the army under his command. Mr. Davis with a small party rode southward, his design being—

"to go to the south, far enough to pass below the points reported to be occupied by the Federal troops, and then to turn to the west, cross the Chattahoochee, and then go on to meet the forces still supposed to be in the field in Alabama. If, as now seemed probable, there should be no prospect of a successful resistance east of the Mississippi, I intended then to cross to the trans-Mississippi Department, where I believed Generals E. K. Smith and Magruder would continue to uphold our cause."

His family had already gone on, but he overtook them, and traveled with them two or three days, until he supposed them beyond danger. He then proposed to leave them, and execute his original purpose. But, on the morning of May 10th, he was overtaken and captured by a small body of Federal cavalry. It has been currently reported that he was disguised in female attire. If this had been the case, there would have been nothing discreditable in the attempt. But he denies the truth of the statement. We give his account of the capture:

"My horse was saddled, and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down fully dressed to rest. Just before dawn, I was told that there was firing just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent, and saw some cavalry deploying around the encampment. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was, therefore, impossible to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my 'raglan,' a water-proof, light overcoat, without sleeves;

it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it. As I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl.

"I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards, when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him. He leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was, in that event, to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle, and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and, recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions. They encountered each other, and commenced firing, both supposing they had met our armed escort, and some casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Taylor Wood, and Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring exploits on the sea had made him, on the part of the Federal Government, an object of special hostility, and rendered it quite proper that he should avail himself of every possible means of escape."

Mr. Davis speaks only briefly upon the treatment which he received during his long imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. He says:

"Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches have been made by the magnanimous, on account of the needless torture to which I was subjected, and the heavy fetters riveted upon me, while in a stone casemate and surrounded by a strong guard, but all these were less excruciating than the mental agony my captors were enabled to inflict. It was long before I was permitted to hear from my wife and children. But I do not propose now and here to enter upon the story of my imprisonment."

Upon one point, we suppose, the world has fully made up its mind. The personal indignities which were inflicted upon Jefferson Davis, during a part at least of his detention at Fortress Monroe, were a disgrace to the authorities by whose orders they were perpetrated.

ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUMMER pleasuring has certainly become an immense feature in our civilization. As one contemplates the vast number of summer resorts that stretch along the coast from the northern border of Maine to the Chesapeake, that line every river, crown every mountain, and dot the slopes of every hill, gather on the borders of every lake, and animate every wooded valley, the picture fills him with astonishment. It is asserted that five hundred houses in the Catskills alone entertain summer boarders, and only this season several big hotels have been added to the number. But big hotels for summer sojourners go up everywhere, and everywhere farm-houses and cottages are surrendered to the needs of this army of pleasure-seekers. The whole community nearly seems to be turned into birds of passage every year at this season. There was a time when the vacation period was limited to the month of August, but now it begins in June, and scarcely ends by October. The schools were formerly closed for about four weeks, but now even the public schools suspend for two months, and others for at least a month more. Active business-men can not well spare many weeks from their pursuits, but even this class is not content as formerly with two or three weeks of rest, but now make innumerable flying visits to the near-by resorts, while their families give up the whole summer to the fascinations of the watering-places.

It may be asked whether the passion for summer recreation is wholly a beneficial one. Is it not fast converting all who surrender to it into excessive pleasure-seekers, to the neglect of more important things? And how are young people, especially, to resist all the attractions and dissipations of the season? Here is Coney Island, for instance, within an hour's reach of New York City. It is full of allurements. The sands and the surf, the invigorating air, borne for thousands of miles over the tossing waves, the perfection of arrangements for sea-bathing, the immense hotels, brilliant with crowds of men and women, the beach crowded with picturesque groups, the bands of music, the steamboats, gay with bunting, that come and go, the festive eating and drinking, the contagious merriment, the general stir and animation—are all exceedingly captivating, and, moderately partaken of, healthful and helpful. But, unfortunately, this fascinating picture is continually before our citizens, and upon all young people it must be very alluring. The newspapers are full of glowing descriptions of the gatherings and the entertainments at this and similar places; one can not go near the water border without seeing the gayly-decorated boats that continually ply between the town and these paradises; and advertisements, in every variety of alluring form, are encountered at every turn. Pleasure-seeking, indeed, seems to be in the very air. Vast numbers every fair day rush off for an outing at Coney Island, or

Long Branch, or Fort Lee, or for a sail up the Hudson, or through the Sound, or down on fishing excursions to the sea; every Saturday these numbers are increased; and every Sunday it would seem as if the whole town were transporting itself to the sands or the hills. When pleasure is so aggressive, as it were; when it goes about with banners and trumpets, the concourse that follows it is sure to rise to a wide, turbulent, and self-surrendering tide. Pleasure, under such circumstances, becomes a primary rather than a secondary thing. Business-men become less diligent, studious men less devoted to their studies, artisans less attentive; there ensues a general relaxation of fiber, a decline of earnestness, a weakening of purpose, a certain breaking down of mental discipline.

We have no disposition, had we the power, to abridge the happiness of the world; but happiness ought to be interwoven with our daily pursuits and purposes, while these excessive strainings for pleasure, while filling us with feverish excitement, are very apt to be the very reverse of true felicity. There should be an abundance of recreation; but recreation means to create anew, to give fresh life, to revive exhausted strength or languid spirits; it does not mean to divert by excitement or to exhaust by excess. It is impossible not to feel that summer pleasuring has become this diversion by excitement, that it has lost the old sweet calm that characterized it, and become a thing of convulsion and turbulence.

Look at the army of summer pleasure-seekers that are now penetrating the wilderness of the Adirondacks, capturing the passes of the White Mountains, the Catskills, and the Alleghanies, ascending the Connecticut and the Housatonic, and spreading over the hills of Berkshire, exploring the shores of Maine and Massachusetts, disporting on the sands of Long Island and New Jersey, breasting the tides of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, listening to the roar of Niagara, sailing upon the lakes, rushing hither and thither in railway-trains of mighty length—look at this eager army, and, conceding that in many instances real benefit is conferred, can one help feeling that there is a great deal too much of it all? Everybody is on the wing, or in a state of discontent because he can not be. Families everywhere are broken up for a long period in order to satisfy the restless longings on the part of some of its members. Newport and Saratoga and Long Branch and Niagara and the White Mountains, are great flaming lights which the feminine world in particular is prostrate before, and the very name of which summons before many a *paterfamilias* appalling visions of hotel bills. One wonders where is the wealth that supports so many hundreds of thousands at all these places. The wealthy have their summer homes; so it is the middle class that fill these ten thousand hotels and boarding-houses, that people all the hills

and plains, that crowd the trains and steamboats, that scatter many millions of dollars in this one form of pleasure—money, there can be no doubt, often squeezed from scanty incomes, saved by sacrifices of comfort and ease at other seasons, and perhaps drawn from cramped business capital. Fashion has made the summer resorts and summer vacations an imaginary necessity with us; it would do well if it now endeavored to modify the excesses that pertain to them, if it can not lead people to believe that felicity may quite as easily be found under their own roof-tree.

"If our American authors and publishers," says one of our contemporaries, "would be satisfied with moderate profits, and would not give way to the vanity of putting their issues into an expensive dress, they would be more liberally patronized." There is something amusing in the advice to American authors to be satisfied with moderate profits, inasmuch as a very large proportion of them would be delighted at the prospect of obtaining any profits at all. Literary labor is probably the worst paid labor in the world. Even in Europe only very successful authors obtain anything more than "moderate profits," and in this country there is scarcely a maker of books whose income from literature equals that of a bank-teller, while in nine cases out of ten the profits are simply nothing. The notion that by making books cheaper results would be better is a mistake. In very cheap books there is no margin for authors, and in numerous instances there is no profit whatever for any one concerned. The only books that can profitably be made cheap are books of a world-wide reputation, books that address themselves to the whole world of readers. Dickens and Scott and Thackeray and Macaulay can be printed to advantage in cheap editions, but with many authors the only hope for them is a style and price that will yield a profit upon a moderate sale. There are some books that can not be expected, from their character, to go into private hands to any extent. They must depend upon libraries and collectors, and these books are published commonly at too low a price. Many important books are published abroad which could not be issued here under our system without a loss; and many important works are written here that can not be placed before the public unless the writer has the means to sustain the inevitable loss that will occur. While, therefore, it may be desirable to encourage cheap issues of popular writers, it is very much more urgent in the interests of learning that books of a scholarly character should be published at remunerative prices. This can be done, we suspect, only by a great change in our methods—by the establishment here of the library system of England, with a scale of prices similar to that prevailing there. It must be remembered that while books in England designed for circulating libraries are issued at a high price, those intended for popular circulation are often quite as low in price as anything of the kind with us. The English

shilling railway libraries are only a trifle higher in price than our "Seaside" and "Franklin Square" libraries, and very much more convenient and desirable in form. There need be no fear that under an international copyright law the public would be deprived of cheap books. All the books of the past—the entire volumes of English standard literature—would continue open to our publishers. And just as in England, all books of a decided popular character would eventually be issued in cheap form; for this is always done when there is a popular demand sufficient to justify it. Cheapness is a tolerably well-assured fact; the thing that is not well assured is the reward of the author, who, for the most part, judging from the past, would be very glad indeed for an opportunity to be "satisfied with moderate profits."

A GREAT many people have written upon the political evils that have grown up in our form of government, but we have seen nothing so searching and discriminating as the article by Mr. Albert Stickney, in the last number of "Scribner's Magazine." Mr. Stickney entitles his paper "The People's Problem." In the present paper he gives a searching analysis of the dangerous features of our political organization, indicates very convincingly the causes thereof, and promises, in a paper to come, an outline of a remedy. The special quality of Mr. Stickney's paper is its accurate knowledge and discriminating analysis. He is carried away by no theories nor by prejudices, nor is he apparently misled into the belief that there are simple panaceas which will effect a remedy. The notion that we so frequently hear, to the effect that, if people would only attend primary meetings, or would only vote for good men, a better condition of things would ensue, is promptly disposed of. In truth, more childish remedies for a deep-seated evil could not well be suggested. Mr. Stickney even considers that many of our politicians are men of worth in private life, and shows that every man who enters political life is powerless to effect a remedy. Under the system that has grown up, the whole control of parties, of nominations, of elections, and of men in office, has fallen into the hands of political organizations, of "machines" so called, whose dictation is universally obeyed by office-holders and by the people generally. Mr. Stickney describes how these organizations have developed logically out of the nature of our electoral system, and as a consequence of the vast amount of work that must be done in order to conduct elections, and by what means they do and must exercise the great power they wield.

Mr. Stickney is clear, cogent, and convincing in his preliminary paper, and he evidently recognizes the fact that a system so deeply rooted as this is, so distinctly the natural product of existing conditions, can not be overthrown without measures that are far-reaching and radical. We shall look with curious interest to see what the nature of his proposed rem-

edy is. It is certain that it must be radical, and not a remedy that the tyranny under which we bow can subvert.

Is there such a remedy? For our part we think there is, but it is only possible by creating a very different public sentiment in regard to the character and nature of government than that which now prevails. The only way to reestablish the liberty of the people is to subordinate the government, to withdraw from it many of its functions, to so limit its powers that it can touch us at a few points only. We must establish the maxim that the sole purposes of government are for the maintenance of order and justice. A government conducted with a clear knowledge of the exact limitations of its duties and its powers has little to do, small opportunity for misgoverning, and affords very little temptation for hungry office-seekers. We want a police and courts of law—very little else. We want simply that form of government—as has so often been said—that secures to each citizen the possession of every liberty not inconsistent with every other person's liberty—and such a government as this, by its rigid limitations, would be deprived of almost all its powers of mischief.

But no such simple, exact, limited, police government is possible with us until a general public sentiment is created in its support. Unfortunately, the present tendency of public sentiment is in the other direction. The air is full of plans and projects for Government to execute. One set of men want the telegraph lines to become national property, and the business of sending dispatches to pass into the hands of the Federal authorities. Other men are anxious

to have all the railroad lines under the control and direction of the Government. Still others advocate an extensive national system of universities in the interest of higher education. Both Congress and the State Legislatures are besieged with applications for laws which would enlarge their powers, and bring a greater range of things under the regulation of Government. Very few people are impressed with the danger of this tendency—how inevitably the fruition of such plans must greatly increase the number of people dependent upon Government, an evil now of great magnitude; how it must multiply opportunities for the juggling and corruption now so prevalent; how much more formidable it will make political organizations, and disturbing our elections; how more completely than ever we should be saddled with politicians and subjugated by the "machine." All these evils could well be endured if the compensations were ample; but, so far from this being the case, we should probably find the evils that pertain to our system of government greatly increased, and all these new departments less effectively managed than if they had been left in private hands. No one, however, seems to dread this increase of governmental functions; every one almost is confident that it will all prove of great public advantage, provided his own party can be kept in office. If the other party gets into power, then, of course, chaos will come again.

We certainly hope that Mr. Stickney has found a path that will lead us out of these difficulties, but we apprehend that, so long as the people are wedded to their idols, reform must remain the dream of dreamers.

Notes for Readers.

WHETHER designed as such or not, Dr. Tylor's "Anthropology: an Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization" (Appletons) is an excellent companion volume to Professor Huxley's "Physiography," and the two together will suffice to acquaint the reader with a very large portion of the area covered by science. Professor Huxley's work, of course, deals with strictly physical phenomena, while Dr. Tylor enters upon the vastly more difficult field included in the study of man—"ranging," as he says, "from body to mind, from language to music, from fire-making to morals." It was not possible, of course, dealing with so wide a subject, to enter very deeply into details within the compass of a modest volume of four hundred and forty pages; and the treatise is designed as an introduction to anthropology rather than as a summary of all it teaches. Strictly technical matters, for example, are left to special students; yet much care has been taken to make the chapters on the various branches of the science sound as far as they go, and the author believes that his work is especially adapted to

the wants of such readers as have received, or are receiving, the ordinary higher English education. In reference to the hardship involved in laying the burden of a new science upon the already heavily-pressed student, Dr. Tylor remarks that it will be found that the real effect of anthropology is rather to lighten than to increase the strain of learning. "In the mountains," he says, "we see the bearers of heavy burdens contentedly shoulder a carrying-frame besides, because they find its weight more than compensated by the convenience of holding together and balancing their load. So it is with the science of man and civilization, which connects into a more manageable whole the scattered subjects of an ordinary education. Much of the difficulty of learning and teaching lies in the scholar's not seeing clearly what each science or art is for, what its place is among the purposes of life. If he knows something of its early history, and how it arose from the simpler wants and circumstances of mankind, he finds himself better able to lay hold of it than when, as too often happens, he is called on to take up an

abstruse subject, not at the beginning but in the middle. When he has learned something of man's rudest means of conversing by gestures and cries, and thence has been led to see how the higher devices of articulate speech are improvements on such lower methods, he makes a fairer start in the science of language than if he had fallen unprepared among the subtleties of grammar, which unexplained look like arbitrary rules framed to perplex rather than to inform. . . . So the law-student plunges at once into the intricacies of legal systems which have grown up through the struggles, the reforms, and even the blunders of thousands of years; yet he might have made his way clearer by seeing how laws begin in their simplest forms, framed to meet the needs of savage and barbaric tribes. It is needless to make a list of all the branches of education in knowledge and art; there is not one which may not be the easier and better learned for knowing its history and place in the general science of man."

ONE is tempted to say of Dr. Mathews's "Literary Style and Other Essays" (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.) what Diderot said of Beccaria, that he has written an essay on style without any style in it; but the bitter jest would hardly be true, for Dr. Mathews has a style which is not only his own, but distinctively literary. He has the art of saying something lively and apposite upon nearly every topic or theme about which the average reader allows himself to be interested; and though what he says is apt to be rather trite and obvious, it is always sensible and not infrequently really helpful and suggestive. As a general thing, too, he selects themes which other writers have dealt with before him; and he is sure to bring together whatever utterances upon the subject are best worth considering and preserving. He has evidently read widely and in many fields, and he possesses in an eminent degree the almost lost art of weaving his disconnected quotations and selections into an artistic and agreeable whole. In each of his essays the reader may be confident of finding some passage which he will mark for reference, some epigram or "saying" which he will at least endeavor to remember; and yet the general effect is not that of mere literary patchwork, and the setting is quite likely to be of the kind to bring out the full luster of the jewel.

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY expresses the opinion that the books by which Lord Beaconsfield will be most remembered are "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Tancred," "Lothair," and "Endymion."

"The merits of all these books" (he says) "are, on any just estimate, extraordinarily high, though they are unequally present; and, though no single book of their author, with the doubtful exception of 'Henrietta Temple,' deserves unqualified praise, that extraordinary *tour de force* is, perhaps, the only novel, not merely of its author but of any other, in which love-making pure and simple supports a book. Everywhere else the author touches a great many springs. The almost unequalled power of sarcastic, and, at the same time, really illus-

trative epigram which Lord Beaconsfield possessed lights his novels up; his love of personal anecdote and gossip gives them a living and human interest; his knowledge of the world and of business saves them from being trifling; his remarkable imaginative power, his freaks of fancy, and even the 'gorgeousness of upholstery,' of which he has been accused, prevent them from appearing dull or commonplace. There is, indeed, always in them a certain amount of what may be called willful mystification. Partly a kind of amiable mischief of which he was never devoid, and partly a true sense of art, made Lord Beaconsfield mix up and embroil his portraits in a manner very puzzling to simple-minded people, who merely wanted to be told 'who's who.' The odd way in which Byron and Shelley are portrayed in 'Venetia' might have served as a warning to the good persons who a few months ago were racking their brains over Lord Roehampton and Prince Florestan."

AT the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, Matthew Arnold was called upon by the President, and made a characteristic speech. The French, he said, divided all subjects taught in their primary schools into obligatory and facultative. Pursuing the analogy, he remarked that in our age Science had become obligatory, and of Literature, the newspapers had become so; "the rest, all that you and I understand by literature, is a facultative extra, more or less interesting and ornamental." Luckily, Art was in the same boat with Literature. "Before their sister, Science, now so full of promise and pride, was born, there were Art and Literature, like twins together, innocently believing in their own necessity, as eager in the pursuit of the eternal and unseizable shadow, Beauty, as if they were pursuing something positive." Art, then, could give true sympathy to Literature. Both knew the same arduous and often fatal struggles which, to the assembled princes and patrons of both, were unreal and unknown; and therefore Literature could believe that the welcome given to her by Art was "not less cordial than it was courteous." The "Spectator" observes that "it was a most graceful little speech, but if we are to talk of patronage, no patronage extended by the world to Mr. Arnold has ever approached in lofty condescension the patronage extended by Mr. Arnold to the world."

SINCE publishing our recent review of the remarkable book, "Buried Alive, or Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia" (the original title of which appears to have been "Notes from the Dead-House"), we have found in the "Saturday Review" an article giving some interesting details regarding the author, M. Fedor Dostoevsky:

"In the year 1849 a young Russian literary man was condemned to be hanged. His crime consisted in his having taken part in what was styled 'The Petrashevsky affair'—that is to say, he had been a member of one of the secret societies to which the Government so strongly objected. His sentence was commuted, but he was sent to Siberia, condemned to a long period of hard labor in a prison, to be followed by service in the ranks of the army. On foot and in chains he made the dreary journey to his far-off prison-house, and therein endured the miseries of penal servitude during four years. This

same man has recently been carried to his grave in the Alexander Nevsky cemetery at St. Petersburg, escorted by deputations from the universities and other learned institutions, and followed by crowds of mourners who represented all that is most cultured in Russia. And the Emperor who now rules that land has conferred a pension of two thousand rubles on the widow and children of the man whom his predecessor kept during four years in chains in Siberia. When Fedor Dostoevsky, the convict in question, was allowed to return home in 1860, he renewed his long interrupted literary pursuits. He had always warmly sympathized with all who were needy and oppressed, and his years of prison-life had only strengthened the influences which drew him toward them. As a successful novelist, he attained a position which enabled him to plead with effect the cause of the 'Poor People' and the 'Humiliated and Outraged,' after whom he named two of his works, and to give expression to the generous indignation which stirs the hearts of each youthful generation in Russia, and which has of late years developed into so dangerous a fire of revolutionary wrath. Having been forced to associate for years with criminals, he studied with special interest the paths along which men advance toward crime, the motives which urge them to become law-breakers, the reasonings by which those among them who are given to speculation still the voice of conscience. The most remarkable passages in the best of his novels, 'Crime and Punishment,' are those in which he traces the first manifestations of the moral obliquity of vision which induces a Russian specimen of the Eugene Aram family to regard as a quite excusable if not praiseworthy action the murder of a disreputable old woman. But by ordinary readers that elaborate psychological romance will be found less interesting than the simpler sketches of prison-life, founded upon his own experiences, which he published a few years after his return from Siberia, under the title of 'Notes from the Dead-House,' and of which an English translation is now before us. They naturally created a great sensation in Russia at the time when they first appeared, and they are still highly esteemed there as faithful records of what convict-life used to be before the reforms were introduced which have considerably modified its conditions; for, although it is impossible to say how much of the work is fact and how much fiction, still the general idea which it conveys is likely to be tolerably correct."

THE "Spectator" opens a criticism of Swinburne's "Studies in Song" by expressing the growing conviction that the poet is a greater writer than thinker—that the idea of his work "is too slender to hold the magnificent tide of poetic expression which comes flowing on uninterruptedly, breaking down its two narrow banks of thought." Swinburne is certainly not the only poet to whom this criticism can be applied; indeed, the whole tendency of modern thought is to make the idea secondary to the poetic expression, just as in painting technique is now declared to be more important than the story the painter has to tell. "Swinburne," our critic goes on to say, "has no curious nor profound thoughts to explain, and he appears never to have come in contact with the world; he knows nothing of its sorrows, its delights, its hopes; at least, he can not identify himself with them, and mold them into poems as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning. He, therefore, stands apart, and sings of grief, love, hate, hope, and

despair, as abstract sentiments. The love of a special man for a special woman is hardly attempted. Our sentiments can be counted on our fingers. It is for this reason that the great masters have sought to obtain variety and interest by character-drawing—by the study, political, social, or simply picturesque, in the middle of which the action passes. . . . A set of phrases has been learned, containing certain tricks of alliteration and antithesis, and these are repeated, apparently without aim, and sometimes almost without end. There is nothing exact, nothing complete, nothing true; no observation, no delineation of character or sentiment; nothing, either physiological or psychological." His defect is a want of knowledge and interest in men and their surroundings, and hence he exhibits an inordinate love for the jangle and jingle of words. Without a knowledge of and interest in men, what, after all, can any poetry be really worth?

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE has published his "Atlantic Monthly" articles on English people and places in a handsome volume. Mr. White explains that these articles were parts of what was from the first intended as a book, which it was convenient for him to publish serially before presentation in book form. The articles as they appeared attracted a great deal of attention, provoking not a little controversy, but also eliciting considerable applause. To our mind, the work must rank as one of the best ever written upon its particular theme. Mr. White is a very close and enlightened observer, and he has the faculty of relating his impressions in an easy and agreeable manner. It is surprising, indeed, with how much freshness he invests themes that might be supposed to be over-worn, what a fund of new and suggestive observation he gives us in fields many times traveled. He illustrates the fact that if on the one hand there is nothing new in the world, on the other hand there is nothing really old—always to the intelligent there are shades of meaning and peculiarities of aspect that others have not recognized. We venture to say there are as many new and unexpected things in this book to many persons well read in English matters as there would be in a volume on a wholly unfamiliar country. In our judgment, the report that Mr. White makes of English character and life is commonly a very accurate one. He has studied England impartially; he recognizes the sturdy virtues and the many defects of English character; he has, in fact, endeavored to see things as they are—neither exalted by sympathy nor depreciated by prejudice; and this fact alone has gone far to render his book something new in works of travel. The title of the volume is "England, Without and Within."

AN unexpectedly prompt confirmation of what we had to say in a recent number about the desirableness and the possibility of the display of a greater degree of artistic taste in the matter of ladies' dress is to be found in Miss Oakey's "Beauty in Dress" (Harpers), which also has the additional

merit of suggesting the practical application of the principles laid down. Miss Oakey is a lady of culture, who has devoted several years to the science of line and color and composition, as applied to art, and to the inherent feminine taste for personal adornment she has added the discriminative insight and the trained faculty of the artist. What she has to say about the general laws that must underlie tasteful dressing brings us very close to the elementary principles of decorative art; and, though she intentionally avoids dwelling upon the moral or didactic aspects of the subject, yet there are many points in her exposition which may be commended to the conscience of those whose high destiny it is to be "the mothers and conservators of the race." As already intimated, however, the distinctive feature of her work is the purely practical and specific nature of its suggestions. Taking representative examples of all the various types and styles of color and form in woman, she indicates what colors and combinations of color should be used, and what should be avoided, and even describes costumes for the various occasions and conditions of a woman's life. Thus: "The most frequent type of the black-haired is combined with black eyes and a sallow complexion. It is frequently a temperament inclined to melancholy and poetic in its tendencies, rarely strong in health; the teeth often dazzlingly white, and the mouth large. Black relieved with transparent white, a dark warm gray, and occasionally a flame-color or a dull red, form the best setting for this type. There is, indeed, very little color in it, and no color is truly harmonious with it. Especially where the eyes are fine, nothing so good can be done as to dress this type in black, with some lace at the throat—white lace, to cast some light upon the face. The effect is then of an effective drawing in black-and-white—a photograph from the portrait of some old master, in which the values of light and shade, and the expression of the face, are the points of interest. If the throat and hands are fine, these can be well set off by lace." Then follow suggestions for two house-costumes, a walking-dress, and a wrapper, such as are especially adapted for this type. The remarks upon corsets, shoes, hats and bonnets, and the like, are particularly good, and better still, perhaps, are the suggestions concerning jewels. It is due probably to inadvertence on the part of the publishers that a frontispiece (a diagram for a corset) which is twice referred to in the text has been omitted from this useful and praiseworthy little book.

It has not often happened in the history of literature that a critical period has been illustrated by the almost simultaneous appearance of three such works as the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat and of Prince Metternich, and "The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII during the Congress of Vienna." The latter, which has just been given to the world, is not, as was supposed, a part of the long-expected Talleyrand memoirs. It consists of one hundred letters, which have been extracted by M. Pallain from the archives

of the French Foreign Office, and which give a remarkably vivid and interesting inside view of the negotiations in the European Congress of 1814-'15 at Vienna. The letters are mostly of a confidential character, addressed by Talleyrand to the King or by the King to Talleyrand, and as a matter of course they afford a curiously valuable and instructive supplement to the official and commonly accepted accounts of the proceedings at that great Congress of the nations. To the historian, indeed, they may be said to be invaluable—they render it comparatively easy to give an accurate account of the work there accomplished, and of the motives and considerations that influenced it; but in personal or biographical interest they are unexpectedly deficient. Upon Talleyrand's character and career they throw little or no light, though they contain convincing proof of his extraordinary skill as a diplomatist; and there is but a very slight tincture of that glib and self-revealing egotism which imparts a characteristic flavor to the similar writings of Prince Metternich. Fortunately for the reader of current literature, it is in regard to the Austrian Chancellor that Talleyrand allows himself most license in the matter of personal comment and revelation, and nothing could well be more amusing than to compare what he says about Metternich in these letters with what Metternich says about himself in his memoirs. According to his own ingeniously colored picture, Metternich sat at the center of things, and was in a quite literal sense the arbiter of the destinies of Europe; Talleyrand, with a contempt too deep to have been feigned or to call for many words, portrays him as a frivolous and vacillating fool, moved like a pawn hither and thither on the political chess-board by players whose real identity he scarcely suspected and at whose designs he could only guess. M. Pallain has enriched the correspondence with a valuable interpretative preface and with a great number of notes, many of which are curiously interesting. He has been fortunate, too, in his translator, who has rendered the work into remarkably lucid and vigorous English; but the absence of either table of contents or index renders the book little more than a mass of raw material to the student who might desire to consult it on special points.

SEVERAL other Pacific coast writers besides Bret Harte were introduced to the public by the "Overland Monthly," and among them Miss Ina D. Coolbrith has won an honorable place in the ranks of our minor poets, though she has hitherto been known only to readers of the lighter magazines. The subscription volume of her poems just published in San Francisco ("A Perfect Day and Other Poems") should aid in securing her an audience at once wider and more select, and, though it is a severe ordeal to which half a hundred short and disconnected poems are subjected when collected together in a book, yet we are inclined to think that Miss Coolbrith stands it quite as well as many others whose work has won acceptance and recognition.

The most conspicuous fault of her poetry is a certain imitativeness of thought and style which constantly suggests other singers, and especially Tennyson; but this is a common failing, and is not obtrusive enough to destroy our pleasure in the graceful imagery, artistic finish, and musical assonance of her verse. These qualities are best displayed in the purely objective descriptions of Nature of which modern poets are generally so fond, but the key-note of her most characteristic song is a certain sentiment of gentle melancholy which just stirs the emotions without wrenching the feelings. The following specimen is chosen partly because it is short and partly because it is new to us:

"Two.

"One sang all day, more merry than the lark
That mounts the morning skies:
One silent sat, and lifted patient eyes.

"One heart kept happy time, from dawn to dark,
With all glad things that be:
One, listless, throbb'd alone to memory.

"To one all bless'd knowledge was revealed,
And love made clear the way:
One thirsted, asked, and still was answered nay.

"To one, a glad, brief day, that slumber sealed
And kept inviolate:
To one, long years, that only knew to wait."

MR. LODGE'S "Short History of the English Colonies in America," to which we referred last month, is evidently the result of wide study and exceptionally painstaking investigation, and it is generally very accurate, but we have discovered one instance, in his chapter on Virginia, in which he seems to have misinterpreted a well-known fact. "The style of living," he says, "was one of reckless profusion and indiscriminate hospitality. The latter quality was fostered by circumstances. Even in the seventeenth century the custom of receiving strangers was so prevalent that it became a subject of legislation. 'They shall be reputed to entertain those of curtesie,' says the statute, 'with whom they make not a certain agreement,' and the habit grew with the colony." Grahame, in his "History of the United States during the Colonial Period," gives a much more plausible interpretation of this statute. He says (Vol. I, p. 114): "There being no inns in the country, strangers were entertained at the houses of the inhabitants, and were frequently involved in lawsuits by the exorbitant claims of their hosts for indemnification for the expenses of their mercenary hospitality; for remedy whereof it was ordained that an inhabitant neglecting in such circumstances to forewarn his guest and to make an express compact with him, should be reputed to have entertained him from mere courtesy and benevolence." It need not be pointed out that what was already a universal custom would hardly need to be enforced by law.

AN American edition of the works of Björnsterne Björnson, published by special arrangement

with the author, and translated by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson, has been undertaken by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The initial volume, "Synnöve Solbakken," contains a striking wood-engraved portrait of the author, and is prefaced by a condensed but interesting biographical sketch of "the great Norse poet, novelist, dramatist, orator, and political leader." From this sketch we learn that Björnson was born in 1832, that he was the son of a Lutheran priest, that he was regarded as a dull scholar both at school and at the university, that he early acquired an unshakable confidence in his own "genius," and that, neglecting regular studies, he devoted himself to poetry and journalism. For books he cared little as a youth, saying, "They want me to study and read so much, while I would prefer to write." His first literary performance of any considerable length was a drama entitled "Valborg," written while he was pursuing his university course; it was accepted by the managers of the theatre, but before it was played Björnson took it back and destroyed it because he had decided that it would not do him credit. From 1854 to 1856 he devoted his time mainly to dramatic criticism and to reviewing books for the magazines; but in 1857 he published his first novel ("Synnöve Solbakken"), and since then, besides varied and voluminous work as editor, newspaper writer, and lecturer, he has written six novels, twelve dramas, an epic poem, and a volume of lyric and national songs. Of "Synnöve Solbakken," the story now first presented in an English dress, the biographer says: "It at once made a profound impression, and established his reputation both at home and abroad, not only on account of the simple and charming plot, but also for the short, direct, pithy, saga style in which it was written. . . . It became the corner-stone of a new school of literature, and . . . modern Norwegian literature may fairly be said to begin with 'Synnöve Solbakken.' It was the first great national work unimpressed with the old Danish stamp. As is the case with the old Norse sagas, portraits of the characters are not drawn, nor are his works marred by lengthy dissertations from a moral standpoint. Instead of long, fine-spun declamations of this sort, he lets his characters speak for themselves, and leaves it to the reader to judge whether they are good or bad. He does not stop to describe separately the details of features and dress, but he watches his opportunity to give glimpses of them as the story progresses. He portrays his men and women while he tells what they do and say, and thus the reader knows, when he has finished the book, how Synnöve, or Thorbjörn, or Aslak, must have appeared to the author." The story is, in fact, a very naive and charming one, with that idyllic freshness and simplicity which seem to characterize the best Scandinavian literature, but it is not likely, we think, to attain the popularity of "Arne" and "The Fisher Maiden." In conception as well as in style it exhibits the crudity of a first, experimental work, and, though the art and the faculty are there, we are continually reminded that the artist has not yet come

to the full consciousness of his power. The translation is excellent, and in all external features the edition is a model of taste and neatness.

EXTRAORDINARY and whimsical as have been some of the recent achievements in the matter of orthography, these would appear to be thrown completely into the shade by the similar performances of older writers who were in no sense "humorists." Mr. Chaloner Smith, of the English Probate Office, has had the curiosity and patience to count the number of spellings of the word "cushions" that are to be found in early wills, etc., and his list comprises no fewer than five hundred and ninety-three different renderings. As specimens we give four that turned up in the inventories in the course of half an hour: "qwheshngis," "cwyschens" (A. D. 1551), "coysshons" (1535), "cosschens." Four others, found in another half-hour, were "chusschons, chosshons, coysshons, cousshouns." The lists of debts due to a testator are not classified as "good" and "bad," but as "sperat dettes" and "desperat dettes."

THE title of Mr. Hepworth's latest story, which consists simply of three exclamation-points ("!!!"), is hardly more fantastic than the story itself, which is an attempt to superimpose a thrilling romance of second-sight upon the metaphysico-theological proposition that "the doctrine of metempsychosis is undoubtedly the ultimate goal of all intelligent faith." Much logical dexterity is exhibited in the argumentative portions, and a good deal of graphic power in the narrative; but the total impression left by the book is that of wasted ingenuity. Perfect simplicity of manner is essential to *vraisemblance* in work of this kind, and Mr. Hepworth's manner is the exact antithesis of the simple. His style, apparently modeled upon that of Gail Hamilton, possesses the effervescent smartness which at first is liable to be mistaken for vivacity, but which after twenty pages gives one a mental sensation resembling that which on our physical side we should get from a rapid ride in a donkey-cart over a corduroy-road.

THE third number of Mr. Will Carleton's "The Farm Series" is entitled "Farm Festivals" (Harpers), and it is sufficient, perhaps, to say of it that in both theme and method of treatment it very

closely resembles the "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." The festivals dealt with are not those which are in any sense peculiar to the farm, or especially characteristic of country-life, and in several instances the title has to be twisted with considerable ingenuity in order to make it cover the contents; but the author doubtless considers himself justified by the fact that such pictures as he furnishes are drawn from the incidents, characters, and circumstances of Western farm-life. As to the literary contents of the "Farm Series," it is impossible to criticize and difficult to characterize them. Mr. Carleton's verse bears about the same relation to poetry that stuttering does to articulate speech, and human nature becomes unnecessarily limited when viewed too constantly from the standpoint of a domestic quarrel; yet the style has a certain rough vigor and picturesqueness, and the characters and incidents are probably fairly true to nature. English critics ought to be especially pleased with Mr. Carleton, for it can not be denied that he has a voice of his own, or that he savors of the soil.

REVIEWING one of the minor current novels, a writer in the "Athenæum" makes the following acute and suggestive remarks upon the relation between the work of the novelist and that of the historian:

"So many historical novels, otherwise meritorious, are destitute of the qualities characteristic of good fiction, that one is tempted to wonder whether their authors, conscious of a deficiency in imagination, have tried to supply it by drawing upon the records of the past, or whether they have deliberately suppressed their powers of invention and portraiture from a fear of throwing the historical element unduly into the shade. In either case failure is the inevitable result. History supplies to the writer of the historical novel, as experience does to the novelist of contemporary life, no more than the material upon which he is to work; and however splendid, however precious, the ancient material may be, if the imitative artist is to touch it at all, he should in giving form to it avail himself of all the resources of his art—nay, he will need its resources the more in proportion as the splendid and precious material is apt to be fragmentary or intractable through the lapse of time. Scott would not have been a great historical novelist if he had not had all the qualifications of the novelist of contemporary life; 'Esmond' would not have been the masterpiece it is if Thackeray had merged the novelist in the historian."